

Collier's

JUNE 21, 1947

TEN CENTS

WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT BY JAMES A. FARLEY

—BEGINNING A STARTLING STORY



June 21, 1947

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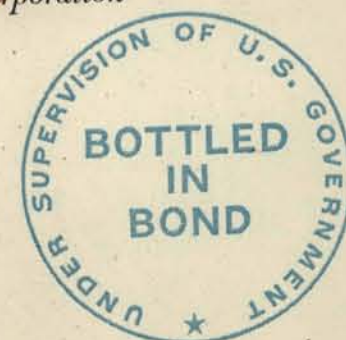
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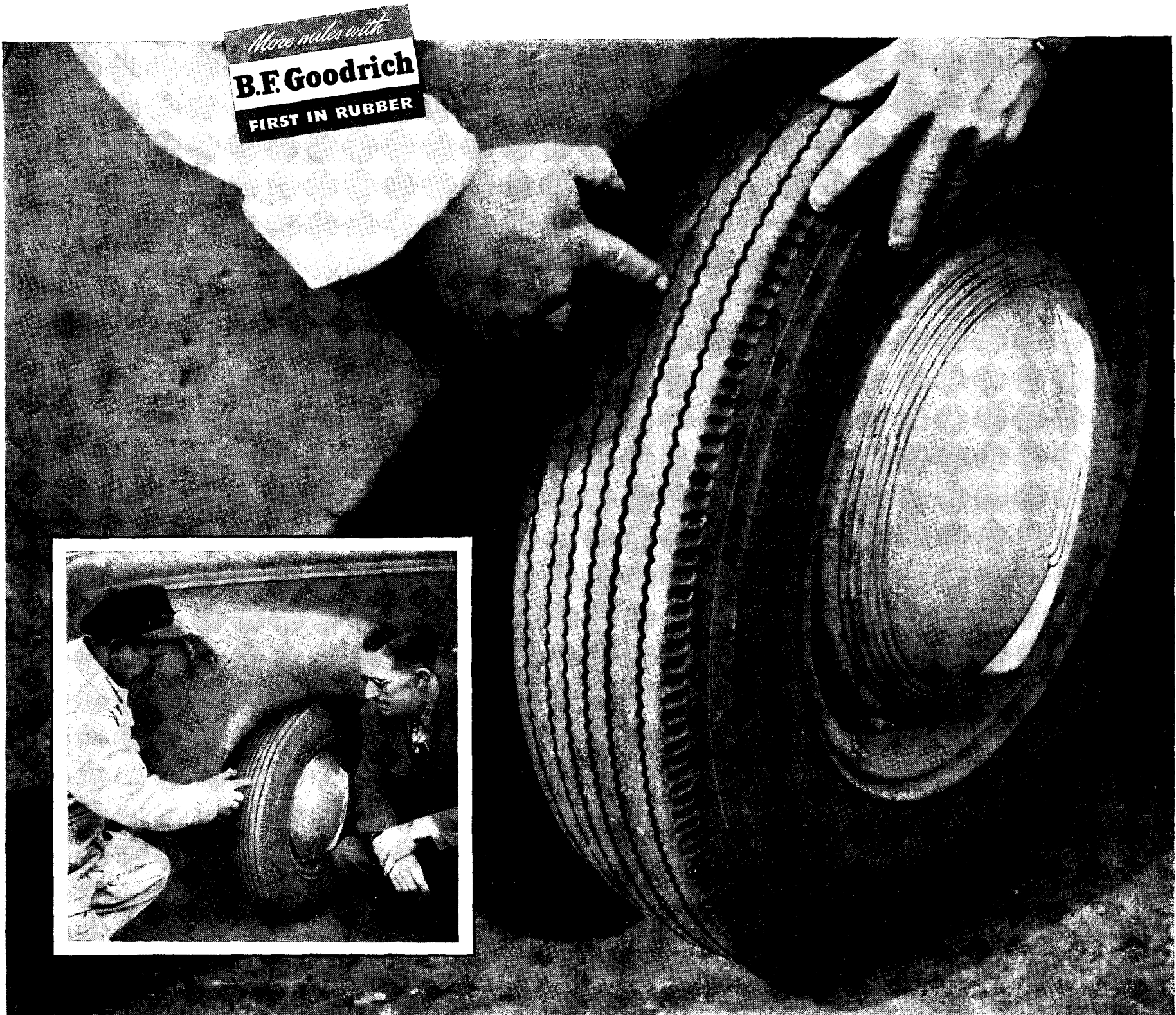


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In any line of fine whiskies you'll find OLD TAYLOR at the top—one of that small group of topmost bourbons most often chosen when judges of good whiskey get together. For here is the essence of Old Kentucky—the rich harvest of its limestone springs and expert distilling skill. For a quiet hour among friends, or a brilliant capping of a grand occasion, choose OLD TAYLOR.

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Typical example: the B. F. Goodrich tire that outwears prewar tires

CHARLES E. WATSON knows tires because they are part of his daily life. He services automobiles in Portland, Oregon, and does a lot of driving for both business and pleasure. In the picture above he is shown pointing to a B. F. Goodrich tire that has already given him over thirty-eight thousand miles of service. He writes:

"Less than eight months ago I purchased two B. F. Goodrich tires. The speedometer then read 35,504 miles. When these pictures were taken, it read 73,609. This represents 38,105 miles of the hardest possible passenger car service—and as you can see, there is plenty of tread left. Though I am

a service man, these tires were given no special attention."

Mr. Watson's report is *typical* of the experience of B. F. Goodrich owners, who state again and again that B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns outwear prewar tires. One of the reasons these tires give longer service is their wider, flatter tread. This tread puts more rubber on the road, spreads the wear more evenly, runs extra miles without wearing smooth.

Another worthwhile feature of this long-wearing tread is the hundreds of small curves molded into its rib edges to protect against skidding.

And B. F. Goodrich tires give you additional blow-out protection, too . . . by means of double breaker strips to cushion sharp blows . . . a big, strong tire body made with cords of high tensile strength.

B. F. Goodrich tires are guaranteed without limit as to time or mileage. Dealers now have most sizes right in stock. You can probably get tires and tubes right off the rack without waiting. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



Oh-h-h-h! how the villains
pursued her!



It's the musical thrill story
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world's best loved heroine!



She dared a thousand dangers
on the screen... but found that
love was the most perilous
adventure of them all!

Paramount presents

THE PERILS of PAULINE

in
TECHNICOLOR

Starring

BETTY HUTTON

and

JOHN LUND

with

BILLY DE WOLFE • Wm. Demarest

Constance Collier • Frank Faylen

Directed by George Marshall

COLLIER'S

June 21, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

WE WUZ ROBBED!

DEAR SIR: Charlie Dressen may be great at stealing signals (The Baseball Brain, May 3d) but I think Frank Shellenback of the Detroit Tigers and Del Baker of the Boston Red Sox are better. But they did it slicker in the old days. Gene McCann of the Philadelphia Athletics used to sit in a coop near the scoreboard and pick off the enemy signals with a spyglass. The Phillies went even further. They had a man with field glasses and also an electrical contraption that connected underground with the man at the plate. It was exposed before anybody was electrocuted. Stan Baumgartner was writing about these shenanigans recently in The Sporting News—but alas, I wonder if even giving the signals to the A's could help very much these days.

JOHN DERR, New York

FORGOTTEN BOYS

DEAR SIR: I want to compliment you on your article The Veteran Says: "Aw Nuts!" (May 10th). With the exception of one statement it was very good. Where did you get the idea that the guys left in the service are a bunch of trade-school kids? I'll admit we did miss all the fighting, but let's not hold that against us.

If another war was to start, who do you think will fight it? You bet your life it will be the so-called trade-school kids.

K. K. HABISCH, HA 1/c, Parris Isl., S. C.

. . . The Veteran Says: "Aw Nuts!" expressed my feelings exactly. There's more sentimental mush about how to behave toward veterans. . . .

It seems you did your very best on the May 10th issue. Collier's needs more nature and people-saying-what-they-think articles. I may be only a little girl (only 10) but I can appreciate good reading.

GRACE LIPSEY, Brookhaven, Miss.

THE BOBBY SEX SET

DEAR SIR: Hotcha! That's the stuff, Collier's! I startled the dog out of a sound sleep with my involuntary shout of delight at your reply to the Nebraskan teen-ager who asked about ways for teen-agers to entertain themselves (The Week's Mail, May 10th). The pity is that the old cry of "nothing-to-do" comes not only from youth but from too many adults. Idle hands and undeveloped brains!

Canteens or "centers" can be duplicated in any living room on a smaller scale; a bottle of pop, the old-fashioned parlor games.

The enjoyment of such simplicity never goes stale whether shared by two or twenty.

(Continued on page 50)

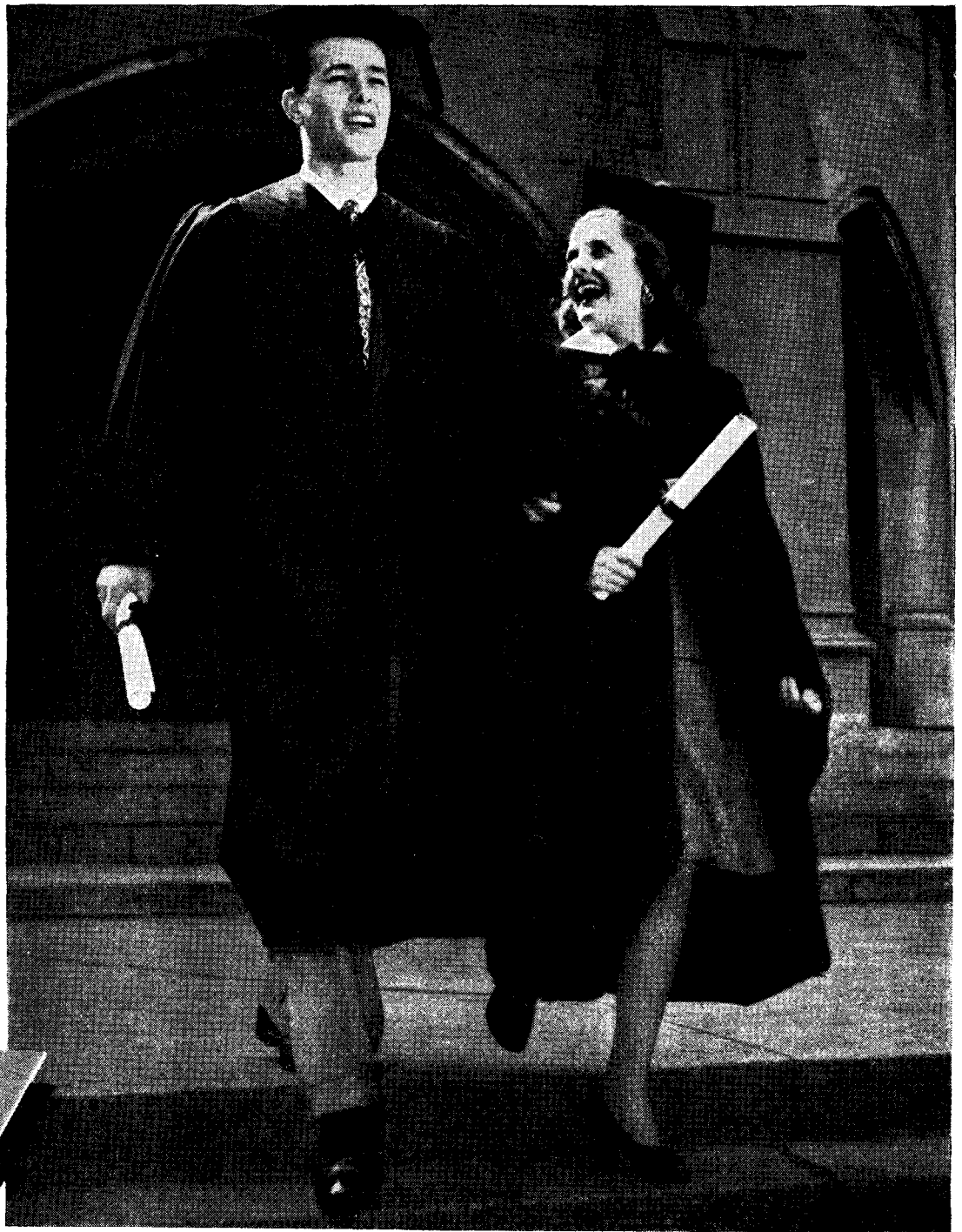
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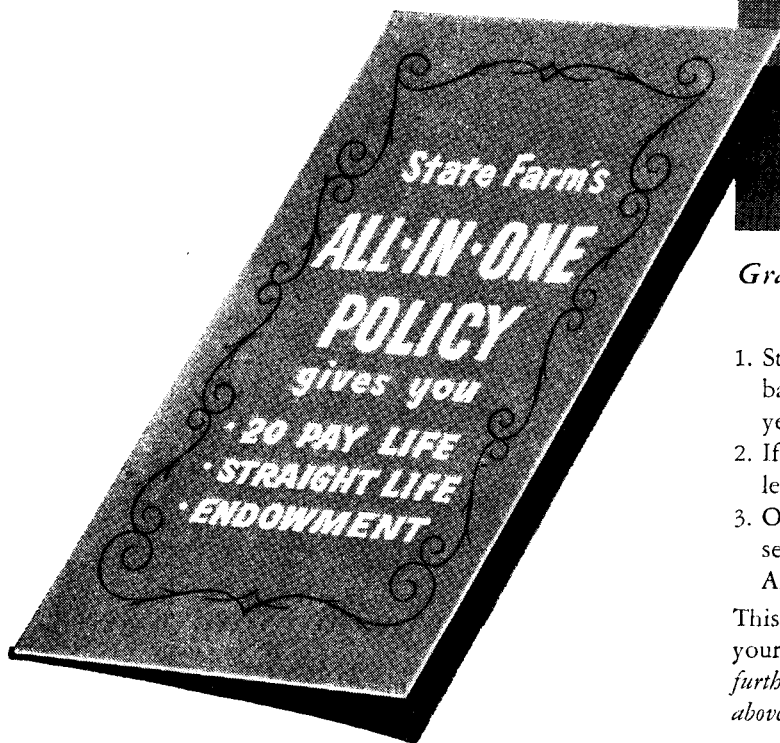
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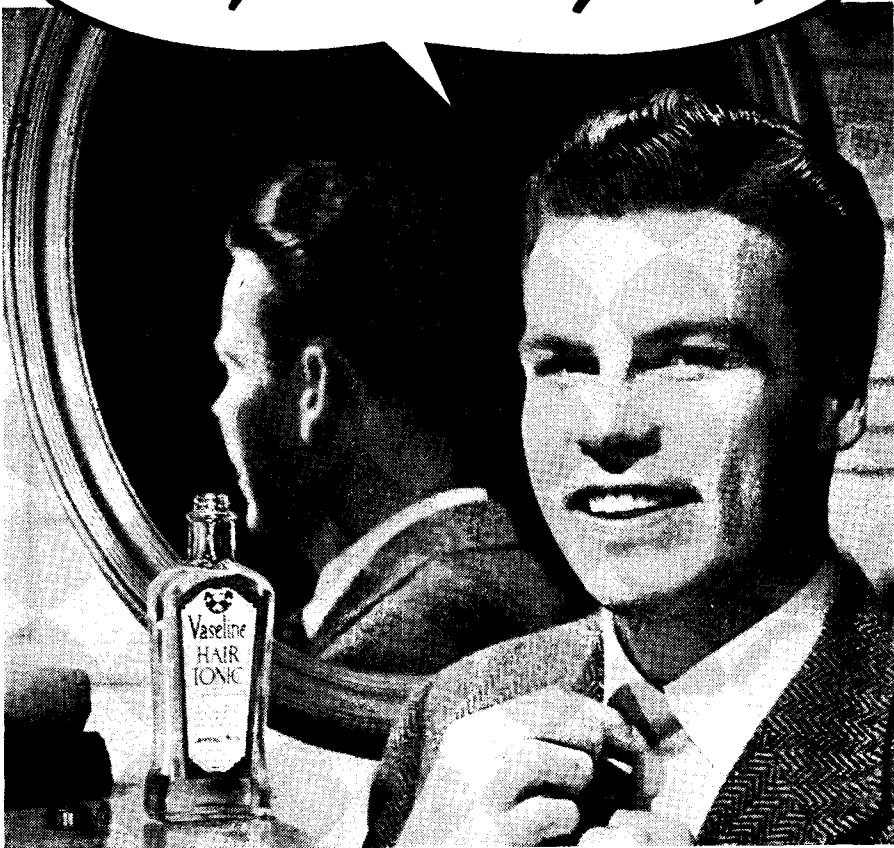
City.....Zone....State.....

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... I DON'T NEED glasses to see that he's got Dry Scalp! His hair certainly is a mess... it's dull looking and unkempt... looks as though he *never* combed it, and there's loose dandruff, too. It's time somebody told him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



IT'S EASY as can be to check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just a few drops a day make the difference. It supplements natural scalp oils... leaves your hair natural-looking, your scalp feeling like a million. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients... excellent with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care to both scalp and hair... and it's so economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER



"Pull down your skirt, Ann—the Globe doesn't want cheesecloth!"

Cheesecake, the popular expression for photographs emphasizing ladies' limbs, was given its name by New York stage and movie publicity men who considered leggy pictures of actresses comparable, in attracting patrons, to the cheesecakes often featured in the windows of Broadway restaurants.

Probably the most hazardous engineering job completed in this country was the boring of the 13-mile San Jacinto Tunnel between 1933 and 1939, one unit of the great aqueduct system of southern California. The hard rock was so saturated with water that the workers were in constant danger of being drowned. After one blast of dynamite, the intruding water chased the crew 650 feet up a near-by vertical shaft.

About 200 bank vaults in the United States do not have the dials of their combination locks on the face of the door, but concealed in a device on the side of it. Worked by an exterior wheel and resembling a peep-show box with its lighted interior seen through a small opening, the device prevents anyone standing near the operator from learning the combination.

In the summer of 1937, the inhabitants of Manteo on Roanoke Island off North Carolina gave a series of performances of *The Lost Colony*, a play written for them about the English colonists who mysteriously disappeared soon after settling there in 1587. The play was so successful that it has since been presented annually, except between 1942 and 1945. In the six summers, 500,000 people spent \$4,000,000 in this 1,000-population community whose previous income came mainly from fishing.

Since 1939, the number of Americans having a net income of over \$50,000 has increased from 12,193 to an estimated 129,200 today, or 960 per cent.

The calliope, the musical instrument consisting of steam whistles played by means of a keyboard, was developed in Massachusetts in 1855 as an added attraction on river boats. The popularity of these "floating music boxes" lasted 20 years and then, as the steamboats started to discard them, the calliope passed from the river to the land and has since been associated with the circus, fair and carnival.

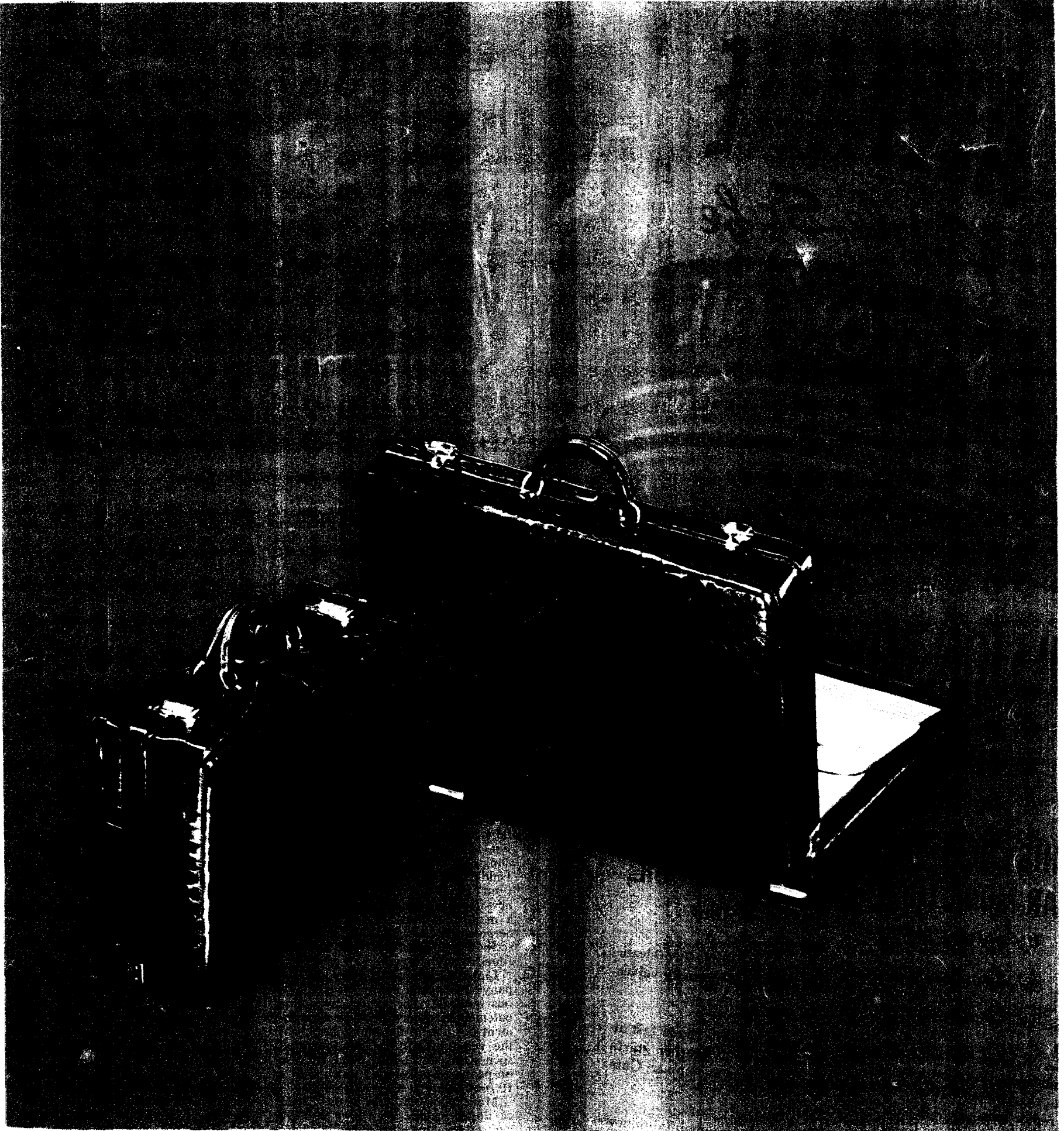
One of America's worst prison scandals was revealed by a surprise raid on New York City's Welfare Island Penitentiary in January, 1934. By paying prison officials from \$200 to \$300 a month, 200 of the 1,400 inmates were allowed, for example, to live in the hospital so they could order special food, to keep homing pigeons for smuggling in narcotics and to spend one or two nights a week in town.

Lahore, India, was placed under a rigid curfew recently when riots broke out between Hindus and Moslems. Unable to continue their street fights after dusk, both factions resorted to "night howling" to express their hatred of each other. Thus, for several nights, their members howled and shouted defiance from the roofs of their houses throughout the city, which is the size of Cincinnati.

One of the world's oddest bridges carries a navigable stream, the Bridgewater Canal, across the Irwell River near Manchester, England. This bridge is so built that the ends of its giant trough and the connecting ends of the canal may be sealed and the whole structure swung open to allow the passing of high-masted ships on the river below.—By Mary Margaret Arnold, New York City.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address *Keep Up With the World*, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

Luxurious, rare . . . these traveling bags boast American-tanned brown alligator, lining of grey linen, compartments closed with Talon slide fasteners.



There's a real inside story here . . . Behind the \$1140 price tag of these matched traveling bags is a story of quality—from leathers so rare that only a few such bags can be made each year . . . to the finest available quality slide fasteners. Yet these same Talon fasteners, a quality feature in \$1140 alligator bags, are so inexpensive you'll find them in luggage at \$5.95. Actually, they add extra value to each.





MILLION MILE PROVED!

THIS NEW ALEMITE CREATION IS FAR MORE THAN A MERE MOTOR OIL,

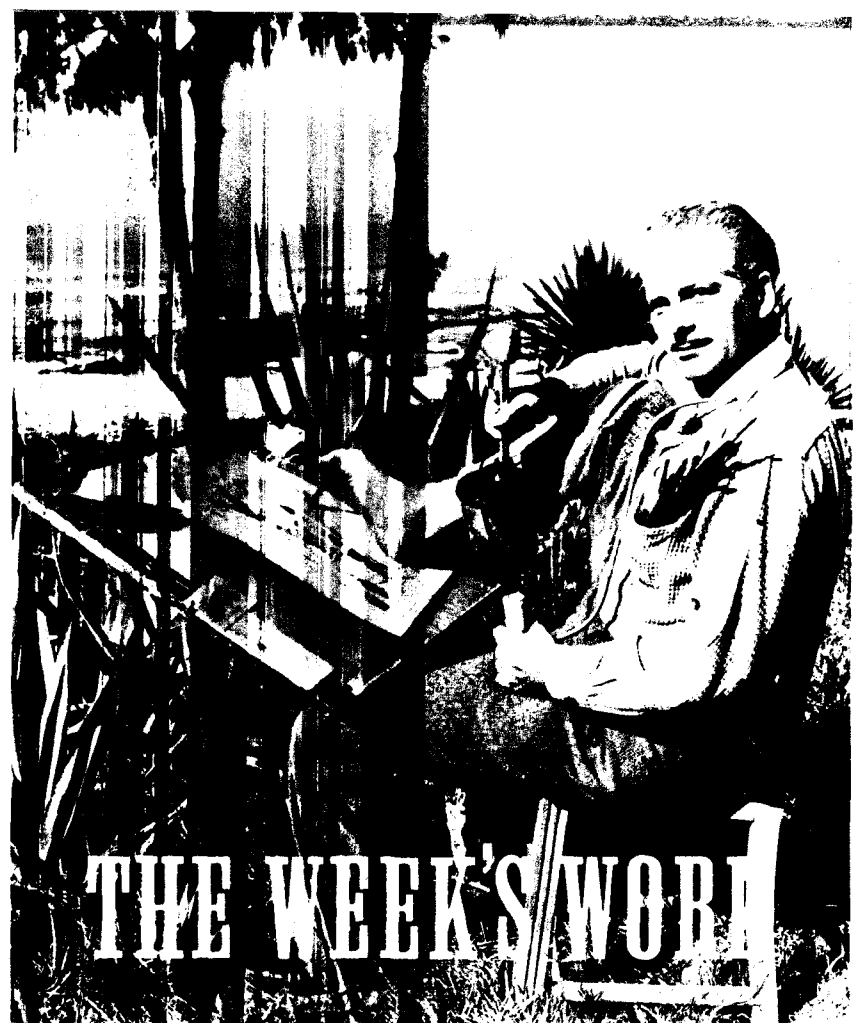
It Contains a Patented Ingredient That . . .

1. **Cleans out dirty, sluggish engines . . .** and keeps them clean. Restores lost power and pep because power wasted by sticky valves and piston rings goes back to work.

2. **Assures instant lubrication the year 'round.** Flows fast at all operating temperatures. Gives quicker cold weather starts . . . saves your battery. Gives you a cooler engine in summer. Cuts repair bills.

Actually increases gas mileage in old cars—maintains new car gas economy thousands of miles longer. Makes any car cost less to run.

Proved in millions of miles of driving. Ask for it at your favorite dealer's. If he does not have it, he can easily get it for you.



Bandel Linn creates for Collier's

WE THINK it only fair to our readers to keep them in touch with the lunatic fringe, so we looked up Bandel Linn, the Poor Man's Poor Raphael of Sarasota, Florida, and one of Collier's veteran cartoonists. We found this daffydill of the drawing boards in his new home on St. Armand's Key (named The Keyhole) resting from his war efforts (see p. 73). He had spent part of his time at the Coffeyville, Kansas, air base, where he accomplished the neatest trick of the century. He lived in Coffeyville for 75 years—doing it in 11 months' time. He was on the verge of being shipped to India but General Marshall must have decided to win the war, so Linn ended his warrior days a corporal at Bowman Field, Kentucky, instead.

Now, risking sunstroke, baldness, cartoonist's foot cramp and fear of failure, the repressible Linn sits in the sun and draws for his 11-year-old daughter Linda, his 3-year-old son Teddy, and his 2-year-old mustache, Fred. He also keeps busy thinking up new items for the Zzydd Corporation, a mail-order house which he and a Sergeant Ned Ferguson, whom he describes as Boston's gift to insanity, founded at Coffeyville.

Linn does not wish the Zzydd Company to be taken lightly. It is a serious business. The name Zzydd was patented in order to assure a prominent position in the phone book—at the very end. It has manufactured such items as 11-foot poles for use on people you wouldn't touch with a 10-foot pole.

More available items in the Zzydd catalogue include Wall Ears at \$7.95 per set for attaching to walls where people want to say, "Hush, the walls have ears!"; a late model Huff for folks who are always leaving parties in one; a Small Scale at \$7.09 for those who do things on one; a Word Marker, which is useful when someone says, "You mark my words!" and the Zzydd Dull and Sickening Thud. This handy item is catalogued: "Comes in handy pocket container; perfect for falling to the floor with."

Mr. Linn, originally from Craw-

fordsville, Indiana (except nobody will admit it there), plans to make six million dollars and then retire. At the present rate of cartoon and Zzydd sales, he has figured it out on his Zzydd Figure-It-Outter, this will take 7,000 years.

BUTTERING the Navy Brass, p. 24, is a juicy extract from Lieutenant Commander Lewis H. Conarro's new book, *Off My Sea Chest*, published on Friday the 13th of June by Henry Holt. Tagged by the publishers a Nautibiography, it is also described as a book 12,000,000 servicemen and -women swore they'd write.

It seems that the fearless lieutenant commander who is from Philadelphia, and was in the Naval Reserve, got pretty stuffed with the brass during his hitch (which took him to Attu, the Mediterranean, and the hotter Pacific spots, on everything from a cutter to a cruiser). While stationed aboard a gunnery ship in safe waters, he wrote bitterly to a pal. The friend advised him to lay his beef on paper, and make it funny. Planning *Off My Sea Chest* kept Mr. Conarro from mutiny.

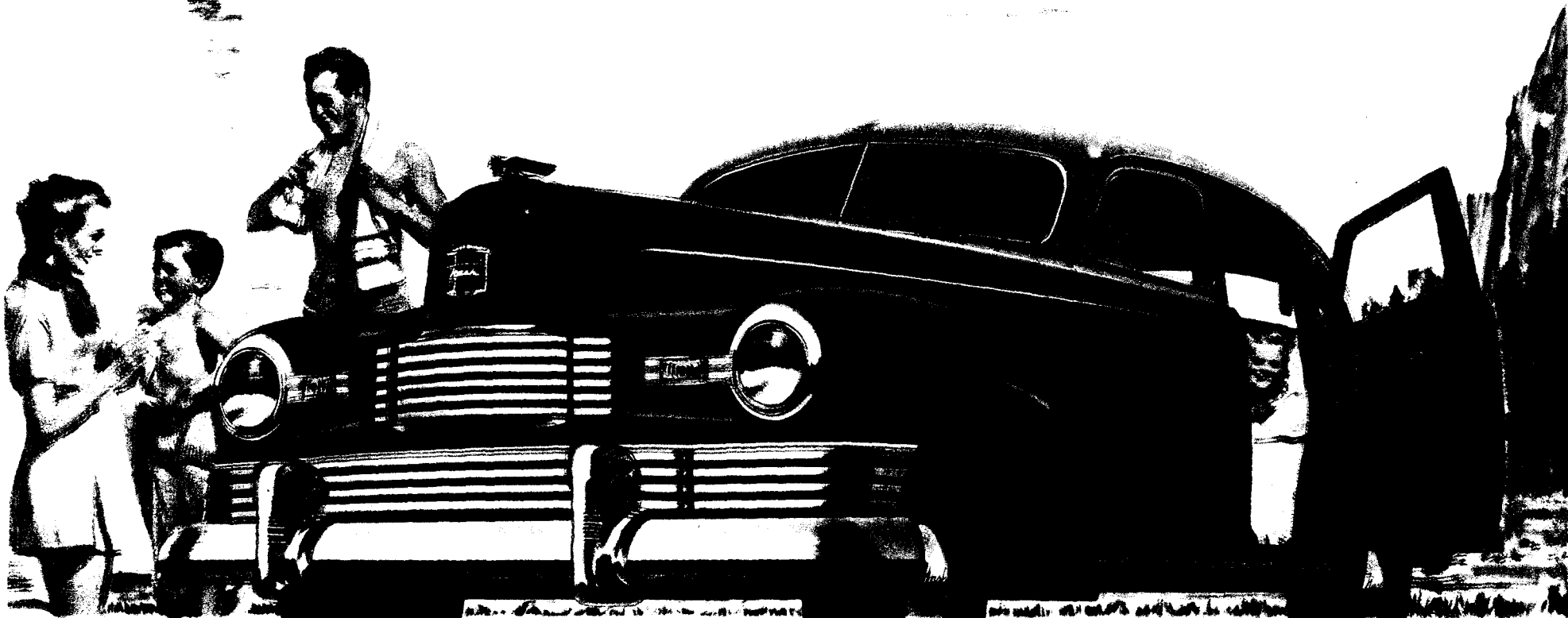
As for the crew members of the U.S.S. *Neversail*, Mr. Conarro points out they are not characters but naval types—anywhere from 10 to 1,000 people rolled into one. Thus, should you recognize yourself, you can console yourself, you are but one one thousandth of a louse.

Mr. Conarro (Con-arrow) is forty-one, went to Lafayette College, has been a reporter and advertising man. He collects Bing and Beethoven records, neckties, outdoor life, Dickens' first editions, and brass.

This week's cover: The First Day of Summer. Artist Stan Ekman got the idea when he saw three boy scouts trudging the road near his home in Glenview, outside of Chicago, where he lives. Ekman borrowed three neighbors' boys for models, and painted in tempera to get them over the hill into the adventures of the long vacation . . .

TED SHANE

"I want a Nash"



I'm tired of being tied down to gas pumps and the beaten path . . .

I want a Nash "600."

Sit in it, and you know what an automobile is *really* for.

Touch the throttle, and the whole wide world starts opening up in front . . .

Hills and towns and twisting lanes . . . here they come, and *there they go* . . .

A Nash is quick. It's nimble. It's part of me.

It snuggles down to the curves and erases the bumps, with the magic of four wheel coil springing. It starts, stops, parks on a dime.

Think of it—500 to 600 miles of travel like this, at moderate highway speed, in *one filling* of the Nash "600" gas tank!

Quiet? The engine barely whispers. Body squeaks and rattles? Gone—gone for good—because this is modern construction: an all-welded, single-unit body and frame. And

every day is perfect, with Nash Conditioned Air—fresh, dustless, draftless and automatically heat controlled.

And every night is worry-free when you have a Nash Convertible Bed to sleep you where you like.

Yes—I've found the one I want. It's a Nash "600"!

There's a new kind of automobile dealer in America today. That's where to see the new Nash "600" and the new Nash Ambassador.

You'll be ahead with **Nash**

NASH MOTORS DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

1936 NASH 600 391T-MUMBER 9 A

ni te e d o f n a b n e t o h o w



*M*illions of calls are made-to-order every hour

Every telephone call is made-to-order on the spot.

This is not a mass production industry. There's no way to manufacture a lot of telephone calls in advance and store them for future need.

Your call may be across the street. The next may be across the country. It may be the middle of the day or the middle of the night.

But whenever you call and wherever you call, the telephone company must be ready. It must — in a matter of seconds — provide the people and equipment to carry your voice to any one of millions of other telephones near or far.

And do the same thing for millions of other people every hour.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT

BY JAMES A. FARLEY

The first of a series of articles disclosing facts behind the late President's political differences with his national party chairman. In this issue: The Supreme Court fight and its repercussions in Congress



MUCH has been written, some of it true, and much more has been spoken, most of it untrue, about my break with Franklin D. Roosevelt. Actually there was no sharp, clean fracture of friendship, but rather a slow, imperceptible drifting apart of political principles. I am certain neither of us knew how far we had drifted apart until the gap yawned unbridgeable.

Looking back through the years, I find it hard to put the finger of memory on the beginning. Almost before I knew it, I was no longer called to the White House for morning bedside conferences, my phone no longer

brought the familiar voice in mellifluous familiarity and months dragged between White House luncheon conferences. Soon I found I was no longer being consulted on appointments, even in my own state. Then, too, I found I was as much in the dark about the President's political plans as was the chairman of the *Republican* National Committee. White House confidence on politics and policies went to a small band of zealots, who mocked at party loyalty and knew no devotion except to their leader.

At first this did not disturb me. What few people realize is that relationship between the

President and me had been basically political and seldom social. Strange as it may seem, the President had never taken me into the bosom of the family, even though everyone agreed I was more responsible than any other single man for his being in the White House. Never was I invited to spend the night in the historic mansion. Only twice did I make a cruise on the Presidential yacht. Both cruises were political. Never was I asked to join intimate White House gatherings; my appearances there were for official social functions or for informal dinners followed by exploration of political and patronage



INTERNATIONAL

Although the Supreme Court fight defeat rankled in the President's breast, he had a hearty laugh with Farley at the Jefferson Island Club only a few days after the bill was lost. This gathering of Democrats was calculated to promote party harmony, which had been disrupted by the split over Roosevelt's policies

ANOTHER COLLIER'S FIRST

Here, beginning a series of articles, Jim Farley presents the first uninhibited and realistic picture of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Mr. Farley sees Mr. Roosevelt, whom he so faithfully served as party chairman and political pathfinder, as a human being with human frailties and not as a demigod. Last year Collier's published the story (another first) of Roosevelt the President as seen through the eyes of Frances Perkins, his Secretary of Labor. It was called *The Roosevelt I Knew*. Mr. Farley writes of Roosevelt the politician. He does it frankly, sharply, clear-eyed. Mr. Farley was never bedazzled.

—The Editor

problems. Mrs. Roosevelt once said, "Franklin finds it hard to relax with people who aren't his social equals." I took this remark to explain my being out of the infield.

The first ripple across the placid pond of our friendship came and went, almost unnoticed, in the 1936 campaign. On October 14th, I met the President when he arrived in Chicago, where he was given a tremendous reception. I came in for a share of the ovation. The next day Marvin H. McIntyre, the President's secretary, came to me, somewhat ill at ease, to tell me that "they thought it best" that thereafter I should not appear on the platform with the President because of the Tammany situation.

I bristled with indignation. I knew my presence would not have been re-

sented by anyone except those disturbed by the widespread friendships I had gained. At that time there was no situation in Tammany, and if there had been one, I could not have been involved in it. I knew then that the President did not want me on the platform, but I could only guess why.

The taste of ashes was not long in my mouth, however, because when the President came to the Biltmore Hotel in New York City on October 31st, to address committee workers, his reference to me was most generous.

"I have known Jim Farley for a great many years and I have never known him yet to do or say a mean thing."

A few weeks later the pendulum of Presidential favor had swung back against me. Basil O'Connor,

Roosevelt's former law partner, reported that the President thought I was nursing Presidential aspirations for 1940. This simply was not true at that time. Yet, I have often wondered whether this uneasy suspicion colored my subsequent relations with the White House.

Evidence of further friction was not long coming. Late in January, 1937, Charley Michelson, head of public relations for the Democratic National Committee, told me that I was going to be given a testimonial dinner by the committee at the Mayflower Hotel on February 15th. He wanted a letter from the President thanking me for my services, to reproduce for the program. I told him I hadn't received such a letter since 1930. Charley growled that, knowing Roosevelt, he wasn't surprised to hear it, but he decided to demand a predated letter of gratitude. This turned up a few days later, and Charley brought it in with a wry smile. It read:

November 4, 1936

"Dear Jim,

"You were right—so right that I thought you were more of an optimist than a prophet. I find I am the one who needs to have his long-range spectacles adjusted. But in this instance, Jim, I don't mind being wrong at all.

"Very sincerely yours,
"FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT"

There was no mention of my services, even after a special request. However, as Charley observed acidly, he had admitted he was wrong for the first time since he entered the White House! In his remarks at the dinner a

few nights later, the President was most generous in saying:

"History has recorded, and will continue to record, a great many interesting facts about Jim. In due time history will talk out loud about his organizing of campaigns in state and nation. It will speak of his fine service as a member of the Cabinet of the United States—as administrator of an important department of the federal government.

"But there will be something more important in the book of history than the mere chronicle of success in public office. Loyalty will be written there—that loyalty to friends that results in loyalty from friends."

Discussing Mr. McNutt

During the dinner, the President, Vice-President Garner and I chatted between courses. One exchange involved Paul V. McNutt, former governor of Indiana, and his impending appointment as United States High Commissioner to the Philippines.

"I'm not so sure," the President mused, "because McNutt is inclined to be dictatorial and he might not be the right fellow to send out there. Maybe he ought to go on the Maritime Commission."

"I don't know him very well," Garner put in, "but I know he is a candidate for the Presidency in 1940, so it might not be a bad idea to send him out there."

The President smiled thoughtfully. "Do you think the Philippines will be far enough?" I asked.

"Yes, yes," he laughed.

Collier's for June 21, 1947



INTERNATIONAL

When Jack Garner, then Vice-President, went home to Texas in the midst of the Court fight, Roosevelt was miffed



WIDE WORLD

In 1940, Edward J. Flynn (seated, right) was picked to succeed Farley as party chairman in a jovial session at the White House. Vice-Presidential candidate Henry Wallace sits next to the President

Later he confided to me: "You know, Jim, it's a great comfort to me to know that no campaign is lying in wait for me at the end of this four years. Yes, sir, nothing but a nice, long rest at Hyde Park."

Yet, in the months to come, he was to find fault with a long list of suspected and actual aspirants to his succession. They were either too old or too young; too ambitious or too unknown; too conservative or too radical, or too poor in health or too lacking in personality. In many cases his displeasure stemmed from the Supreme Court reorganization battle; I am not sure it was not so in my case. Although I supported him to the hilt in the drive for Court reform, I could not and did not go along with him a year later on the no less disastrous attempt to purge the Democratic party of those who had opposed his will. I believe that deep down inside, he never forgave me for putting party welfare above the personal allegiance he considered his due.

I was away when he sent what came to be known as the Court Packing Plan to the Senate. Like members of the Court, I first learned the details of the plan from a news ticker. When I returned, I lunched with the President, who was in the best of humor.

"Boss," I asked him, "why didn't you advise the senators in advance that you were sending them the Court bill?"

"Jim, I just couldn't," he answered earnestly. "I didn't want to have it get out prematurely to the press. More than once when I've had groups of senators and congressmen down here,

reporters have gathered a detailed account of what went on within forty-eight hours. I didn't want it to happen again."

"Well," I yielded, "I suppose it's all right, but I wouldn't let it happen again."

"I'll watch out for it in the future," he promised. "This is very important to me; it's something that affects the heart of my program. I'll keep them here all year to pass it, if necessary. I want you to help."

"You can count on me, Boss. I will keep in contact with those who are supporting you on the Hill and do my best to bring the others around."

"First off," continued the President, "we must hold up judicial appointments in states where the delegation is not going along. We must make appointments promptly where the delegation is with us. Where there is a division we must give posts to those supporting us. Second, this must apply to other appointments as well as judicial appointments. I'll keep in close contact with the leaders."

The Controversial Clause

During the next few weeks I was busy seeing senators and congressmen urging support of the program. Serious opposition arose over these words in the President's message: "I therefore earnestly recommend the appointment of additional judges in all federal courts, without exception, where there are incumbent judges of retirement age who do not choose to retire or resign." This would have empowered him to increase the Su-

preme Court, in the event those of retirement age would not leave, by six justices. As the opposition put it: He would pack the Court with six New Dealers to give him a majority over the conservatives.

The battle lines developed slowly. Early in the game it was apparent that some thirty senators, holding the balance of power, were lying low to see how the wind would blow from home.

About this time, at the Washington Democratic Victory Dinner, the President publicly avowed his intention to retire at the end of his second term, as he had confided to me. His address at this dinner, and a fireside chat a week later, did much to hearten his supporters, but the Court plan also gave his scattered opponents a common ground to mobilize on.

Later, from Warm Springs, where he was vacationing, the President telephoned me to say that he was feeling great; that he was ready and eager for the fray. I reported the Senate was divided into almost equal thirds—one group in favor of the bill, another opposed and a crop of fence-sitters. He said we would have to get the fence-sitters back into the barnyard. He said he was sending Tommy the Cork (Thomas G. Corcoran, RFC counsel) around to "turn the heat on" the opposition. He expressed himself certain that he had the situation under control, refusing to discuss the various alternative and compromise proposals floating around the Hill.

On his return to Washington the President closeted himself with Vice-President Garner, Speaker William B. Bankhead, Majority Leader Joe Rob-

inson and House Leader Sam Rayburn to be brought up to date on the Court fight. On April 1st, I had lunch at the White House with the President. Senator Hugo Black was a third at the Chief Executive's desk. Our conference was largely devoted to the progress of the Court fight. The President reported that the vast majority of letters he had received on his Victory Dinner speech and on his fireside chat were in support of his plan.

In an Exultant Mood

"The thing to do," he said happily, "is to let the flood of mail settle on Congress. You just see. All I had to do was deliver a better speech and the opposition will be beating a path to the White House door."

We analyzed the testimony being given before the Senate committee. The President said the proponents of the plan unquestionably were having the better of the argument; that the program would soon be brought to the Senate floor, where it would be passed. In general I agreed, but noted that it might take longer than he expected. Black cautioned that the opposition was most determined and would exercise every means of delay, knowing that their only hope lay in avoiding a vote.

"We'll smoke 'em out," the President said. "If delay helps them, we must press for an early vote."

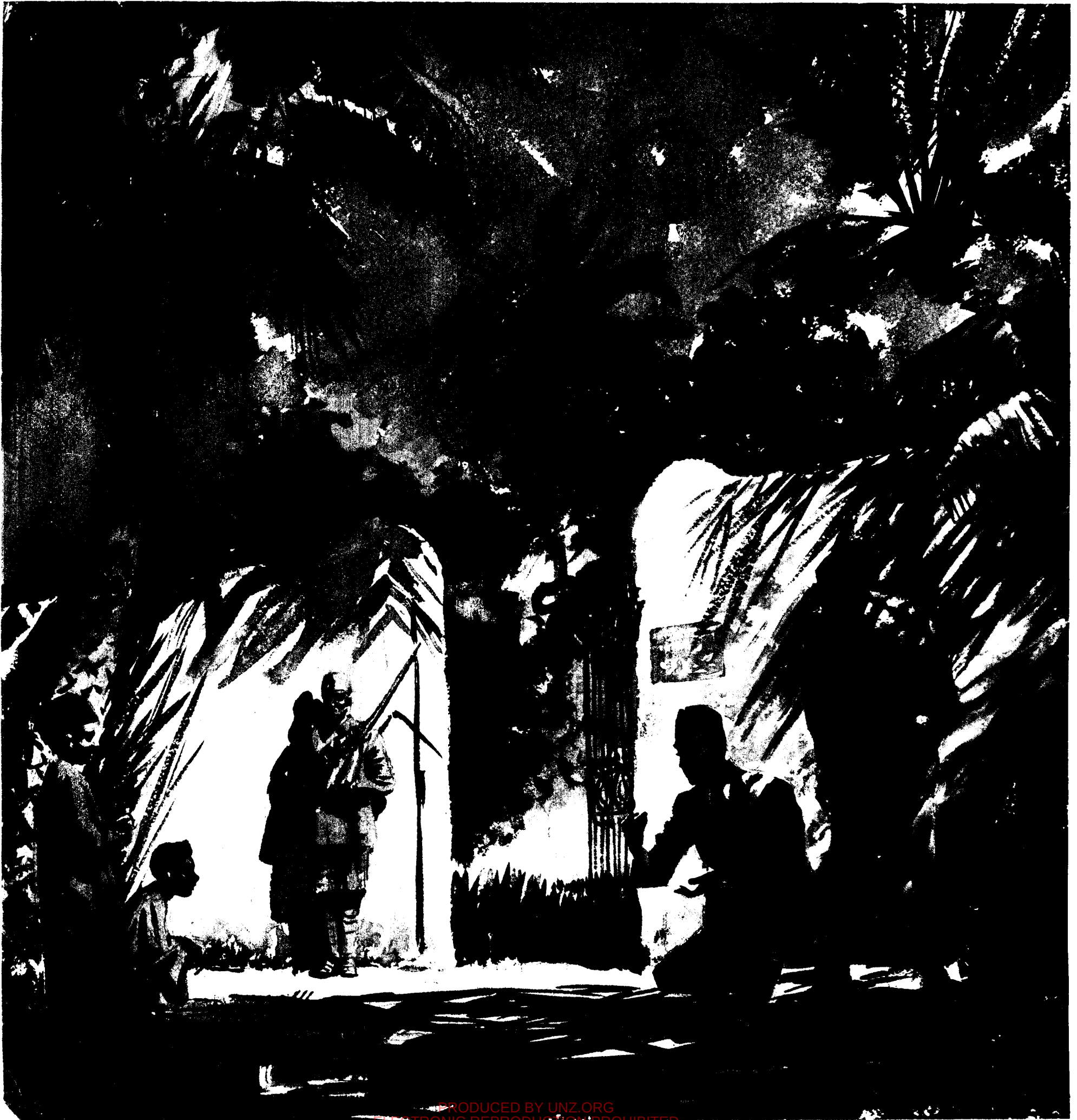
Black had expressed displeasure over the appointments of Rear Admiral Emory S. Land and Rear Admiral H. A. Wiley to the Maritime
(Continued on page 84)

THE INSPECTOR IS DISCREET

BY CHARLES B. CHILD

Introducing Inspector Chafik J. Chafik, a remarkable detective—and a character, if ever we saw one

Rubbing the sand between his fingers Chafik said to the sergeant, "It is still damp. From where does it come?"



HE WAS a dark little man. His eyes were like brown olives; they matched the dun-colored land of desert and sluggish rivers where he had been born. They were the eyes of a people who had seen the rise and fall of the Chaldeans, the Hittites, the Assyrians and the Babylonians, and still watched curiously the coming and going of other empires.

He was nervous and carefully adjusted his tie before knocking on the door lettered boldly: H. J. ELLSWORTH, and below it, in Arabic and English: Chief Inspector, Criminal Investigation Department.

As he opened the door he speculated, as he often did, as to why the government of Iraq gave the appointment to an Englishman. "Chafik J. Chafik, sir," he announced to the chief inspector. "Inspector, C.I.D." He wondered at his own words because Ellsworth knew he was Chafik J. Chafik just as well as he knew the street outside was Al-Rashid Street, Baghdad.

The big man behind the desk looked up and said in a weary voice, "Oh, sit down, Chafik. I suppose you know about the murder last night?"

The little man repeated rapidly in precise English, "Case seven hundred and three. Miriam, daughter of Ali ibn Ali Aziz of Basra. Found at 4 A.M. on the river path outside the garden of Mr. Ronald Stewart. Dead several hours. No violation or robbery."

"It's an awkward business," Ellsworth said. "She was his mistress."

"A common possession in Baghdad," Chafik said. "I can list—"

The chief inspector interrupted hastily, "That's enough. The ambassador takes a dim view of scandal. Stewart is English, and—"

"Excuse me," Chafik said, "but only his passport is British. He is three-quarters Armenian, although he resembles his grandfather who came here in 1893. The red-haired Scotch blood is strong, but he is Armenian."

He regretted speaking when Ellsworth hit the desk and shouted, "How many times have I told you to be careful with these people? Dammit, Chafik, the man's protected by the embassy, and any complaint there comes back on my head!" The rumble of the big voice filled the room.

Chafik, perched on the edge of a chair, nervously twisted his *sidarrah*, the black forage cap worn by Moslem Iraqis. He said anxiously, "Yes, yes. I should not consider Mr. Stewart's ancestry. If you will brief me concerning the death of his mistress—"

"I've interviewed Stewart," Ellsworth said, and added with the beginning of a new rumble: "It was better for me to tackle him, considering he's British." He waited a moment and then went on: "The man's story is simple. There was trouble with the girl's father who claimed he was disgraced and wanted compensation. He came up from Basra to see his daughter. Stewart gave her fifty dinars and she arranged to meet her father on the riverbank at the back of the house at eleven-thirty. Stewart went to the Alwiyah Club at ten o'clock and stayed there until two, drinking. I've checked that, and I saw him myself in the bar before midnight. His alibi is sound, except for a brief period when he says he left the bar and walked in the grounds to cool off. He doesn't remember what time it was, but when I saw him he was coming through the door—"

"Before midnight?"

"Yes," said the chief inspector. "Don't start checking on me. I'd just looked at the clock. It was 11:52. When Stewart got home the girl hadn't returned and he thought she was still with her father. He admits he was drunk and went to bed, where his butler found him when the police called." Ellsworth looked at his notes and added, "Stewart says the girl had no previous lover."

"No," Chafik said. "Stewart was the first, and last."

"You've got a mind like a card index," Ellsworth rumbled. "What do you know of the father?"

"Ali ibn Ali Aziz," recited Chafik. "Race, Arab. No occupation. A drunkard. Convicted at Basra in 1945 of doing injury by stabbing. Sentence—"

Ellsworth shrugged. "It looks like a clear case. I suppose he was full of *arak* and killed his daughter because of some twisted idea of family honor. You ought to be able to pick him up easily."

"He cannot escape, sir. That is all?" The little man stood, like a terrier straining at the leash.

"That's all, except for one thing," said Ellsworth.

"The ambassador doesn't like to hear of British nationals mixed up with the Iraqi police. You're efficient, I know, but be very discreet with Mr. Stewart."

"I have heard," Chafik said, "that his temper is like his hair. I will be discreet, sir." When he was outside Ellsworth's door he murmured, "So I must be discreet with an Armenian! Oh, Merciful God!" He went to his office and touched the bell on his desk. . . .

Inspector Chafik was talking to a tall, gaunt sergeant named Abdullah. "The little matter of the Armenian's woman which we have already discussed—is there any report yet of the father?"

"We have searched the brothels," Abdullah said, "and the other dens where men befuddle themselves with *arak*. His description is fully circulated and the gates of Baghdad are closed. But there are many ditches into which he may have fallen. Or the river," he added hopefully.

"The river is better than the scaffold," agreed Chafik. He took a case from his pocket and handed the sergeant a cigarette. They bowed over the lighted match and Abdullah politely touched his forehead with the tips of his curved fingers. "The morgue first, sir?" he asked.

"Yes. Bodies are disgusting things, but it is God's will they exist."

Inspector Chafik followed the sergeant down the stairs and stood for a moment in the narrow doorway smelling the sourness of Al-Rashid Street, where desert Bedouins rubbed shoulders with sleek city effendis, and arabanas pulled by dying horses mingled with the taxis and fine new cars. The dirt of the street disturbed him, and for a fleeting moment he wondered how Baghdad had looked in the ancient days. It sprawled now, vast and brown and ugly, along the banks of the same Tigris, but the palaces and rose gardens were gone, and shabby modern houses smeared with the dust of sand storms crowded along the mean streets.

At the morgue he viewed the body. The girl had been very young and quite pretty. Her throat had been cut. Chafik studied the wound and said to Sergeant Abdullah, "The killer slashed from behind and she had no chance to turn. Swift and clean." He turned away. "Show me her possessions."

They brought him a handbag, some trinkets, and an expensive watch. In the bag was a bundle of dinar notes. He counted them carefully and said, "The money the Armenian gave her for her father." He picked up the watch and held it to his ear. He touched the winder and said, "It is half wound, but it is ten minutes slow. This is a fine Swiss watch and should not be slow. Take it to a watchmaker and have the mechanism checked." He stood back and wiped his fingers fastidiously. "She was with child," he said, looking again at the body on the slab. He pulled the cuffs over his thin wrists. "Abdullah, how does a father kill a daughter who has disgraced him?"

"Perhaps with a thrust in the stomach?" suggested the sergeant.

"These people have primitive passions," Chafik said. "They center their anger on the source of the disgrace. To cut a throat neatly requires coolness unconnected with passion." He sighed. "Now we will go to the scene of the crime. The mind works best by routine."

THEY drove out to the Jenub district. Here were the houses of the rich merchants set in gardens bright with flowers. The dark green of the date palms was a restful background and the great river embraced it all in a cool loop.

A constable was posted at the back of Stewart's house, where there was a path along the top of the embankment which held back the Tigris during the spring floods. Now the river was low with hard mud and gray sand between the water and the bank. Trees shaded the path by the gate in the garden wall.

The constable ordered away a band of children and showed Chafik where the body had been found. "Here is her blood," he said, pushing the crowding children with the butt of his carbine.

Chafik looked briefly. He took money from his pocket and threw it to the children. "Go buy sweetmeats," he said, and as they fled with shouts of joy he added softly, "A small bribe is often more effective than a threat." His dun-colored eyes searched the ground between the gate in the wall and the bank of the river. He bent to examine some dark sand scattered over the dirty white dust and gravel of the path. Rubbing a pinch of it between his fingers, he

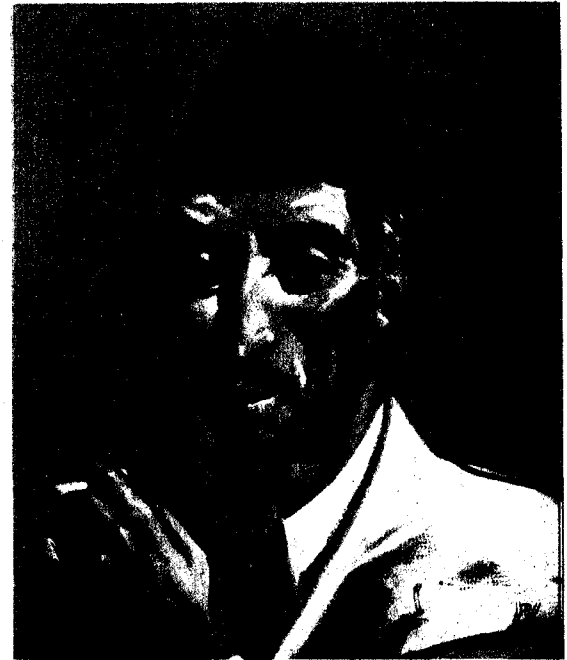
said to Sergeant Abdullah, "It is still damp. From where does it come?"

"The river, sir."

"The river," Chafik repeated. "Did the children bring it here for their play?" He looked at the constable, who answered, "I have been here since the body was found. The children did not play with sand."

Abdullah said, "If they played here yesterday the sand would be dry."

The Inspector lighted a cigarette and for some minutes remained silent while the sergeant and the constable regarded him respectfully. Finally he said, "This is a land of sand, but God willed it there



Inspector Chafik J. Chafik

should be many types, each in its proper place." He threw away the cigarette with a gesture and said, "I will go now and talk with the Armenian."

The house was large, with high, cool rooms handsomely furnished. The Inspector's feet sank into thick carpets as he followed the white-robed butler to Stewart's study. As he entered the room he touched his *sidarrah* in a courteous salaam to the burly red-haired man who sat at a desk covered with papers. "Please excuse me calling, sir. But I was near by and thought—"

"What the devil can I tell you other than I've told Ellsworth?" asked Stewart. His manner was irritable and slightly contemptuous. "I can give you five minutes," he said.

As Chafik looked at him he almost doubted his own records. Stewart had the appearance of a typical Scot. He had the fair skin which burned and flaked in the sun. His big hands were freckled and the backs were matted with red-gold hairs, fine as silk. He was handsome, but there was a puffiness about his eyes which came from overindulgence. He has even inherited his grandfather's capacity for drink, thought Chafik, but unlike the old trader he lives soft. Shaking his head, he wondered at the strange race created by the phlegmatic Northerners who had settled in Iraq and married the volatile daughters of the Armenians.

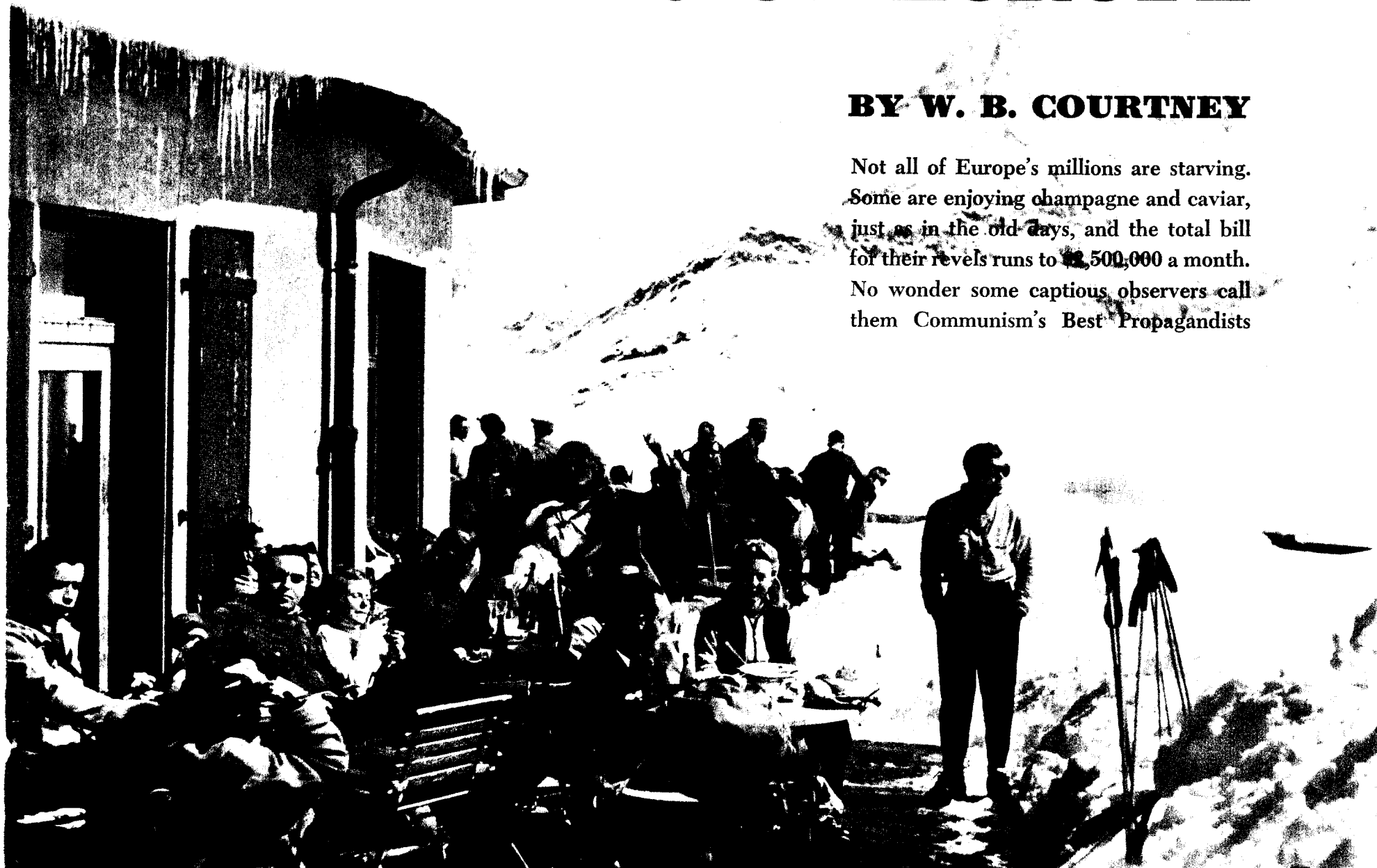
"Well? What d'you want to know?" Stewart asked. He had not invited Chafik to sit down, and the little man stood, shifting from one foot to the other and smiling nervously. "Excuse me, but it is such a personal matter," the Inspector said. "The girl was pregnant—"

Stewart stood up. He was over six feet and his heavy build reminded Chafik of the water buffaloes that wallowed in the Tigris mud. His temper was equally unpredictable and the question fired it like a dynamite cap. "Damn you!" he shouted. "Is there no privacy in Baghdad?" (Continued on page 73)

FAT HEADS OF EUROPE

BY W. B. COURTNEY

Not all of Europe's millions are starving. Some are enjoying champagne and caviar, just as in the old days, and the total bill for their revels runs to \$2,500,000 a month. No wonder some captious observers call them Communism's Best Propagandists



Skiers sun themselves on the terrace of a Swiss resort hotel. In three months wealthy foreigners took \$20,000,000 worth of clothes and shoes out of Switzerland

FASHIONS change in fat heads, too. Nero fiddled. Marie Antoinette tried on new hats. Czar Nicholas played with toy soldiers upon his palace floor. Victor Emmanuel practiced stretching exercises. Hirohito wrote poems. Each well-fed and comfortable, while people scavenged in the gutters. Each unheeding, in days that shook the earth.

Today, aboard our train in Switzerland, the pretty little English Lady "stomped."

No one can live in Europe and doubt the earth has a touch of the shakes again—or yet. No one, that is, save the Lady and her Set. It is the gang that a Communist in Nice described to me as "your best people—our Best Propagandists!"

You have read much about the hungry millions. Wouldn't it be jollier, for a change, to read about the well-satisfied hundreds of thousands? For, while Europe is bent, swarms of Europeans are on a bender. They will lead you a hoopla chase. It's a whirl on a golden merry-go-round that is oiled by champagne, fueled by steaks and crepes Suzette, and has caviar for roller bearings.

Sometimes you may even get a no-

tion that you have walked in on a newsreel for which an editor with a hang-over got the captions balled up:

News item: *Athens: "... to sustain Greece on its present half-starvation diet will cost the United States \$75,000,000 in 1947 ... The Greek Parliament approved a bill providing a \$40,000 dowry for Princess Catherine, sister of King Paul ... her favorite dish is fried octopus ..."*

A survey made in the bars of one peacock hotel in Paris and one in Brussels, one swish night club in each of six capitals, and two of the Continent's scores of renowned playgrounds, indicates that the daily whoopee bill of western Europe is about 9 billion francs, or \$75,000,000. Ordinary tourists and resident lusher were not counted. Only those folks of whom Swiss and French waiters say "*Ils tapent de la croupe!*"

"*Croupe*" is a French equivalent of the American word "crupper," or that part of the harness which passes under a horse's tail. The remark, therefore, can be translated elastically as "those who stamp with the girdle"—although you may be sure any waiter who labors in the bingeyards of Europe's great current jagboree can

voice the same idea much less diplomatically. But however he expresses "the stampers," he does so with a humorous suggestiveness which is perhaps more faithfully rendered by the American slang version of "stomp" for "stamp." Hence, for us, "the Stompers." A Stomper is one who became overburied and underbusy through no toil of his or her own.

Stomping is an art of sitting down characteristic—this side of the blissful divans of Paradise—only of Stompers, because they are the only people who can *genuinely* stomp with a part of the anatomy that is certainly not a foot. The stomping art is regularly on exhibition in all mammon wallows from East Fifty-second Street to Switzerland's cozy mountains and the Riviera's cushy strand. It is designed to leave no doubt among common on-lookers that Stompers are better heeled, born, dressed, fed, slaked, housed, served, furred, jeweled, warmed and have an infinitely better all-round time in life than non-stompers.

Striped-pants doctors, who have studied the matter at Baden-Baden, Vichy and other 200-bucks-a-day spas, or water cures, to which Stompers pe-

riodically haul their blistered livers, classify stomping as a phony or non-occupational art; nothing that could not be cured by increased use of hands and hoofs.

An eminent Zurich chiropractor gravely disagrees. "Making due allowances," he told me, "for temporary or permanent individual aberrations caused by extreme fatigue, alcoholism, bad temper, or furniture salesmanship, we scientists recognize in the *habitual* manner in which a person sits down a clear mark of caste, political affiliation, financial position and moral valuations.

"Everyone knows how dogs revolve several times before settling for a nap. Pure atavism. Unnecessary where most dogs sleep nowadays. Still done because remote ancestors did it to smooth out bedding places in jungle underbrush.

"The use by some humans of the coccyx, or root of the spinal column, for social emphasis is a similar throw-back. It lingers in true descendants, and has been imitated by pretended descendants, of the ruling noble or chair-sitting classes: as opposed to the common, or stool and bench classes.

(Continued on page 61)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK DE MORGOLI



A party of four at dinner in the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, requires almost that many servitors to administer to its luxurious tastes. Most Swiss still have food rationing



At the MYCCA (Motor Yacht Club of Côte d'Azur) idlers, unemployed kings and French billionaires enjoy the company of Cannes' prettiest girls



At this small but exclusive affair in the cellars of Comte de Rohan-Chabot, MYCCA members and guests emptied 210 bottles of champagne. The Comte is chairman of the club

The MYCCA stages an outdoor buffet supper with a lavish assortment of foods. Wealthy gourmets think nothing of flying to a distant country for a luncheon delicacy



Gypsy violins are virtually a must among Europe's well-heeled playboys and girls. Battalions of them have invaded certain night clubs in Paris

You can kick up your heels in the Palace Hotel bar almost any evening, if you have the money to pay for your fun. Apparently lots of Europeans do





BOY GETS...

BY VIRGINIA MYERS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED STEFFEN

Life in Hollywood isn't like the movies. But sometimes — and I'll be perfectly frank with you—it's a terrifically good imitation

18

MY NAME is Arnold Kapowski (pronounced Kapoffsky), but I go by the name of Sean (pronounced Shawn) Malone. I do this mostly because I look so much like an Irishman, and at one time, Rita, my mother (who has guided my career), was married to a fellow named Malone. An Irishman, I think.

Anyway, Rita always liked the name and I have used it for a number of years. This is partly, as I say, because I look like a fellow whose name should be nothing but Malone. And because it's good to have an Irish name and because of this fable that has been kicked around for lo, these many years to the effect that there is no more openhearted, easy-to-get-along-with, give-you-the-shirt-off-their-backs kind of people than the Irish. (Speaking for myself, I have known some Irish who were pretty sharp operators, but that is beside the point.) It was Rita's idea a long time ago, and I graduated from Hollywood High School under the name of Sean Malone, and later worked at the Pasadena Playhouse, as long as we could afford it, under the name of Malone. Malone, as you may have gathered, is the name by which I am known professionally.

Although you may have to think a while before it comes to you where you have heard the name before. This is often the case, because I am a Featured Player. Screen, that is. And my

name always comes after several others which have been prefaced by a "with"—which comes after the picture's title—which follows the names of the stars. See?

I rarely want for parts and have a pretty good income, even though I receive it only after it has passed through several clutching hands. There is a ready market for my particular type of looks and talent. I am what is known as a Clean-Cut-Kid type. Very Typical All-American Boy. Usually I am tricked out in some natty uniform or costume weeping my clear blue eyes out for some Good Cause or other.

I do not get the girl in the end.

In the end I die. Frequently flat on the ground. Or draped over the knee of the hero, whose best friend I usually am. There are prop sweat beads on my forehead, and sometimes prop blood dribbles artistically out the corner of my mouth. I usually manage to say something moving and beautiful, gag a little in my throat, jerk convulsively and die. The hero hugs me—my lifeless form, that is—and bows his head in unbearable grief. If he is a rat sometimes he bows his head low enough to come between my face and the camera. Then he lays me gently on the ground or something and with determination shining through the tears in his eyes, he walks away. The camera follows him.

Collier's for June 21, 1947

The Grand Old Man plowed ahead with the rangy girl beside him, and the others following. All I could do was fall in



This has been going on for years. More than I care really to remember. In fact, Rita has been giving my age out alternately as twenty-two and twenty-three for the past seven years. One of these days someone is going to start checking and she will have to up it to twenty-four. And, of course, twenty-four is the beginning of the end for the young-kid type like myself, especially when he's pushing thirty.

And it's morbid brooding like this that makes a person jumpy. In fact, I was thinking about just such things as these the morning I hooked bumpers with the Old Man's limousine going in the studio gate. Then, like the scatterbrained cluck I am, I slammed my car into reverse and started backing. I backed, all right, and took the Old Man's bumper with me. That's the trouble with those custom-made jobs. Put together with paper clips and chewing gum. All show. About that time I slammed on my brakes and stopped. It struck me all of a heap just whose bumper I had.

The limousine stopped and the chauffeur got out. The gateman and some studio cops came dashing up. The Old Man didn't get out, of course, and the chauffeur attended to retrieving the bumper and listening snobbishly to my babbled apologies. The gateman and the cops gave me dirty looks, and by the time I had parked and reached the set I was in a state of semicollapse, and the sweat I was wiping

off my forehead wasn't prop and it was gumming up my make-up.

The star hadn't showed and everyone was waiting around. I felt so weak that I toyed with the idea of going over to the commissary and getting a boiled egg and a muffin. Although Rita and I have made it a practice that I don't eat anything but black coffee until noon. I fought it out with myself and finally decided I could have at least a boiled egg and would work it off in the gym later.

I WAS on my way when I ran into the Old Man again. Not physically this time, you understand, I just met him. Walking along the cement path. With him was a haglike individual who looked strictly from malnutrition. I knew right away she was Somebody because nobody but Somebody would run around looking that sloppy. She had on a loafer jacket over an evening dress, and looked like she might be just coming back from a rough night out. Her long sandy hair was held back with a bobby pin. A plain bobby pin. And her face was absolutely nude.

Then it dawned on me. She must be the Old Man's daughter, Hildar. I was slinking past, trying to look as much like the shrubbery as possible when he stopped.

"You," he said. "Your name Malone?" I froze with all my teeth showing.

Seven or eight of his associates caught up with him. They all stared at me without a flicker of emotion.

"Have you got a minute?" he asked in a friendly tone. "If you have, run up to the office with me."

Now get this, he is the president of the studio where I work, when there is not a picket line, and he holds a wad of stock in it. In fact, he is sometimes referred to as the Grand Old Man of it. And any jackass knows that the Grand Old Man doesn't pal around with the Featured Players.

I shot a panicked glance around to see if there was any other Malone in the shrubbery and finding none, I said weakly, "Who, me?" after which I could have slit my throat.

He didn't answer, he just plowed ahead with the rangy girl beside him, and the others, slightly warmer now, following. All I could do was fall in. So I did. And upon reaching his office (which it is really an experience to see) the strangest thing happened to me that has ever happened to anybody before or since.

He invited me to dinner. Honestly, that's the straight dope. He did.

First he introduced me to his daughter, who had started life by the name of Dorothy, but who had made the Old Man go to court twice and change it. First to Mimi, then to Hildar. Indicative of periods she was (Continued on page 70)

DOUBLE



Johnny Pesky leaps high in the air to clear runner for his throw to first

BY KYLE CRICHTON

SHAKESPEARE could have written a great tragedy around the double play. A double play can leave a batting rally stone cold dead in the market. More hearts have been broken by double plays than were ever lacerated by stern parents and unrelenting fate. Also, a double play is the most divine spectacle in the world when it is pulled off by your side.

When a double play comes with the bases full it ruins the opposition. It requires a wide-ranging, fast and accurate-throwing shortstop (Marion, Reese, Eddie Miller), but beyond all else, there must be a great second baseman. When the second baseman takes the ball from the shortstop, he is headed away from first base. He must get the ball and step on the bag (almost simultaneously) and then pivot and make a throw to first, which in many cases is a toss back over his shoulder. He doesn't see his target, the runner is bearing down on him and may take him out of the play with a flying block. Doerr, Schoendienst, Stanky, Gordon and Gerry Priddy are geniuses at this maneuver.

All this must happen in about four seconds—the time it takes a runner to get from home plate to first base. The ball is hit, it skips along the ground, an infielder handles it and ferries it over to second base. There is then the pivot, and the ball is speeded on to first base, where it must be taken cleanly. The runners are breaking their necks to arrive safely, the ball is handled three times and yet the double play is made. Neat is not the word.

The play is often made from third to second to first. Johnny Pesky, great shortstop for the Boston Red Sox and now their third baseman, ruined New York twice in one game this year by taking smashes by Joe DiMaggio and turning them into double plays. As for pitchers, they feel merely that double plays were made in heaven by a friendly deity. ★★★



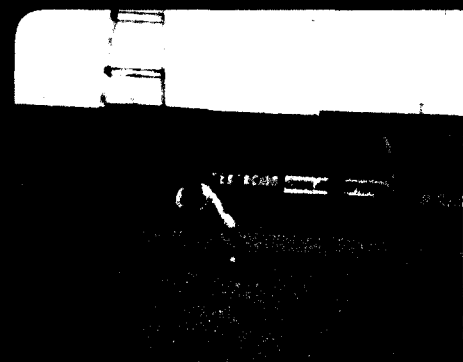
BOUDREAU TO GORDON



Lou Boudreau, Cleveland manager, gets set to stab a hot grounder at shortstop



STANKY TO REESE



Eddie Stanky, Brooklyn genius at the double play, digs one up out of the dirt



DOERR TO PESKY



Bobby Doerr, Red Sox second baseman had the finest 1946 double-play record



MARION TO SCHOENDIENST



The great Slat Marion of the St. Louis Cardinals gets in the way of a hard-hit ball

TROUBLE

When Shakespeare said Double, Double Toil and Trouble, he may have meant a certain baseball play which can make a batting rally very ill. Here the caldron bubbles merrily

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN

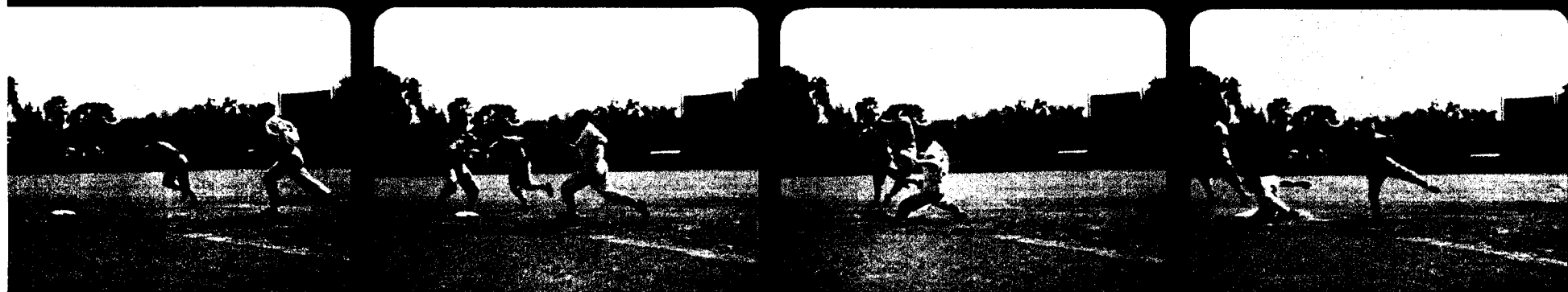
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Joe Gordon races over and takes Boudreau's throw on the bag. He whirls and starts his throw to first as the runner bears down on him. This is an easy double play because Gordon has plenty of time to make his pivot and still avoid the runner. Note the ball in the air and the fine follow-through on Gordon's peg



Stanky ferries the ball hurriedly over to Pee Wee Reese, who steps on the bag and gets ready for his heave to first. He looks to have plenty of time but it can be seen that the runner is almost on him before he can throw. Reese throws and leaps back, simultaneously, thus keeping the runner from "throwing a block" on him



Johnny Pesky takes Doerr's throw as he crosses the bag and Doerr keeps coming on. Watch this one carefully because it looks like a certain collision. The runner is almost at the bag, Pesky is cutting across it, Doerr is sliding off behind. When Pesky finally makes the throw he looks out of position—but he isn't!



Marion throws hard to Schoendienst, who is just able to get up to the bag in time. The play is dangerously close because the runner is practically there before Schoendienst can get his throw away. He tags the bag, pivots quickly and heaves it hard. As he throws he jumps high in the air. Those gleaming spikes are not pleasant



Showing the papers aside, Frederica sat up. There was a man standing and he was looking at her. "I couldn't be sure," he said. "I had to come back"

RETIRING LADY

BY FRANCES MALLON

When a proud career girl rides to a fall, how long should she wait before allowing herself to be picked up?

A TELEGRAM heralding the arrival of an unwelcome guest is not a joyful thing, and yesterday when just such a telegram from her younger sister Frederica had reached her, Connie Ellerton, who was forty and of almost unflinching good humor, had given way to a touch of revolt. It was simply not fair of Frederica to come on such short notice—and so early in the season. There were a hundred things to do before a visit from Frederica could be faced—the children's morale to be bolstered, the maid to be appeased, Chuck to be persuaded not to use his loud handkerchiefs, the house to be divested of its nice crowded cluttered look—since that was less trouble than to put up with Frederica's persistently aggressive distaste.

"But what's the fuss?" Chuck had asked. "Personally, I think it's an ideal time for Sassypants to come. We're not busy at the Inn yet. You and I can really show the kid a good time this year. And if she gets too—mm—difficult, we can always move her out of our own happy house to a cozy fifth-floor room on the lake." He had meant a room right under the eaves at the Inn, one of those breezeless nooks that make it possible for a summer hotel to advertise low rates with only *and up* in small type to suggest the really bad news. It was Chuck's special joke, good at least once every season.

And yet, here she was today, mentally readjusted to the situation, even possibly looking forward a little to the visit of her bossy, positive-minded sister. She was sitting on a stump in the back yard towel-drying her freshly washed blond hair. Immediately after lunch she would change from her frilly pink house dress into the simple linen suit Frederica had persuaded her to buy last summer, brush her short hair up into the smooth lines Frederica favored (much, much easier than coping with Frederica's *not* favoring), and get the car out to drive to the station.

The back yard ran into woods, and the woods ran into the sandy shore of the lake. North of where the woods ended, the grounds of the Inn began. From where she sat on the stump (white-painted, how Frederica hated it!), Connie commanded a view of her twelve-year-old son Charlie giving a last-minute trimming to the ragged buckthorn hedge, and of the brown-shingled walls of the Inn up the shore. The path that Chuck traveled back and forth from the Inn was clearly marked in the patchy grass and was now being used as an approach by two men.

Connie, rubbing at her hair, watched them with her usual interest. They were both tall and lean, but she could always tell Henry Overby Winfrow by the expensive plaid shirts he wore and the vigorous way he swung his arms as he walked. Henry Overby Winfrow came every year to the Inn in May, bringing a work-in-progress, for which he had sandwiched exhaustive research in between giving profitable lectures around the country; and sooner or later one would read that a new book of his had been published and was enjoying a good sale. Mr. Cole, who had not come to the Inn before but was giving Henry Overby Winfrow assistance with certain technical chapters of his current work, a history of steel or something of the sort, wore plain flannel shirts—nice enough, but not indicating an immoder-

ate expenditure of money—and walked almost as nimbly and smoothly as an Indian, with a minimum of arm swinging.

"Hello there!" Henry Overby Winfrow called out as they came up. "How's the tree crop today?" He was a demon wood chopper.

"The rain last night," said Connie, "brought up a fine stand of oaks. They're yours for the axing."

Henry Overby Winfrow threw back his head and laughed vigorously. Mr. Cole conveyed his own good humor by merely sitting down on a stump and lighting a cigarette. Mr. Cole always sat down at the first opportunity. He was as lean and fit as Henry Overby Winfrow, but there was an indolent streak in him. Out in the woods, while his companion would be doing his daily wood chopping, Mr. Cole would be sitting on a stump or lying lengthily stretched out in a patch of sunlight. Sometimes he would read a book or obligingly take down a thought that Henry Overby Winfrow happened to hatch away from the convenience of his own notebook. He rarely talked and, when he did, there were depths of unplumbed irony in his words as in his eyes. His eyes were blue and his hair a medium color, parted on the side. Connie guessed his age at thirty-three, while Henry Overby Winfrow was perhaps a few years older.

"Ax in the same place?" said Henry Overby Winfrow amiably. Mr. Winfrow liked to be regarded, she suspected, as the famous author who did not let his fame affect his manner toward people, even toward an innkeeper's wife.

"No—let me see," said Connie. "My sister's coming for a visit, and we've done some tidying up. I think it's been put in the garage. I'll just—" She got up and went toward the garage. As she glanced back she saw Henry Overby Winfrow looking about complacently, drawing the fresh sunny air into his lungs, waiting for her to fetch his implement. Mr. Cole still sat on the stump smoking and was following her with his eyes. She wondered if he thought her too plump. But goodness—forty and married as she was, what did she care what he thought?

"Hold it." A voice followed her into the garage.

SHE glanced down from the old chair she was standing on. Mr. Cole stood behind her. Reaching up, he lifted the ax off the shelf, and held out his other hand to her. She took it and leaped, feeling as light as a kitten.

"So Sis is coming to visit you," he said.

"Yes," said Connie, "but good heavens, don't ever call her that. Frederica is very strong in her likes and dislikes. She works for that big portrait photographer down in the city—Millebrandt, you've probably heard of him—and I don't know which of them is more temperamental. I suspect she practically runs him now after eight years; but busy professional men *like* that; he couldn't do without her. Which is just as well too, since Frederica's thirty."

Mr. Cole ran a finger along the edge of the ax. He did not seem to have heard what she had said—or else he was a man of profound tact and realized she shouldn't have gone spouting out Frederica's age like that without thinking. But Mr. Cole looked

used to manufacturing tactful silences, and Connie wondered if Frederica—provided she met him—wouldn't settle on that as one of his bad points. Henry Overby Winfrow would doubtless be criticized for his expensive plaid shirts, among other things. "I loathe people who try to show off," Frederica had once said. . . .

A few hours later, Connie was standing on the sunny, red-brick station platform watching Frederica's train pull in. She had tried to get her daughter Kathleen to accompany her, but Kathleen, a healthily built teen-ager, had said, "No, Mother, she'll just start right in on my weight and talk about nice easy diets all the way home. I'm going to try to be polite to her while she's here, but I don't have to begin that soon, do I?"

KATHLEEN was right, of course. Connie suspected she was in for trouble herself, particularly since she'd made quite a botch of her hair, washing it, and then expecting it to go properly into place. She could imagine what would happen in the next few minutes. Frederica would step down from the train, thin and smart-looking in some extremely simple suit creation, her brown hair coiled back from her ears under one of those prim sailors, a single smallish lightweight traveling bag completing the picture of the well-dressed woman in transit. She would rush forward across the platform on her fine long legs, embrace Connie with a scented kiss on the cheek, hold her off while the first delight of reunion gave way to an expression of humor-softened doubt. "Oh, dear," she would murmur. "Tsk, tsks." And then, "But I was going to write you about it! That new nonoily hair groomer— Oh, well, I imagine the stores here have it. Don't worry, we'll fix you up."

And here she was now, in person, stepping down into the bright May afternoon, dressed essentially as Connie had foreseen, pausing to get her eye on her comfortably plump married sister.

But oddly it was Connie who found it necessary to do the rushing forward. Connie who made the excited, delighted overtures.

"Hello, darling," said Frederica with a strangely wan smile. "I'm so tired. The ride was so long—and I'm so fearfully tired. Is the car here? Oh, wonderful!"

"Freddy, you're sick!" Connie protested.

"No. Not in the least," murmured Frederica with a wryly lifted lip. "But I've had a bad time of it. If my face looks funny, it's because I've had some good cries. Bottom's dropped out of"—Was that, of all things, a sudden swallowed sob?—"of everything," she finished off. "Where's the car, Connie? I'll tell you all about it when we get going."

Connie snatched the bag maternally out of her hand and caught her arm and led her to the big road-worn sedan parked in the shade beyond the station.

"Well, it's this way," said Frederica, drawing off her gloves slowly as they circled around the petunia bed and drove away down the street. "I'm out of a job. I've lost it. I've been fired."

"Has Millebrandt gone (Continued on page 51)

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BUTTERING THE

BY LEWIS H. CONARROE

In this preview of a forthcoming book, *Off My Sea Chest*, by an ex-Navy officer (reserve) you get the low-down on gold braid. The opinions expressed are definitely the conclusions of the author and are not to be construed as reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the naval service at large

IN CIVILIAN life, when the head of the firm wants to bag the hoped-for account, he asks Mr. Big out to the house for dinner, making darn' sure, first, that Hilda has ordered herself an upswept hair-do, that Betty will not bring her jive-mad crush home for the meal and that Jean, bless her sisterly heart, will take Junior's tantrums over to her own house.

But for similar occasions the Navy (where I spent nearly four unforgettable years, during the late war) uses a different approach. When, for example, the captain of the pier-based flagship, *Neversail*, desires to polish the admiral's apple, he gives a party.

As much rank as possible is rounded up, plus any stray senators or other luminaries who happen to be within a radius of 75 miles. Then, just to prove he's the right sort (and incidentally, to cover expenses), the captain issues a memorandum inviting all the officers under his command.

This doesn't always strike the officers as perfect. They like parties, naturally, but in inverse ratio to the gold braid present—except, of course, the eager beavers who wouldn't miss it. Some of the officers even resent the you'll-come-or-else tone of the invitation. Only 14 out of 80 sign up.

The executive officer then addresses the wardroom mess. He reminds the officers of certain naval traditions and the dubious etiquette which *requires* (his very word) their attendance at all social functions to which they have been summoned—though he says "invited." He is, he admits, surprised and grieved to find the officers of this fine ship so insensible to the favor being shown them (at \$2.50 a head, guests extra). For a clincher, he announces that the uniform of the day will be whites. "So even if you don't go to the club to attend the function, you will get into your formals.

"Furthermore," he announces as a brilliant afterthought, "the wardroom mess will pay for the party and you'll be assessed whether you go or not." Having little or no choice in the matter, fifty-some officers add their reluctant signatures, while the rest snigger contented laments that they will have the duty.

On the afternoon of the colossal event the war ceases completely aboard the U.S.S. *Neversail*. Such marshaling of forces, menial and mighty, on this social D-Day! Working parties sweat from the ship to the officers' club under bales of bunting and enough signal flags to conceal an armory. The orchestra, with U.S.S. *Neversail* worked in brilliant on an immense shield behind it, brushes up on a corny arrangement of *Anchors Aweigh*, written by the exec in his plebe year. The mess attendants cart endless trayfuls of trifles—hors d'oeuvres, cold chicken, tomato aspic molded to spell U.S.S. *Neversail* in an ocean of mayonnaise, mountains of mixed cakes, and seven hundred sandwiches that took the

wardroom mess cook detail the entire dawn and morning watches to prepare.

Such spreading of snowy clothes! Such a clatter of glassware and china! Such a battery of silver! Such a tempting, imposing, boastful plenitude of bottles!

"Enough liquor here," remarks the admiral later, amid a roar of laughter loudly led by his chief of staff, "to float the *Neversail*."

There are thirsty glances, too, from the blue-jackets doing the hammering and swabbing and toting. Three of them are put on report and subsequently docked five liberties apiece for swiping sips of the punch.

Meanwhile, aboard the ship herself, the officers try—in defiance of yard workmen riveting, spraying paint and getting generally underfoot—to dress for H-Hour.

Turmoil rages in the captain's cabin. His Marine orderly, he claims, has mislaid his pet corset. The corset is a superb one, made for him by Madame Tougas while he was at the Naval War College at Newport. With it he cuts a fine military figure. Without it, as now—standing in his cabin just as nature made him, bulbous and proof positive that Navy life in the captain's bracket is broadening—he cuts a very sorry figure indeed.

He fumes and frets about the lost foundation garment until his mess attendant, a new boy, rummages through a closet and produces it.

"Sorry, sir," he apologizes, "I thought it was a lady's."

Elsewhere on the ship turmoil also rages. Ensign Stewart rings violently again and again for shaving water, but his room boy is off whitening Lieutenant Gordon's shoes. Commander Carter can't find his bar of ribbons (it would be unthinkable to appear without them; as soon go nude) and threatens his room boy with a week's restriction unless he locates it pretty quick. He does, on the blouse the commander has just thrown into his bottom drawer.

Lieutenant Spotts discovers that his whites are gray. They had been left unnoticed in his closet when the yard workmen sprayed his room with paint last week.

By twos and threes the officers leave the ship, receiving a Mona Lisa smile from the officer of the deck as they go over the side. Some proceed directly to the club, others to the yard gate where, under a bewildering assortment of millinery, a group of Navy wives is waiting. Apart from the others stands a woman all by herself. She is the Mrs. of a mustang, an enlisted man with the crust to accept a commission, and every Navy woman there knows that mustangs marry morons.

There are a few disconcerting minutes when the groups meet: Several reserve ensigns' wives have innocently been chatting with women whose hus-

bands are lieutenants—not only senior grade, but class of '41 at the Academy! These ensigns not two minutes past were being severely read-off by the husbands of the senior wives. The group shuffles itself into cliques and pairs. Introductions completed, the hats move off to the club.

But the millinery so modish in the shop, and certainly not insignificant among the tin helmets of yard workmen, is mere flotsam compared to the naval regalia that engulfs it. What frothy creation, even by Lily Daché, could in any way compare with the goldwork on the corseted captains and commanders, not to mention the splendor of the admiral himself? For the peace of all minds it is



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well that the naval headgear is left in the lobby.

By this time the merriment is well launched. You can hear the orchestra every so often, at a signal from the exec, breaking in with that special arrangement of Anchors Aweigh. That is, if you can hear the band at all for the din of chatter and laughter that swirls around the room.

This is the moment the eager beavers have been waiting for. Just hear them in there making friends, making time—making numbers! Already the chief of staff is banging ears with the admiral's lady, the disbursing officer is fawning shamelessly upon the supply officer's missus, the captain is bouncing around the admiral like a tennis ball.

Usually a raspish man, with a chip as well as gold-striped boards on his shoulder, the skipper now turns mellow and winsome. He smiles ingratiatingly at all the ladies, with a coy little word of greeting for each. Days after, it will be said among these enchanted wives that the captain is a most engaging man and couldn't possibly be so hard on the men as Fred and Albert claim.

Beneath this surface gaiety certain crosscurrents are beginning to form. The assistant gunnery officer's wife, who considers herself no second-rate siren, is determined to make time with the gun boss. This should be easy because he is now nearing the glassy-eyed stage. His eyes, however, keep trying

to focus, not on the siren, but on a Wave ensign with taut lapels. So the siren gets stinko herself.

Everywhere wives are busy pulling their husbands' rank on the mates of junior officers. By this time the room is crowded and all the chairs are occupied. An Annapolis wife, lieutenant senior grade by marriage, sails up to where a Mrs. Reserve Ensign is seated and thanks her to move on; the chairs are for seniors. The spouse of a lieutenant commander, eager to make numbers for her beloved, cuts out a junior miss who is talking to the captain and shows her hand by calling him "Stinky, you old dear."

In varying degree, all (Continued on page 91)



MISFORTUNE'S FAVORITE

BY BILLY ROSE

Pablo climbed aboard the unattended hansom cab, drove off, overturning a flower cart on his way



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

PABLO RODRIGUEZ finished half-soling the lady's shoe and spit out a mouthful of tacks so he could take the high note at the end of the Toreador song.

"Bravo, bravo," cried Rosa, the round one. "There is not a better baritone mending shoes in Barcelona."

Pablo bowed from the waist, and, as he straightened, neatly swept up the wine jug which stood by his bench.

And Pablo had good reason to sing. His Rosa had dimples in her elbows and baked the best *arroz con pollo* in Barcelona. He had a Sunday suit, a hand-wound phonograph, and a mother-of-pearl frame for the picture of the Virgin. His daughter, Tina, had presented him with two grandsons in two years and seemed willing to make it an annual event. And with all these treasures, Pablo still had enough left over to invest an occasional peseta on a cockfight or a lottery ticket.

As Pablo set down the wine jug and picked up another shoe, the little bell over the door tinkled. Then a uniformed messenger entered the shop, followed by half a dozen curious children. "Telegram for Pablo Rodriguez," said the messenger.

Pablo opened the yellow envelope. "You read it," he said to the man. "I'm afraid."

The messenger read, "CONGRATULATIONS. YOU HAVE WON THE IRISH SWEEPSTAKES. THIRTY-SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS STERLING ARE BEING DEPOSITED TO YOUR ACCOUNT IN THE BARCELONA NATIONAL BANK."

That afternoon half of Barcelona tried to squeeze into Pablo's shop. Cameramen and newsreel photographers took close-ups of Pablo and Rosa, and long shots of the Street of the Doves. The neighborhood declared a holiday.

There was a great party that night. Ricardo, the wine merchant, was happy to extend credit to so illustrious and solvent a man. The mayor made a speech...

At midnight Pablo sang Figaro while standing on his head. He had bought the big Heredia house for his daughter, donated a thousand pounds to the church's Poor Fund, and promised magnificent gifts to friends and relatives, including some he had met for the first time this evening. His shop he presented to Manuel, the bootblack.

It was almost morning when the last cousin departed. As Rosa combed out her hair, she asked timidly, "Pablito, do you think I could have a lace mantilla?"

Pablo laughed and slapped her low on the back. "You shall have ten lace mantillas, and fine people all over the world will say, 'There goes the wife of Pablo Rodriguez!'"

PABLO and Rosa went first to Madrid. Pablo wore a new black suit such as rich people get buried in. He was proud of his patent leather shoes, though they came to a point and pinched him a little. At the hotel, a bellboy showed him to his room, and held out his hand. Pablo shook it, and the boy snickered.

In Paris the cobbler had trouble in the restaurants. There were too many knives and forks. Rosa was embarrassed when the flaming crepes Suzette were brought in and Pablo poured a pitcher of water on them.

When Pablo crossed the Champs

Elysées against the lights, a gendarme swore at him. The shoemaker was almost grateful. The gendarme was the only person except Rosa who had spoken to him that week. Because he was lonely, Pablo bought a little radio and took it to his hotel room. He threw it away when he found it spoke only French.

Crossing the English Channel to London, the little man from Barcelona was seasick. Midway, he dragged himself to the rail and threw his tight shoes into the Channel. In England he saw fog for the first time in his life. It got inside his bones and gave him the sniffles. During the week in London, he sat in his room at the Dorchester, his feet in a pan of hot water. In Vienna, Rosa asked to be directed to the Franz Joseph Palace, and was arrested for accosting a man on the street.

In Budapest the shoemaker really got into trouble. For it was there, in the Arizona Café, that Pablo tasted cognac for the first time. He liked it fine. And an hour later he was hustled out for standing on a table and singing the Duke's song from *Rigoletto*. Outside the café, he saw an unattended hansom cab, climbed aboard, whipped up the horse and drove off.

As accurately as the police could later piece it together, Pablo and his cab turned over a flower cart, side-swiped a hearse, bowled over a street sweeper, and pinwheeled through the front of a sidewalk café.

Fortunately, as the prefect of police noted, the crazy Spaniard rendered himself unconscious and incapable of further damage.

WHEN Pablo came to, a little lawyer with goatee and brief case was in the cell with him.

"I am your friend," he assured Pablo. "You are in serious trouble. They may hang you. How much money do you have?"

"About twelve thousand pounds."

"Sign this paper," said the lawyer.

A few days later Rosa had to pawn her earrings for a pair of third-class tickets back to Barcelona.

Remembering how generous he had been when rich, his friends and relatives in Barcelona greeted Pablo affectionately. When he told them what had happened, they contributed a few pesetas apiece and bought back his shop from Manuel, the bootblack.

A week later the baker on the Street of the Doves nudged his wife and smiled. "Listen to the shoemaker. He's in good voice again."

But the law of averages wasn't through with Pablo.

One morning some months later, the uniformed messenger again walked into Pablo's shop, carrying a telegram which he opened and read immediately. "CONGRATULATIONS. YOU HAVE WON THE IRISH SWEEPSTAKES. THIRTY-SEVEN THOUSAND—"

Pablo didn't let him finish. "It's a mistake!" he shouted. "I didn't buy a ticket this year."

"The telegram is for Señora Rodriguez," said the messenger.

Pablo ran to the bedroom and shook his wife awake. "Rosa," he cried. "Did you buy a sweepstakes ticket this year?"

"Yes, Pablo," mumbled his wife sleepily.

The shoemaker sat on the edge of the bed and put his head in his hands. "Madre mía," he sighed hopelessly. "Now I have to go through this all over again!"

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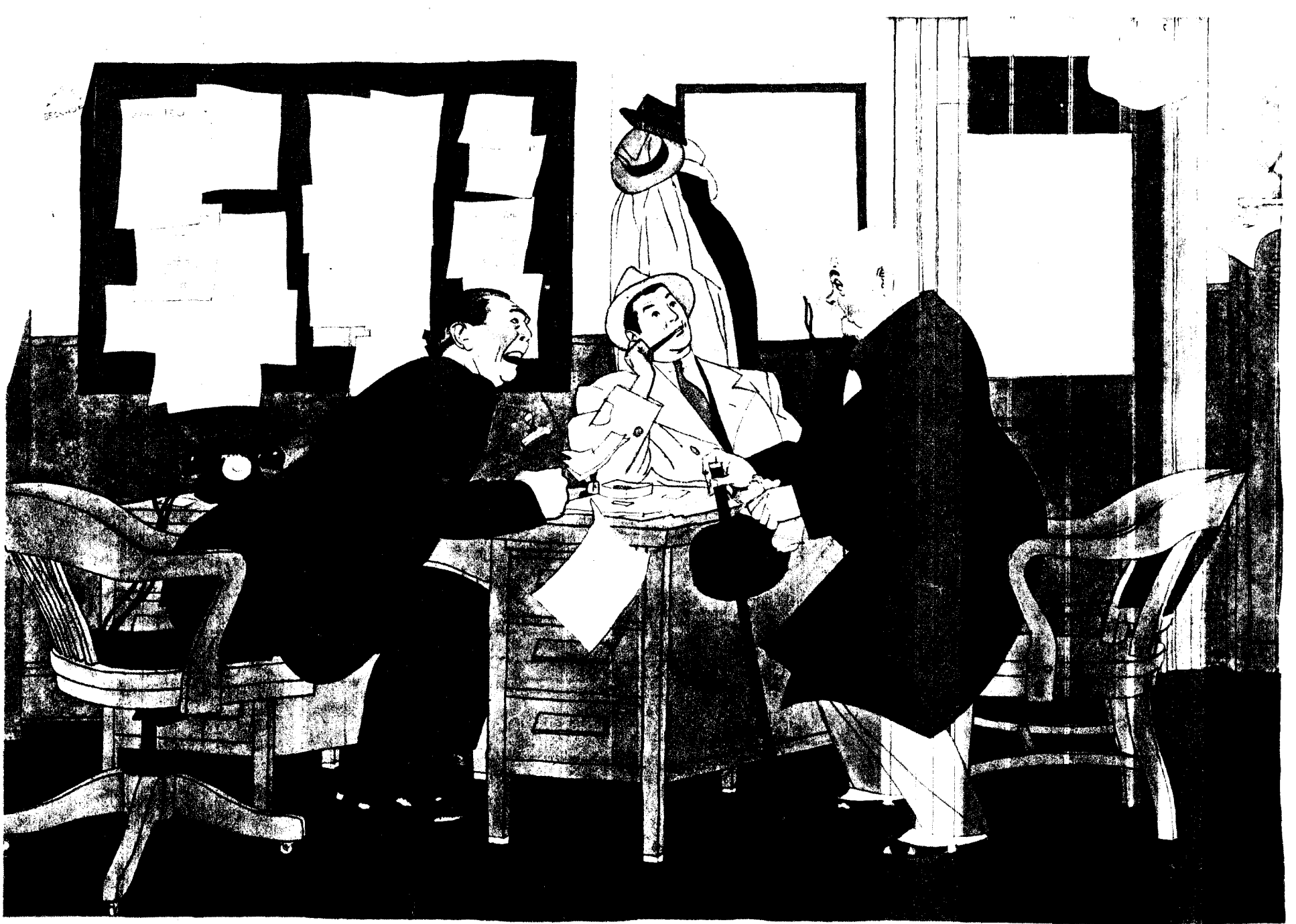
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YOU LIKE IT...IT LIKES YOU!



"Sit down and quit lying to me!" Madigan shouted. Dobbs Padgett's face was an angry red. "I will not be talked to like that," he said

POLITICS IS MURDER

BY EDWIN LANHAM

IV

The Story:

GEORGE WRIGHT, City Hall reporter, goes to the office of JEFF STOVER, new City Council member, and finds him murdered. Stover's ex-fiancée, BARBARA PADGETT, is in the office, and suspicion centers on her. George wants to help Barbara, knows she is covering up for DOBBS PADGETT, a lawyer powerful in the Council, the uncle of both Barbara and Stover. Telling George she has to avoid the police, Barbara disappears.

George helps LIEUTENANT MADIGAN investigate the murder. Both are suspicious of MARCIA BLAINE, who was with Stover the night before his death. She is the daughter of ED LEARY, district leader, and is a friend of JOE MYLES, acting majority leader of the Council. Leary and Myles have been upset by Stover's proposal to change the name of McKeever Place, so called for RUDY MCKEEVER, who was mysteriously killed in 1932. George investigates the theft of a stuffed cat from a saloon run by McKeever's sons, and is surprised to find that it was taken—and later replaced—by JOEY, the youngest son. He directs George to a room Stover had rented, and there George finds Barbara. He also finds a letter written by Dobbs in 1932, asking Myles and Leary to meet him to discuss the "handling" of McKeever. George takes Barbara to his apartment, then confronts Dobbs with the letter. He denies knowledge of it, as does Myles. Back in his office, George has a call from Marcia, asking for a date, and his city editor tells him that Barbara has been found.

28

GEORGE met the city editor's stabbing gaze. It called for quick thinking to explain why Barbara Padgett had been found by the police in his apartment. "I found her, Brick, and I was going to turn her over to the police, in behalf of the Record-Star," he said. "I came up here to talk to you and get the story written first, so we could keep it exclusive for the first edition."

Pursing his lips, Brickell studied George's face. "Where did you find her?"

"In a furnished room."

"Where?"

"Look, Brick," George said, "she was investigating Stover's murder herself. I found her and she agreed to surrender to the police through the Record-Star if we wrote a story giving her a break and explaining her side of it. So I took her to my apartment to hide her out until after the first edition."

"Okay." Brickell picked up copy from his desk. "Good work. We've still got a break on the story, at least. And by the way . . ." He grinned at George, but his eyes were watchful, "Lieutenant Madigan wants to talk to you."

George went to his desk and sank into a chair. He had at least established his line of defense. He lighted a cigarette, took several puffs, then called Lieutenant Madigan, and broke in on Madigan's opening tirade: "Lieutenant, you sure loused my story up. I had it exclusive. We were going to turn the girl over to the police at nine o'clock."

"The hell with you!" Madigan said. "You were harboring a fugitive from justice, and—"

"I found a witness when the cops couldn't," George said excitedly. "The Record-Star can burn your ears for failing to find her yourself if—"

"I did find her," Madigan interrupted. "In your apartment. That's enough for me."

George said, "Have you booked Miss Padgett?" "Maybe I'm going to book you, too."

"You do, and that will be two mistakes," George said. "I'm getting mad. The whole damned police force is trying to frame that girl."

"Nobody wants to frame anybody," Madigan said. "You take a run down here. I want to talk to you."

"I've got a story to write." George glanced at the clock, remembering the appointment with Marcia Blaine. "I can make it about half past nine."

"Okay. You be here at half past nine. Sharp." "Just a minute," George said. "Are you going to book her?"

"Yeah. Sometime tonight."

"What charge?"

"The inspector says murder." The tone of Madigan's voice changed. "And what a story! She says sure she broke the engagement. She says sure she was jealous. Jealous as hell! Only, she says she didn't kill him."

"You bet she didn't kill him," George said. "And

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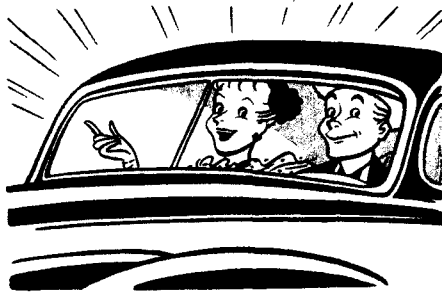
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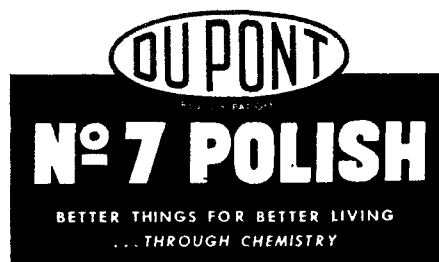
Here's the stuff



To shine it bright



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I can prove it." He knew now that Barbara had not mentioned the letter; she was still sticking by her guns. "I've got the proof in my pocket."

"Yeah?" Madigan asked. "What proof?"

George hesitated. There was political pressure on Lieutenant Madigan and the letter in his pocket would not ease it. He wondered if he should save the letter for the time it was needed, but he postponed the decision, saying, "I'll see you at half past nine."

"All right," Madigan growled. "You be here."

George started work on his story with zest. Barbara was in the hands of the police, and now that it had happened he was less worried than he had been before. He had the letter in his pocket, and when the chips were down, it could be produced to explain her quarrel with Jeff Stover.

IT WAS nearly nine o'clock when George checked his hat at the Club Pigalle. Marcia Blaine was at the bar, her blond hair glowing in pinkish light, and she waved her hand when she saw George. He slid onto a stool beside her and said, "Am I too late? I didn't want to miss your number."

"I'm taking tonight off," Marcia said. "I thought we'd just talk. Do you mind?"

George ordered Scotch, and Marcia had a mint frappé. While she watched the barman pour green mint over crushed ice she said, "I suppose it's terrible the way I keep calling you, but I don't mind. I mean if I like somebody, I expect him to like me, too, and it's the most natural thing in the world to call him up."

"Marcia," he said. "Let's skip all the preliminaries. What's on your mind?"

"That's something men just won't understand," Marcia said. "Preliminaries are so important to a woman."

George picked up his drink. "Here we go again," he said. "All right, let's spar a while."

There was a provocative gleam in the girl's eyes as she put her hand gently on his arm. "Somehow, there's a definitely unfriendly quality in you, sweetie. You don't even try to be nice, do you? Of course some women thrive on a man's mistrust. But not me. I don't like that suspicious look in your eye, not at all."

George transferred the look to his glass, swallowed whisky.

"Why don't we start all over?" Marcia said. "You were tight the other night, and so was I—Louie, the man's glass is empty. Fix him up."

The barman took George's glass, and Marcia touched George's arm again. "Tell me something about yourself. Oh, of course, I know you're an ace reporter, and all that. And I know you're terribly serious and distrustful. Did some woman hurt you deeply?"

"No," he said. "My soul is unseared."

"Maybe that's why women are attracted to you," she said. "Because you're so unfriendly. Would you like to go somewhere else?"

"Why?"

"I work here. I'm taking the night off, so let's go somewhere else—someplace where it's quiet and we can talk."

"All right," George said.

"There's no hurry. It's early. Do you like to dance? Finish your drink, and let's dance."

As George followed her among the tables to the dance floor, he remembered his appointment with Madigan. He would have to telephone the lieutenant and postpone the meeting; he had to know what Marcia Blaine was after.

It was a small floor, and crowded. Golden hair was pressed against his cheek as they maneuvered among the couples. When the music stopped Marcia smiled at George and said, "I wondered if you'd be a good dancer."

"Marcia," he said, "what's the proposition tonight?"

Her eyes met his for an instant. "Damn you!" she whispered. "I'm not looking for anything. Can't you forget the other night?"

The music had resumed, and as she moved into his arms, she pressed against him and he heard her voice, very low, "Can't you get it through your head that I like you? Let's get out of here."

Abruptly she broke away and started for the bar. George followed, and when he reached the bar she was standing with her mint frappé in her hand, poised and smiling. George reached for his glass. His face was hot; his collar felt tight.

"Shall we go?" Marcia's lips were parted, and her bright eyes met his. "Meet me at the checkroom, sweetie."

George got his hat, and as he waited he knew that he would not keep his appointment with Lieutenant Madigan at nine-thirty. Pacing up and down, he thought that he would never figure out just what this honey blonde wanted.

With a radiant smile she came to him and took his hand as they went up the steps to the street. The doorman called a cab, and as they got in, Marcia said, "I know a wonderful place, George. Tell

"Down on Grove Street."

"Stop the cab."

George told the driver to stop. The dizziness was more pronounced. He felt pressure at the base of his neck and an odd, gaseous sensation at the top of his head. Marcia whispered, "I have to make a telephone call." He saw her opening the door of the cab. She got out on the curb and turned back to him with a smile.

"Sweetie, I'll be right back," she said.

She slammed the door, and he put out his hand to open it, but the effort was too great. Limply his hand dropped to the seat beside him, and his chin sagged on his chest. He made a great effort to raise his head but could not manage it, nor could he overcome the heavy weight that seemed to press down upon his chest. Then unconsciousness forced his eyelids shut. . . .

When George opened his eyes, a warm morning light moved on a flat white surface. He closed his eyes again. His body felt heavy and his mouth was dry. His head ached. He lay still for a moment as full consciousness returned, then sat up with a jerk.

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



"Your alarm went off ten minutes ago. Did you want to get up or not?"

COLLIER'S

the driver to take us to the Club Matador. Do you like Spanish music?"

"In the dark, especially," George said. He decided he would call Madigan from the Club Matador.

In the seat beside him, Marcia sat still. Her eyes were half closed and her lips were parted; in the light of a street lamp her hair shone unbelievably bright. The promise was great, and George did what was expected of him without reluctance. He put his arm around her and bent his head, and promise came as close to fulfillment as a promise could. Her lips clung to his and both her arms went around his neck. He felt a little dizzy.

After a moment she turned her head, her cheek pressed to his, and whispered, "Sweetie, I go for you. I hope you believe me now."

"Sure," George said, feeling dizzier.

Again he kissed her. Blood pounded in his head and a great inertia came over his limbs. His body sagged against hers.

Marcia drew back a little, whispered, "Sweetie, are you all right?"

"Sure," George said thickly. He focused his eyes on her face, saw a look of concern.

"Maybe we'd better not go to the Matador," Marcia whispered. "Where do you live, George?"

The flat white surface was the ceiling of a room. George looked about him and familiar objects met his eyes: a floor lamp, a desk. He was in his own apartment, sitting on the edge of his own sofa. His glance returned questioningly to the desk. The drawers were open and he saw a litter of papers on the floor.

UNSTEADILY he made his way to the bedroom. Bureau drawers stood open; clothing was heaped on the floor. It was a moment before he realized that his apartment had been searched.

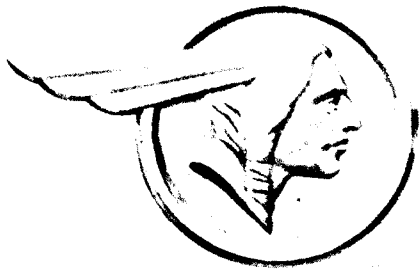
Marcia Blaine had pulled a fast one, indeed, he thought, but how had she got him here? Up the stairs? Suddenly he thrust his hand into the inside pocket of his coat. His wallet was there, but the letter signed by Dobbs Padgett, the letter dated January 10, 1932, was gone!

Furious, George groped in the side pocket of his coat for the book of paper matches Lieutenant Madigan had given him and read the telephone number scrawled inside the cover. He reached for the telephone and dialed the number. After prolonged ringing a sleepy voice said, "Hello."

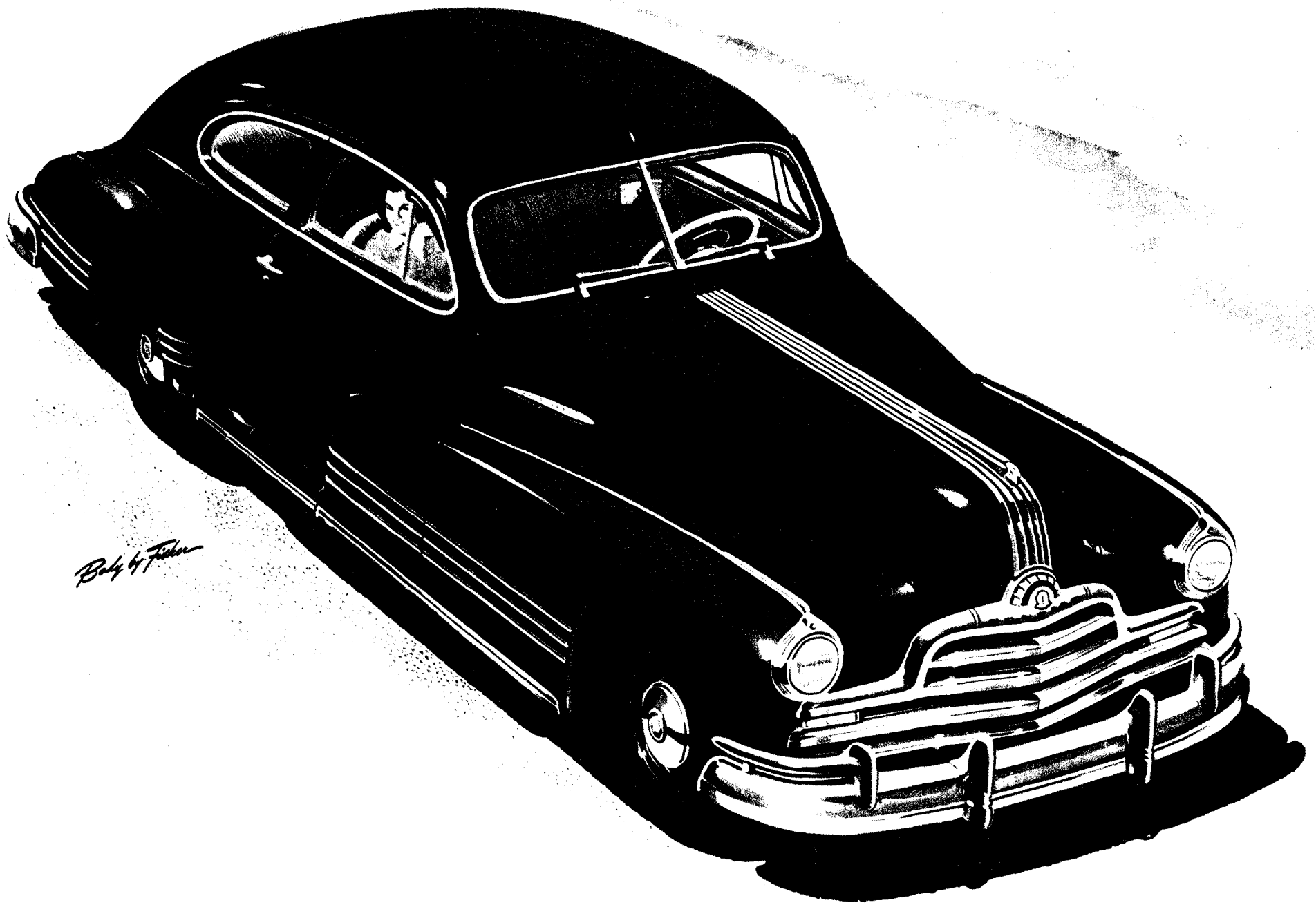
"Listen here—" George began. "Why, sweetie!" Marcia's voice broke in on his. "What in the world happened

Collier's for June 21, 1947

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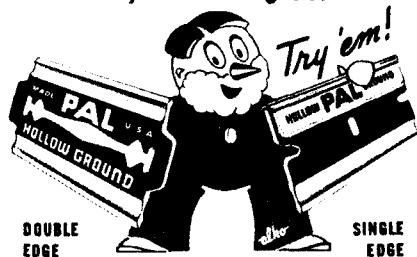
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to you? I've never been stood up like that before. Imagine, I came out of the telephone booth and went out to the street and the cab was gone! What's the matter, George? I thought we liked each other. Why did you run off and leave me? You know, I don't think I can ever forgive you for that."

It was too much for George. He dropped the receiver on the hook, fell down on the bed and closed his eyes, returning to cloudy, aching sleep.

It was a long time later that George heard the doorbell. Groaning, he made his way to the door, knowing what it would be. He had not kept his appointment with Lieutenant Madigan at nine-thirty last night, and Madigan was probably an angry cop today. He opened the door cautiously, then pushed it wide. Barbara Padgett stood in the corridor. She smiled and said, "Good morning."

George gaped at her. "Where did you come from?"

"I thought I'd better bring you back your keys, George. I was afraid you might be locked out."

"Honey," he said. "I thought you'd be locked up."

"They let me out, about an hour ago. May I come in?"

HE STOOD aside and Barbara glanced at his face as she entered. "Are you all right, George?"

"Sure I'm all right."

"The superintendent said you were sick. Or did you just pass out? He said two men brought you home last night."

"Two men?"

"Yes, you didn't have your keys, so they woke up the superintendent to open the door of your apartment. Don't you remember?"

"No," George said. "The truth is, somebody slipped me a Mickey Finn last night— Unless I dreamed it all. If I did, it was some dream." He sank to the sofa again.

Barbara stood looking down at him. "Do you keep house?"

He opened one eye. "You, too?"

"What do you mean, me too?"

"Just don't throw tangents at me. That's all I mean."

"I was going to make you some coffee, if you have any."

"Yes," he said. "To that extent I keep house. You'll find it in the kitchen."

She put water on to boil, then returned and sat down facing him.

He said, "I'm worried. They didn't release you because they believed your story, Barbara. You're still in a spot. I've made a mess of things. That letter is gone. It was your out, if it ever came to a showdown."

Barbara jumped to her feet. "George, you didn't give it to the police."

"No. It's where the police will never get it. I got that Mickey last night because someone wanted that letter. So it's not the innocent document your uncle pretended."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I saw Dobbs Padgett yesterday." Wearily, then, George told Barbara of his interview, and added, "But those papers are faked."

Barbara gave him a long look. "Why do you say that?"

"In the first place, he had hardly finished explaining the letter away when he threw me a curve ball. He charged me with murdering Jeff Stover."

Her eyes widened. "You?"

"Because I had that letter in my possession and he knew Stover had had the letter," George said. "He figured I got the letter when I stabbed Stover."

Instantly she said, "Well, that proves he's innocent, doesn't it?"

"Mainly," George said, "it proves how important that letter was. It was tangible evidence linking your uncle, Ed Leary and Joe Myles to McKeever's murder, and it was the *only* tangible evidence in this case. Two people knew I had that

letter, besides you. Your uncle and Joe Myles."

"Nobody else?"

"Nobody else. Barbara, you've got to make up your mind to quit covering up for your uncle. Don't you think it's odd that he hasn't spoken up, that he hasn't lifted a finger?"

"Oh, but he has, George. He talked to the district attorney most of the night. He threw his weight all over the place, and this morning they let me go."

"I can imagine how he threw his weight about," George said. "But did he speak up?"

"For one thing, George, he doesn't have the slightest idea why Jeff and I quarreled," she said. "He doesn't know anything about it." She got to her feet. "I think I hear the water boiling."

She went into the kitchen and he heard her spooning coffee into the drip pot. When she returned George said, "If Dobbs is guilty of anything he won't be able to cover it up with faked papers, Barbara. Instead of blindly protecting your uncle, let's find out the facts!"

"I was trying to, George."

"So was Jeff," George said. "And Jeff was murdered."

There was a moment of silence, then Barbara said, "George, I think we'd better forget about the whole thing." Her gray eyes watched his face, their expression remote. "After all, you think that whoever killed Jeff took the proof, don't you? And now the letter is gone, so there's no proof at all."

"Leaving you holding the bag. Don't you see we're dealing with a conspiracy? The Mickey was given me by Ed Leary's charming daughter."

"Marcia Blaine?"

"I'm afraid so," George said, with regret. "As soon as I began to feel— sleepy—she got out of the cab. A couple of guys were following us, and they took over." He leaned forward, with his hands clasped between his knees. "There's another possibility. I showed that letter to Joe Myles. Maybe he never talked to Dobbs about it. Maybe he acted on his own. You see, Joe and Marcia are pretty friendly. Maybe she's been working with *him* all along. Maybe he called her and asked her to get the letter."

"But if that's it, Joe Myles must know who killed Jeff, or at least McKeever."

"You know who his alibi is?" George



SPORTING ODDS

Back in 1933, Outfielder Larry Bennett, the former football player from St. Mary's, was filling in at first base for San Antonio one day. A Tulsa batsman bunted down the first-base line for a sacrifice. Larry came in, fielded the ball, glanced toward second base and reached out to tag the runner. But the runner had stopped, and started backing up. Larry chased him, and finally threw to Catcher Tommy Heath, who tagged out the batter sliding back into home.

Trying to find some batting weakness Ted Williams might have, Birdie Tebbetts, Detroit catcher, noticed that Ted always talked to pitchers, catchers, batboys, umpires or anybody else handy. So Tebbetts dug up some stories and kept up a running fire of conversation when Williams came to bat. It seemed to work. Ted laughed at the stories. He popped up twice.

In the sixth inning, with two on and Williams up, Birdie decided to use his best story. Ted seemed highly interested, and just as the catcher reached the punch line there was a loud crash and the ball sailed into the right-field stands.

As he crossed the plate, Ted smilingly picked up the conversation and inquired genially, "Then what did she say?"

—Fred Russell, Nashville, Tenn.

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"Well, have the wheel alignment checked, and you'll find out. And if you can't take care of the car," he warned, "I'll start driving it to work!" And with that, he ran for the train.

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"Well, that *sounds* good," agreed Mrs. Green.
 "It is good!" laughed the Ford Man. "You'll be convinced when you pick the car up this afternoon!"



AND NO MORE WORRIES!

"All fixed!" cried the delighted Mr. Green, on the way home from the station that evening. "It'd be a cinch to steer with one hand now!"

Mrs. Green moved close to her husband. "Let's take a drive after dinner," she sighed. "But let's have no one-arm driving!"



FORD MOTOR COMPANY

asked. "Marcia Blaine. They were having lunch at Andrew's."

"Then that girl knows everything."

"She could write a book," George said ruefully. "How about the coffee? It must be ready."

He got cream from the refrigerator while Barbara poured the coffee. They carried their cups to the living room.

George said, "We have just one lead. I'm pretty sure Joey McKeever was the guy who called for Jeff's mail at the Hotel Westbrook. Joey was just a kid when McKeever was killed. He grew up with a kid's interest in a father he never really had, and you can bet he wondered a lot about who killed his father. I think Jeff told him he was investigating McKeever's murder, and then, of course, Joey threw in with Jeff."

Barbara shook her head. "Joey didn't tell me anything, George."

"But he acted strange," George said. "I thought he acted scared. You know, when Jeff was killed, he was typing a letter to 'Dear Joe.' Well, I'm laying my bets that 'Dear Joe' is Joey. I tried to check up the other day. I thought Jeff's secretary might know something, might at least know who was working with him, and I tried to get her. But she'd already been fired."

"Fired!" Barbara cried. "Alicia Grant? But she's been with the firm for years and years!"

"Oh, well," George said, "I suppose they didn't have a spot for her in the organization, with Jeff dead. Your uncle impresses me as the type of man who wouldn't let sentiment stand in the way."

Barbara put one hand to her throat, said in a low tone, "Where's your telephone?"

"In the bedroom."

She went quickly out of the room, and George heard her dialing a number, heard her say, "Alicia? This is Barbara Padgett." She paused, listening, then her friendly voice said, "I think I can get your job back, Alicia. I'm sorry it happened."

Gently then, Barbara put the receiver on its cradle and came back to the living room. "She hung up on me. She said she didn't want to talk to me. She said she didn't want her job back. She was very emphatic."

"Emphatic?" George asked. "Or scared?"

"Nonsense," Barbara said. "What would she be scared of?"

"It's no enigma," George said. "Of your uncle, of course."

A SUDDEN pounding on the outside door startled them. George glanced at Barbara, raised his eyebrows, and went to the door. Standing in the hall was a big man in a gray hat and an unobtrusive gray suit. Detectives, George thought, always wore unobtrusive clothes, but it was like painting a horse with camouflage. There was no adequate disguise for a city detective. The man said, "My name's McCabe. Lieutenant Madigan sent me to get you."

"I've been expecting that," George said. "Wait just a minute."

He closed the door in the detective's face, turned, took Barbara's hands and said quietly, "I'm going to tell Madigan about that letter. You've got to make up your mind to let the chips fall where they may."

She did not reply, and George said, "You know, we had a date for dinner. How about tonight?"

"All right."

"I'll call you later," he said, and picked up his hat.

George found Lieutenant Madigan sitting grimly at his desk. He said, shortly, "Sit down."

George sat down.

"Where the hell have you been?" Madigan said. "Why didn't you show up last night?"

"I was sick."

"Now listen here," Madigan said. "Let's quit playing tag. We turned your little redhead loose, and if you want her to stay out of the clink you better open up and tell me what you know. I mean that, George. The D.A. can get that girl indicted, any time, and that's what he'll do if we don't beat him to the draw. What do you know, George, that you held out on me?"

"I figured out that Rudy McKeever was killed because he knew something that might have interested the city investigation."

"Well, go to the head of the class!" Madigan's sarcastic voice said. "I like a guy with eyes sharp enough to keep from stubbing his toe on the obvious."

"If it's so obvious," George said, "why haven't you done anything about it? Why don't you get Ed Leary in here and sweat it out of him?"

MADIGAN gave him a sharp, questioning glance, said, "District leaders don't sweat easy, George. Besides, Ed has got him a nice alibi. He was having lunch at Andrew's Tuesday."

"Leary, too? So was Joe Myles. So was Marcia Blaine."

"Ed had his usual private room," Madigan said. "He's got a couple more district leaders to swear they were with him." He grinned. "See what I'm up against?"

"Like old Pete Niebach said," George murmured, "Politics is murder."

"Yeah," said Madigan.

"Lieutenant," George said slowly, "I think Joey McKeever could tell you something about this case, if he'd talk."

"He's been talking all morning," Madigan snorted, "but he hasn't told us anything. We still got him downstairs."

George sat up straight. "You figured he was Stover's connection in McKeever's Place, too?"

Madigan grunted. "Joey made a mistake when he put that stuffed cat back. That's all I needed."

"Joey put it back?"

"That one was easy," the lieutenant said. "Why would anybody take that cat? To see what was in it, of course, and to do that, you got to unstuff it. To put it back you got to restuff it. We checked taxidermists and found the cat was restuffed by a guy on Bleecker Street. Joey took it there."

"What was in the cat? What did Joey say?"

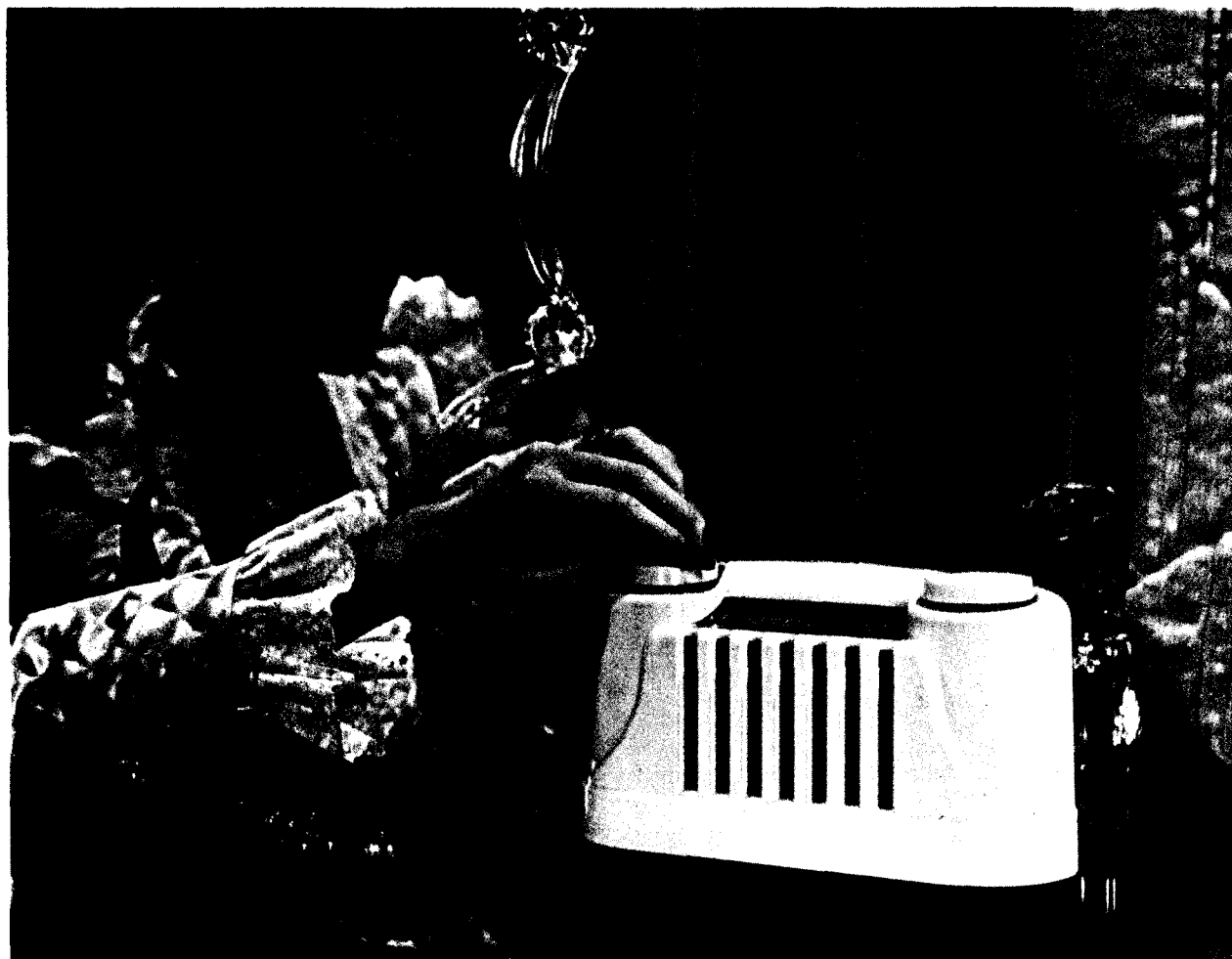
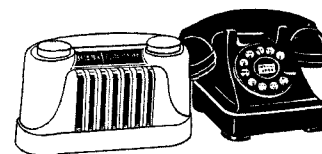
"Joey said the old cat was getting kind of mangy and he decided to have him fixed," Madigan said. "We're bringing in Arnie and Leo now. I've always been kind of curious about those boys. Old McKeever died broke, but he hadn't been in his grave a month when those boys opened up their joint. They put a lot of dough in it, and I always wondered where they got it. It's my idea there was some kind of pay-off," Madigan went on. "It's my idea McKeever had got hold of some incriminating documents of some kind and they provided the motive for two murders, George. The first time, to shut McKeever's mouth and get the documents. But apparently the murderer didn't get the documents, George, and he killed the second time to keep Jeff Stover from turning up the motive for the first murder. That's my theory about this case."

"Still," George said, "if there was something in that cat, and Joey took it, he must have done it for Stover, and whoever killed Stover must have taken it."

"The answer to that is prayer and meditation," Madigan said. "Remember that some people are still looking for it, George. This is a treasure hunt, and the one who gets there first cops the prize. It's a prize I've been looking for since 1932. You see, I had a hunch there was something behind the murder of McKeever besides robbery, and when you started talking about McKeever Place



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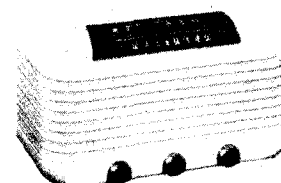
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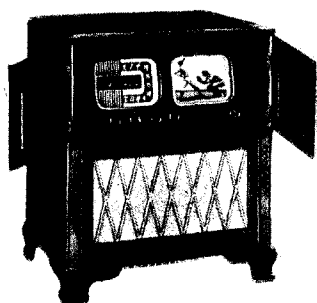
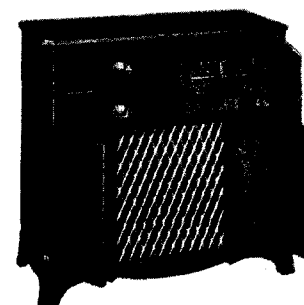
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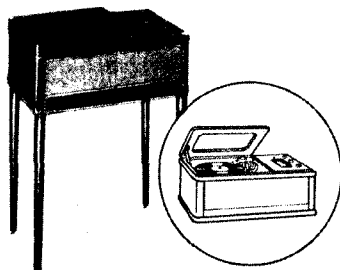
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when I questioned you right after Stover's murder, it rang a bell."

"Bill," George said. "There's a little more than a hunch to go on. There was a letter."

"What letter do you mean?"

"Because of that letter," George said, "Barbara Padgett acted the way she did. She quarreled with her cousin over that letter. She wasn't jealous of Stover."

"Damn you, you're finally talking," Madigan said. "What about this letter? What does it say?"

George studied the floor. "On January 10, 1932, Dobbs Padgett wrote a letter to Pete Niebach about McKeever." He repeated what the letter had said.

When George glanced up, the lieutenant cried, "Where is that letter?"

"I don't have it any more. I was fed a Mickey Finn last night by Marcia Blaine, and when I woke up the letter was gone. That's why I didn't show up last night, Bill."

Madigan's face turned a fiery color. "Why didn't you tell me about it on the phone? Why didn't you rush it down here the minute you got the letter?"

George met the lieutenant's eyes squarely and said, "There were two reasons. One was Miss Padgett was against it. The other was I didn't trust you."

"Why, you—you anarchist!" Madigan shouted.

There was a knock on the door and the detective named McCabe opened it. "The McKeever boys are waiting, Lieutenant."

"Be right there." Madigan drew in a deep breath and swallowed hard before he turned again to George. "Where did you get that letter?"

"I found it in a furnished room Jeff Stover had."

"You took that key, did you?"

"No."

"Then the Padgett girl did." Madigan frowned at George. "I wonder if you're lying to me. I wonder if this is what they call an improvisation to cover that girl up." He stopped and pointed. "Sit down at that typewriter and type out word for word what that letter said. I'll talk to you later."

He picked up his telephone, said, "Get Dobbs Padgett at the law firm of Padgett & Padgett. I want to see him right away." He hesitated an instant. "And call Ed Leary, will you? Ask him to come down. And he's got a daughter named Marcia Blaine. I want her, too."

AFTER Madigan had hung up, George said meekly, "Dobbs Padgett has a prepared explanation for that letter. I think he's faked some papers to explain it away."

"Yeah?" said Madigan. "All right. Let's hear about it."

George told him about John McKeever and the legal papers in the lawyer's file. Madigan heard him through, grunted and walked out of the room without another word.

George sat down at the typewriter and typed out the letter word for word as he remembered it. He put it on the lieutenant's desk and sat down to wait. It was half past twelve when Madigan finally returned, picked up the letter and read it through. He dropped it into the top drawer of his desk. "The McKeever boys are coming up," he said. "Sit tight, and maybe you'll hear something."

A moment later Arnie and Leo McKeever appeared, shepherded by McCabe. Madigan did not speak to them, and the detective lined them up against the wall. Soon another detective arrived with Joey McKeever. Joey's face was white and he carried his head erect, hardly glancing toward his brothers.

"Hello, Joey," Madigan said. "Take a chair."

Joey shook his head and remained standing. Leo and Arnie eyed him uneasily.

"Joey," Madigan said, "you want to know who killed your old man?"

Joey did not speak. His blue eyes were fixed on the lieutenant's face. Madigan puffed his cigar, said, "Why didn't you ask your brothers?"

Arnie McKeever said, "Now, say," and McCabe jabbed him with an elbow. Joey looked steadily at Madigan and said, "You go to hell!"

The lieutenant grinned. "I'm going to set your mind at rest, Joey," he said. "Your brothers didn't have anything to do with your old man's murder, and they didn't kill Jeff Stover, either. You were beginning to wonder, weren't you? You had an idea that anyhow they blackmailed the guy who did, didn't you?"

Joey McKeever did not reply.

"Maybe we can clear this thing up," Madigan said. "Tell him about it, Arnie."

Arnie McKeever cleared his throat, and turned his red face to Leo. The thin brother stood rigid, his eyes on the floor.

"It's not a pretty story, Joey," Madigan said. "But you ought to hear it. Since the boys are so shy, I'll sketch it in for you. On the morning of January 12th, 1932, your father was found dead in the gutter, shot. The police thought it was a holdup case. That's what it looked like until a few days ago. But it wasn't a holdup. I guess you know that, Joey."

Joey nodded.

door. When it had closed behind them Madigan said, "Sit down, Joey, and take it easy."

Joey dropped into a chair, his fists clenched in his lap.

"I guess their story is partly true," Madigan said. "Listen, Joey, I'm not going to bring any charges against your brothers. They're in the clear. They made a big mistake, or they were stupid. Figure it out for yourself."

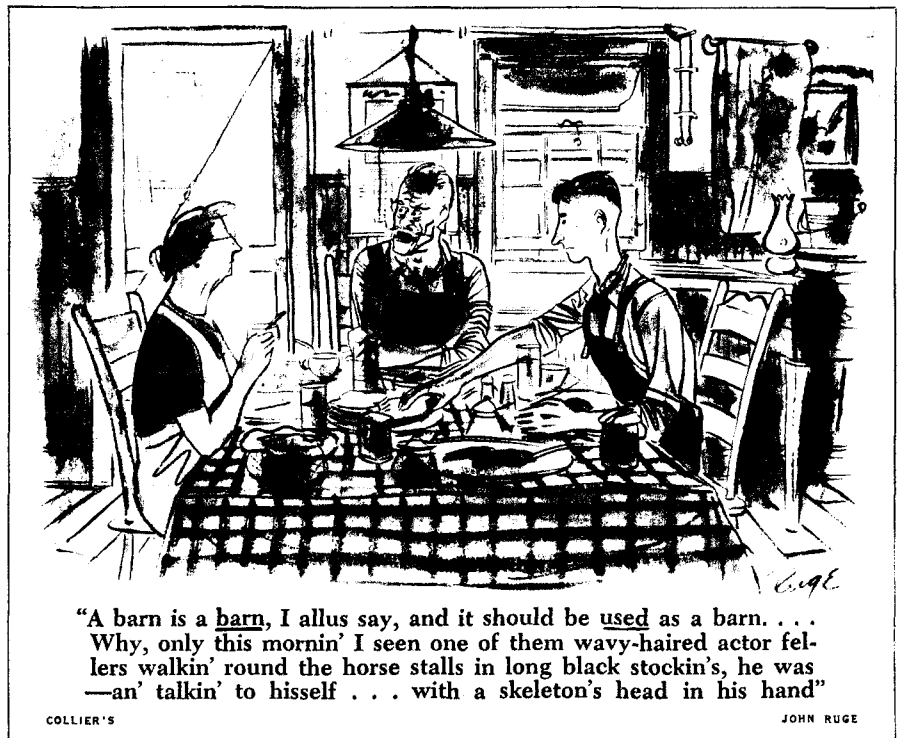
"Yeah," Joey said. "Stupid like crooks."

MADIGAN put his cigar down very carefully in the ash tray on his desk and swiveled his chair around to face Joey McKeever. He said slowly, "Joey, I'm going to find the man who shot your father, but I've got to have your help. If you're keeping quiet to protect your brothers, forget it. In the first place, they're not worth it, and in the second place, I think I can promise you they won't be charged. Joey, you want to help me find the guy who shot your old man, don't you? Are you going to tell us what you found in that stuffed cat?"

"Yeah," Joey said. "A safe-deposit key. I gave it to Stover!"

Madigan slumped in his chair.

"That's that," said George.



"A barn is a barn, I allus say, and it should be used as a barn. . . . Why, only this mornin' I seen one of them wavy-haired actor fellows walkin' round the horse stalls in long black stockin's, he was—an' talkin' to hisself . . . with a skeleton's head in his hand"

COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE

"Couple of days after your father was killed," Madigan said, "a guy comes around to your brothers." He looked at Arnie and Leo. "You boys want to tell the rest of it?"

Leo nudged Arnie. The big man moved his hands restlessly and gave Joey a pleading look. "Kid, we didn't do nothing wrong," he said. "This guy wanted something our old man had, that's all. The old man was shot by a stickup guy, that's what the cops said. This guy said the old man had some kind of papers. He didn't say what they was, but he said to give him all the papers we found. He said the old man must have stashed 'em someplace, and he said if they ever turned up, he wanted 'em. He said he'd pay dough, real dough, for 'em. Hell, we didn't know what the papers was. We didn't know what it was all about. So we says, sure, and we takes the dough. We never found them papers."

Joey McKeever looked across at his brothers, swallowed, and said, "And I suppose you didn't ask the guy no questions? You're a couple of heels. You just took the dough and shut your eyes. You took the dough from the guy who maybe shot my old man. You telling me you didn't know what was going on?"

Madigan jerked one thumb, and the detectives showed Leo and Arnie to the

"Shut up," Madigan said.

Joey McKeever stood up. "You through with me?"

"Just a minute." The lieutenant stopped him. "Joey, how did you happen to throw in with Stover? How much did he tell you?"

Shrugging his thin shoulders, Joey said, "He came in the bar and we played a few games of chess, and he got to talking about my old man. He said he knew my old man and he said he thought he got killed because of something he had, and he said he thought the old man had hid the stuff someplace. I hunted around for it some, and then I tried the cat."

"Did he tell you what he expected to find, Joey?"

"Some kind of documents, he said. He told me he didn't know for sure."

"Joey," the lieutenant said, "did Stover ever write you any letters?"

"Nope."

"Stover ever tell you he was expecting to hear from somebody?"

"Nope."

"You can go," Madigan said. "Thanks, Joey."

As Joey McKeever left the room Madigan turned to George. "The end of the rainbow and what do we find? A pot full of . . ." He broke off as McCabe put his head in the door and said,

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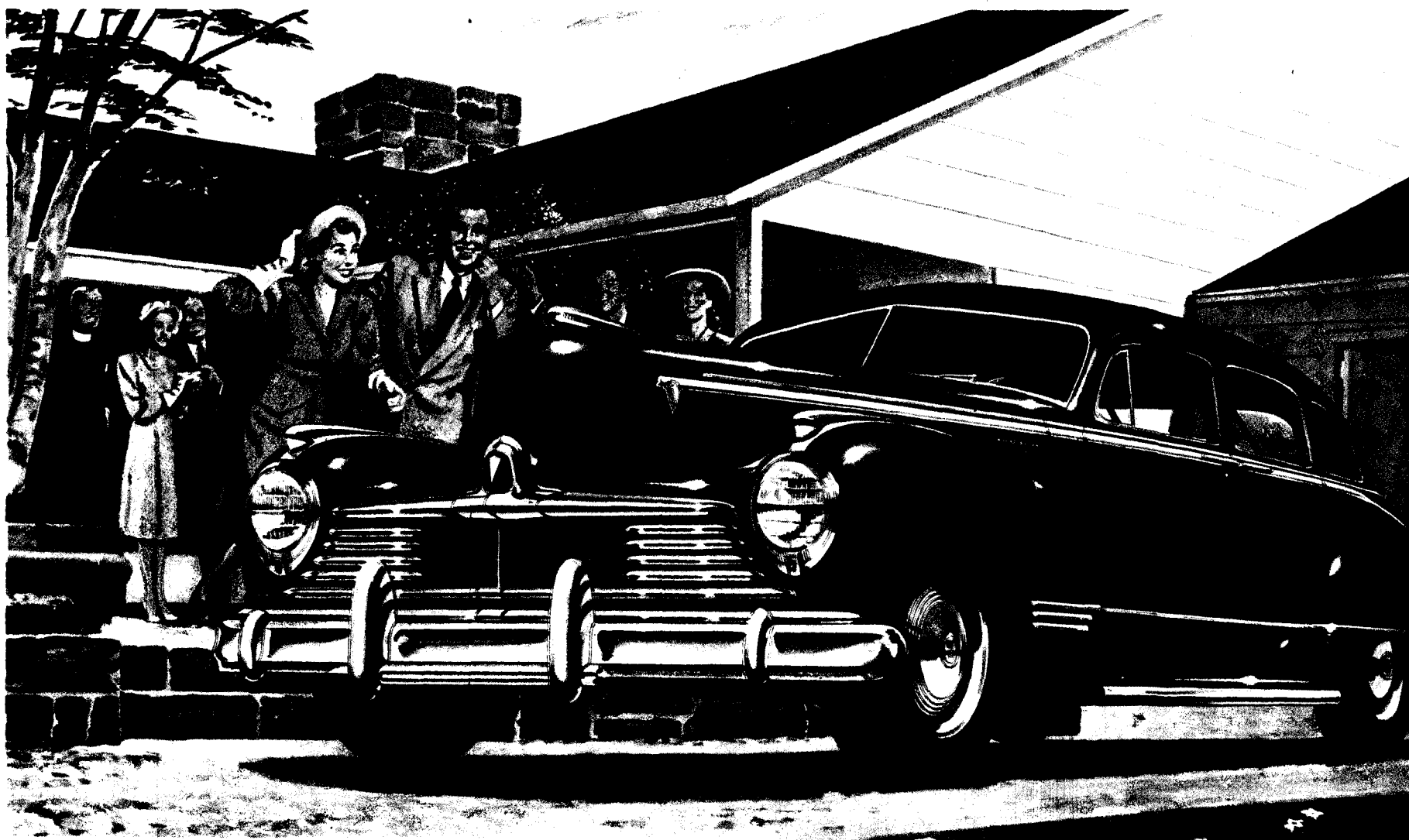
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"You want to talk to Dobbs Padgett now?"

"I guess so. He here?"

"He's been waiting. He don't like it." "Send him in." Madigan looked at George. "You stay. All the evidence we got of that letter is your word for it."

"How did you get it out of Arnie and Leo?" George asked.

"Those boys were scared, George. I played the blackmail angle heavy. I told 'em I knew McKeever had been blackmailing somebody and I claimed I knew they were carrying on the racket. They talked fast."

George said, "One thing is obvious. The murderer took that safe-deposit key."

"I guess so."

"But how did he know it was the key?" George said. "I remember there was a safe-deposit key on that key ring you found in Stover's pocket."

"That's right. We checked that key. It was to a box Stover had. Nothing in it that bears on the case."

DOBBS PADGETT entered, walking erect with his self-confident strut. "I've been waiting ten minutes, Lieutenant. When I do you the courtesy of coming here to talk to you, at your request, I expect a minimum of courtesy in return." If he had noticed George he gave no sign of it.

"Sit down, Mr. Padgett," Lieutenant Madigan said. "I'm sorry I had to keep you waiting, very sorry indeed. As a matter of fact, I was notified only this minute that you were here."

Dobbs Padgett sat down. "What did you wish to see me about, Lieutenant?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Padgett," Madigan said. "I've been reading your mail."

Dobbs Padgett stiffened. "Now, really, Lieutenant..."

"Your outgoing mail, I mean," Madigan said, and opened the top drawer of his desk. "I got here a letter dated January 10, 1932. Remember that one?"

"Let me see it."

"If you don't mind, let's test your memory first."

"I do mind," Dobbs Padgett said angrily. "I'm a very busy man. I did not come here for frivolities."

"Frivolities, he calls it!" Madigan cried. "How do you like that? Suppose I read you this letter." He leaned back in his chair and read the paragraph George had typed, then dropped the letter back into the drawer. "What have you got to say to that?"

"I never wrote such a letter," the lawyer said. "It's an obvious forgery,

designed to embarrass me in some way. Let me see it. The signature will disclose at once whether or not it is authentic."

"One thing at a time," Madigan said. "You spoke to Mr. Wright yesterday about an old lawsuit you handled, involving a gentleman named John McKeever, a contractor who did a little business for the city. Where can I get hold of him?"

"I believe he died some years ago," Dobbs Padgett said.

"Did he die, or did he evaporate?" Dobbs Padgett shrugged. "You will have to show me that letter. Otherwise I will answer no more questions concerning it."

"Sure, you can see it," Madigan said, and tossed it across the desk. "It's just a copy, though."

The lawyer did not even reach for the letter. "Then you will have to show me the original, Lieutenant."

"Why, you must know what happened to the original," Madigan said. "It evaporated, like John McKeever."

"If you'll pardon me"—Dobbs Padgett got to his feet—"I have other matters to attend to."

"Sit down!" Madigan shouted and slammed his fist on the table. "Sit down and quit lying to me!"

Dobbs Padgett drew his shoulders back, his round paunch advancing in compensation. "I will not be talked to like that!"

"And I will not be lied to," Madigan said. "You told me you were at the luncheon of the Advocates Club Tuesday. You never went near that luncheon."

The lawyer's mouth opened; he closed it with a snap, without speaking.

"Now sit down," Madigan said. "Tell me where you were Tuesday and tell me why you lied about it."

Dobbs sat down, his face an angry red. "I had an engagement with a client."

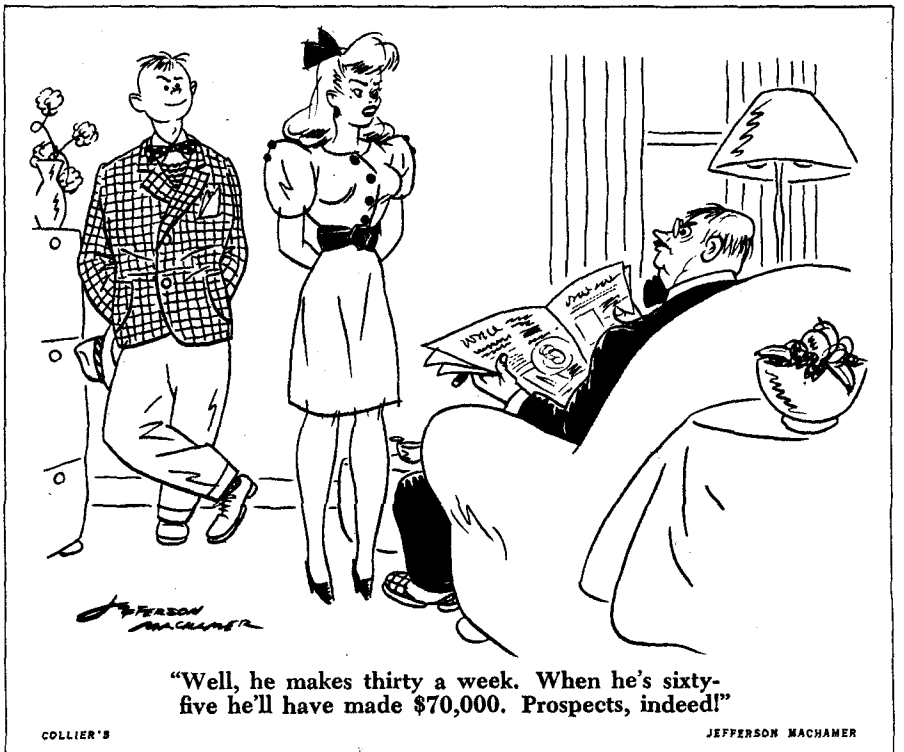
"Who was the client?"

"That, I think, is my affair."

"Mr. Padgett," Madigan said, "you're a lawyer and you know your rights. You may refuse to answer my questions, if you like. Let me tell you that anything you say may be used against you. That's for the record. Now, you answer my questions or I'll hold you as a material witness."

The lawyer's lips lifted scornfully. "You couldn't hold me as a material witness. You have no grounds whatsoever. I was nowhere near City Hall. I saw nothing. I know nothing. I have no germane testimony to offer."

"I was thinking of holding you as a



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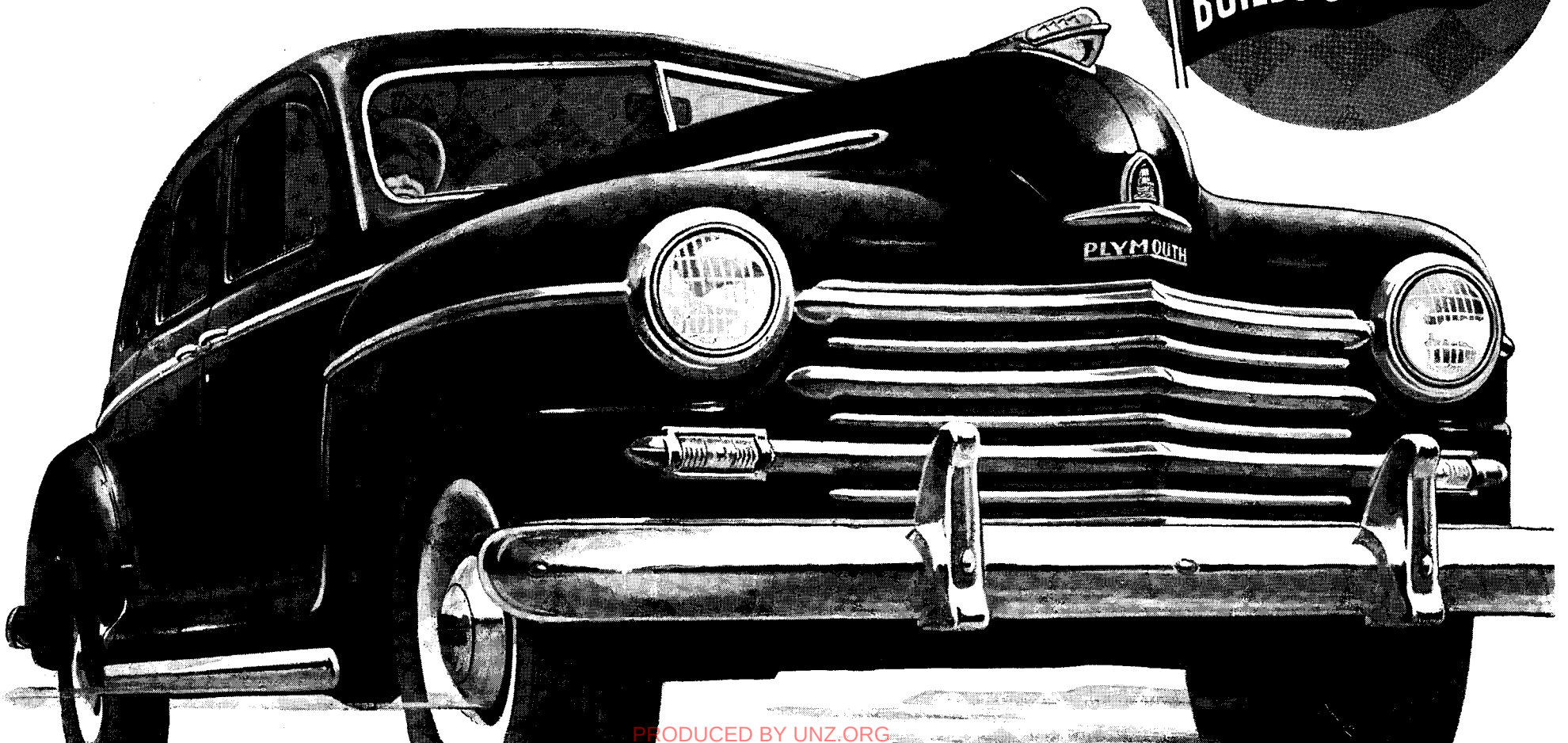
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High-priced car No. 2																						20
High-priced car No. 3				NO																		19
Low-priced PLYMOUTH								NO														19
Low-priced car No. 2			NO		NO		NO	NO	NO	NO		NO	NO	NO				NO		NO	NO	17
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material witness in the murder of Rudolph McKeever," Madigan said mildly. "How do you like that?"

"I never saw Rudolph McKeever in my life."

"You don't say?" Madigan smiled. "Maybe you can explain something to me. A few days after Rudy McKeever was murdered some mug showed up and paid his two oldest sons big money to turn over any of McKeever's papers they found."

Dobbs Padgett's face was pale. "How does that concern me?"

"Had any interesting mail lately?"

The lawyer looked as if he were about to faint. When he spoke his voice had lost its crisp defiance: "What do you mean by that?"

"Plenty," Madigan said. "If the McKeever boys had found any papers, they were supposed to get in touch with a man named Oscar Halliday at the law firm of Padgett & Padgett."

George showed more astonishment than Dobbs Padgett. The lawyer sucked in his breath.

"Padgett & Padgett is your firm, isn't it?" Madigan asked.

"Certainly it is," said Dobbs Padgett. "Mr. Halliday, however, is not one of my responsibilities. He had desk space in my office for a brief period some time ago."

"And where is he now?"

"He's in practice out West somewhere. Arizona or New Mexico. His health was bad." The lawyer now seemed sure of himself again.

"Maybe so," Madigan said. "But maybe he evaporated, too, like John McKeever. I wonder about that—I'm not kidding, Mr. Padgett. I'll hold you as a material witness unless you co-operate."

"If you did succeed in holding me, I'd be out within an hour," the lawyer said. "However . . ." He shrugged. "I had lunch with my client Tuesday at Andrew's Restaurant. I was with him until well after two o'clock."

"I see," said Madigan. "Was your client by any chance the Honorable Edward W. Leary?"

"He was."

"It was a convention," Madigan said, and looked at George. "The lodge was meeting Tuesday at Andrew's, and the ladies' auxiliary, too." He raised his voice in a tremendous shout, "Hey, McCabe!"

A moment later the detective appeared at the door. Madigan asked, "Mr. Leary here yet?"

"Yes, he's waiting."

"Send him in—and the woman too if she's there."

The detective coughed, said, "Inspector Stranahan is with 'em, Lieutenant."

"Be glad to have the inspector sit in," Madigan said shortly. "Ask him in."

George saw a faint smile on Dobbs Padgett's lips. Madigan looked black.

MARCIA BLAINE saw George as she entered the room, and her eyebrows went up. Her smile was slow in coming, but she smiled. Behind her was Ed Leary, and the burly inspector came in last and closed the door.

"How do you do, everyone," Madigan said. "Mr. Leary, about that luncheon you had yesterday at Andrew's, I thought there might possibly be some revisions. Or addenda."

Ed Leary glanced at Dobbs Padgett. "Oh, I see. Yes, Mr. Padgett was there. I called him up and he came over for a consultation."

"About when?" Madigan asked politely.

"From about one o'clock to half past two, I'd say."

Dobbs Padgett smiled. "Satisfied, Lieutenant?"

"Me?" said Madigan. "I'm the most dissatisfied guy you ever saw. If I knew how to do it, I'd just evaporate, and say to hell with it."

Inspector Stranahan said harshly, "Ladies present, Lieutenant."

Madigan glanced at Marcia Blaine and said, "Excuse me." He turned and picked up the letter from his desk. "Get your denials ready, everybody," he said. "I want to read you something." He read the letter through and looked inquiringly at Ed Leary.

The district leader asked, "Did you write that letter, Dobbs?"

"Certainly not," the lawyer said. "It's an obvious forgery."

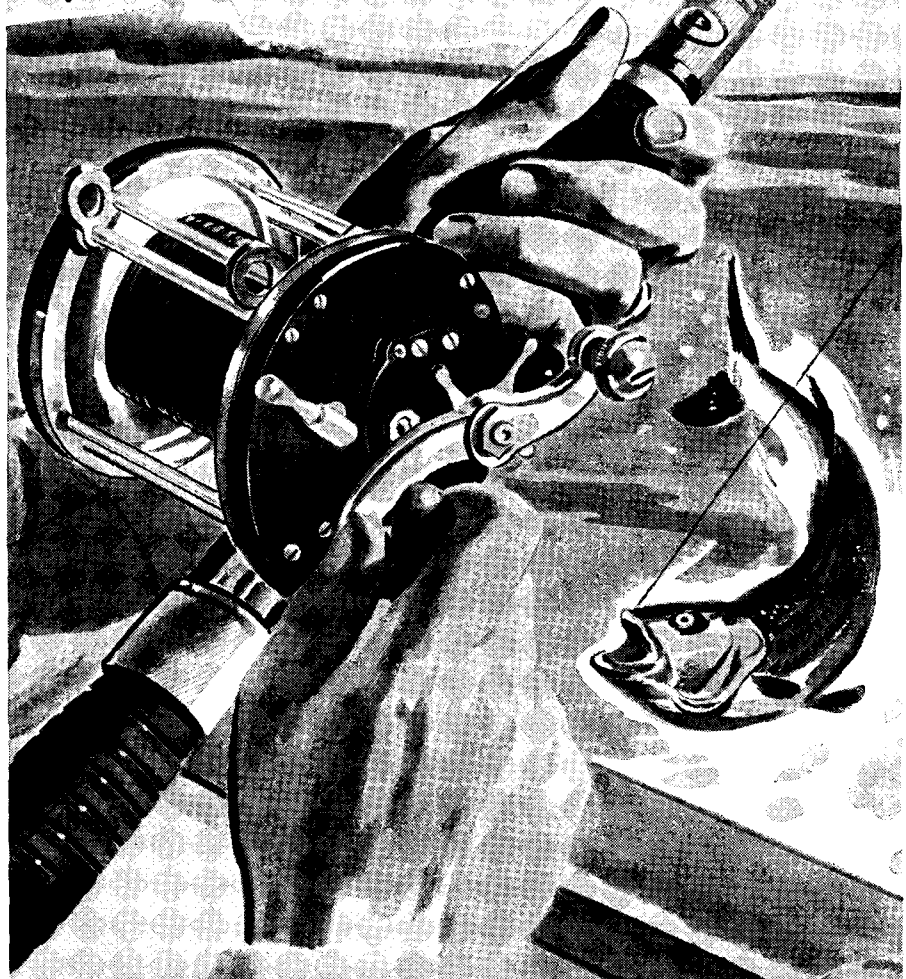
Inspector Stranahan stepped forward. "It should be easy to determine whether or not it's a forgery, Lieutenant. Put a handwriting expert on it."

Lieutenant Madigan dropped the letter into his wastebasket. "The original letter has evaporated. It was in the possession of Mr. Wright, but someone induced him to partake of a sleeping potion last night, and when he awakened the letter was gone." He grinned at Marcia Blaine. "For that matter, so was the charming young woman whom he was escorting."

"Do you mean me, Lieutenant?"

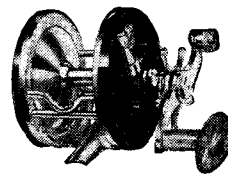
REELS THAT

"put salt on their tails"

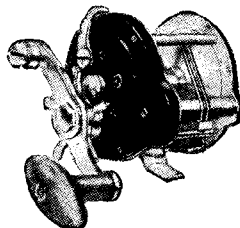


Above, The 600 yd. Bay City No. 167

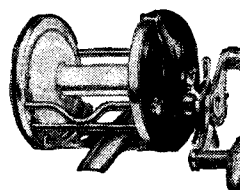
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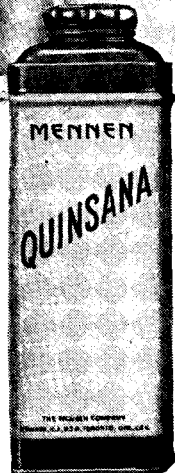
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Marcia said. "Because if anything evaporated, it was Mr. Wright. We were in a taxicab, and stopped so I could make a phone call in a drugstore, and when I came back the taxicab was gone and Mr. Wright, too. Sweetie, where in the world did you go?"

"Home," George said.

"I'm afraid Mr. Wright was taken ill," Madigan broke in. "Possibly it was the whisky at the Club Pigalle. By the way, Miss Blaine, it's a felony to serve a doctored drink."

"We serve the very best liquor at the Pigalle," Marcia said. "And Louie's always careful. People say he makes the best Martinis in town."

GEORGE smiled. The prospect of Lieutenant Madigan cross-examining Marcia intrigued him.

Madigan said, "You know, Miss Blaine, I like the way you throw money around."

"What's this about?" Ed Leary asked harshly.

"Why, I was just thinking that two hundred a week is a considerable amount to pay for a publicity account," Madigan said. "I mean for a joint like the Pigalle."

"I wouldn't call the Pigalle a joint," Marcia said. "We have a pretty respectable gross, and we practically never have a brawl in there."

"What do you call two hundred a week, though?" Madigan asked.

Marcia smiled. "That's George again, isn't it? You know, he's a well-meaning guy, for a lush, but he does put the stuff away, Lieutenant, one after another, and then he has all sorts of drunken imaginings. I never take them seriously, myself."

"Oh, sure," Madigan said. "But the thing I'm curious about is just where this departure from reality begins."

Dobbs Padgett spoke up: "It seems to me that Mr. Wright's position is somewhat ambiguous in this case. He showed a peculiar interest in my nephew's activities before his death and, since the murder, he has done his utmost to implicate other persons, in the most ridiculous manner. He said he had a letter when he called at my office yesterday, but he failed to produce it. He said he was given knockout drops and this alleged letter was taken from him, but it's hardly a credible story. And he said that Miss Blaine made some odd proposition to him, which she denies. His alibi for the time of my nephew's death was that he was in the Council meeting and left there only after he received a note, which was found on his desk. My suggestion is that he dropped the note on his desk, after murdering my nephew, then went up to the Council chamber to wait until someone discovered the note and brought it to him."

Inspector Stranahan stepped forward, like a bit character on cue and said roughly, "How about it, Wright?"

"Excuse me, Inspector," Lieutenant Madigan said firmly, and with the same rather devious politeness he had maintained throughout. "Mr. Wright's activities are not on the agenda at the moment."

"I think he's hiding something," the inspector said.

"Inspector," Madigan said. "Everyone in this room is hiding something. Some of these alibis have a way of evaporating." He turned to Marcia. "Maybe Miss Blaine would like to evaporate her alibi a little bit."

"What do you mean by that?" Ed Leary demanded savagely.

"She told me she was sitting at a table in Andrew's," Madigan said blandly. "A waiter tells me he saw her going into the private room where you were luncheon, Mr. Leary—you and the rest of your group. The board meeting of Suspects, Incorporated, I might say." He swung around. "How about it, Miss Blaine?"

"Yes, that's right," Marcia said. "Naturally I ran up to speak to Dad."

"At what time was that?"

"I'd say about two o'clock."

Ed Leary's face was red. "Lieutenant, are you intimating that my daughter . . ."

"Take it easy," Madigan interrupted. "I was thinking about Joe Myles, not your daughter. Their story was that she was with Joe all the time in Andrew's, but now she says she went off and left him alone there. She was Joe's alibi, and now look what's happened. Joe's alibi has evaporated!"

George said, "Lieutenant, I'd like to ask a question."

Inspector Stranahan glared at him and said violently, "Who the hell are you to ask questions?" His face turned pink and he added, "Excuse me, Miss Blaine."

"What was the question you had in mind, George?" Madigan asked.

"Why did Dobbs Padgett fire Alicia Grant?"

The lawyer looked at George and Madigan. "I don't know that it concerns Mr. Wright," he said slowly. "I assume he's referring to my nephew's secretary. Naturally, after his death, we had no further need for her services."

"She's been with the firm a long time," George said.

"Young man, I think I know how to conduct the business of my office," Padgett said. "Lieutenant, is that all?"

"Not quite," Madigan turned his head. "Bring her in, McCabe."

The detective left the room and Madigan leaned over and retrieved the sheet of paper from the wastebasket. "Just one more thing," he said casually. "I know what was in that stuffed cat."

In the silence that followed his statement the door opened and Barbara Padgett stepped in. Dobbs jumped to his feet.

"Will you come over here, please, Miss Padgett," Madigan said. "I'd like to show you something."

Barbara crossed the room with a resolute step. She did not look toward George. Madigan handed her the sheet of paper and said, "Read this, please."

There was complete silence in the room as Barbara read the letter. Her uncle watched her closely, with his shoulders drawn back and his jaw set. Barbara finished, glanced up at Lieutenant Madigan.

"Ever seen it before?"

She looked down again at the sheet of paper in her hands. "Why, no, I haven't, Lieutenant."

"I mean the original of it," Madigan said. "That's a copy. You saw the original, didn't you?"

She shook her head. "I never saw it before, Lieutenant."

THEY had all gone except George and Lieutenant Madigan. There had been no more questions, and after the first stabbing realization that Barbara had entirely disavowed him, George had remained perfectly still, trying to think it out. Barbara had not even glanced his way as she left the room with her uncle.

"George," Madigan said softly, "why do you suppose she lied?"

"So you do know she lied?"

"The point is," Madigan said, "why should you lie, except to protect her? She threw you down, so you weren't protecting her, so why should you lie?" He turned and looked at George. "Either you told the truth or you did the job yourself."

George said uneasily, "Dobbs Padgett accused me of it yesterday."

Madigan pursed his lips. "Why?"

"Because he knew Stover had that letter and he figured I got the letter when I killed Stover." George tried a laugh, and the sound was strained. "Dammit, are they planning to frame me now? I don't know what they'd do for a motive in my case." He managed a deprecatory laugh this time.

"I suppose they can dig up a motive,"

Collier's for June 21, 1947



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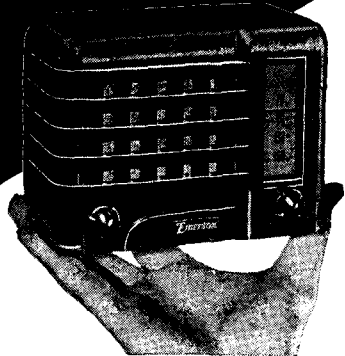


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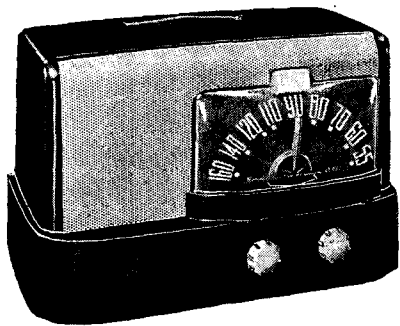


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Madigan said. "Trouble is, you were pretty young."

"What do you mean by that?"

"In 1932, I mean," Madigan said. "The guy who killed McKeever in 1932 is the guy who killed Jeff Stover. What were you doing in 1932, George?"

"I was in school," George said. "Summer vacations I worked as a cub for the Record-Star. I was sixteen years old. What is all this?"

"Yeah," Madigan said. "You were pretty young."

"I don't like this concentration on me," George said. "They couldn't pin it on Barbara, and now they're focusing on me. How about Joe Myles? He's the only one without an alibi."

The lieutenant shrugged. "Everything points to one man, George. If he hadn't evaporated, I'd arrest him."

"You mean Oscar Halliday?"

"No. I mean Pete Niebach."

George said, "To be honest, I think that letter was a surprise to Joe Myles when I showed it to him yesterday. It looked like it hit him between the eyes."

"I know how it feels," Madigan sighed. "I've had it in both eyes right along, and I'm getting sick of it. That missing room key looked hot, for a while. You found that letter and it disappeared. There was a safe-deposit key in that damned cat, and now it's gone up in smoke. What's the vaporization quotient of a middle-aged dick with his neck stuck out? We must be pretty near there."

George said, "Bill, they've been putting some sort of pressure on Barbara. She left me this morning, after we'd talked about that letter, to talk to her uncle. Now she denies she ever saw it."

"It looks like he asked her to help him out," Madigan leaned back in his chair, staring at the ceiling. After a moment he turned his head. "Why did you ask that question about the Grant woman?"

"I just wondered why they fired her so damned fast," George said. "I wondered if she knew something."

"I talked to her," Madigan said. "She doesn't know a thing."

"Maybe she doesn't know she knows anything," George said. "Maybe she . . . Oh, hell!"

"It sounds terrible," Madigan said. "But let's think about it." He clasped his hands behind his neck and closed his eyes. "What could a man's secretary know, that we don't know? Who his sugar was? We know that. How much dough he owes? Maybe. What else? Now let's see. She comes to work in the morning. She . . . now wait a minute!"

Madigan brought his feet down to the

floor with a tremendous thump. He slapped one palm on his desk. "George, do you see what I see?"

"I don't see a damn' thing."

"Look, take a day in the life of a secretary. Be specific and take a day in the life of Miss Alicia Grant—last Wednesday morning, the day after Jeff Stover was jabbed with a snickersnee. What does she do? He's dead, but she's still on the pay roll. So she comes to work. She hangs up her hat and goes to the wash-room and powders her nose, and she looks into his office and maybe sheds a little tear, and then she goes to her desk. The show must go on. So she sits herself down, and what does she do?"

GEORGE looked blankly at Madigan and the lieutenant shouted, "Why you dope, she opened his mail!"

"Yes," George said, not comprehending.

"Well, hell-fire!" Madigan shouted.

"What did we find in Stover's typewriter? A letter he was starting and it said, 'As soon as I hear from . . . For God's sake, are we dopes! He was waiting for a letter!'"

Madigan dived across the office and snatched his hat from a hook on the wall. "Let's go," he said. "George, she opened his mail, and put it on the desk of the head of the firm, naturally. And then what happens? He fires her, but fast, and she probably still don't know why. Come on, George, we're going to see Alicia Grant."

They went in a squad car driven by the detective named McCabe to a remodeled brownstone on 24th Street. And they found Alicia Grant at the door of a second-floor apartment. She was a plain, tired-looking girl who had answered too many telephones and stooped over too many files, and she stood in the doorway in her stocking feet.

"You remember me, don't you?" Lieutenant Madigan said.

"Yes, Lieutenant," the girl said. She added apologetically, "I've been job hunting, and I stopped in for a bite to eat." She went to the window seat and sat down to slip on her shoes.

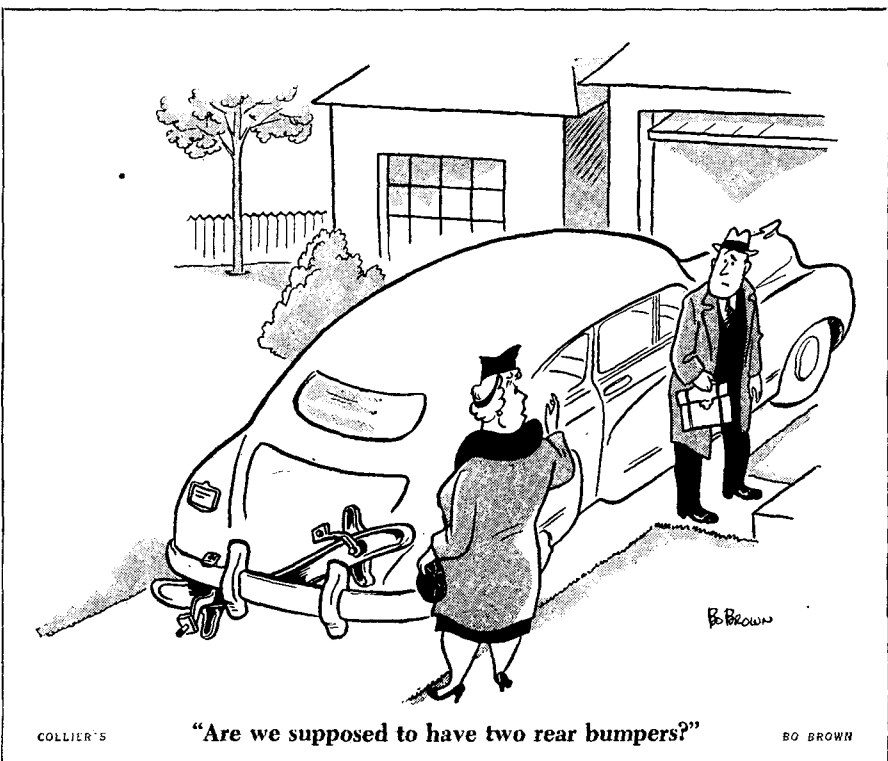
"We won't take much of your time," Madigan said. "Sit down. Eat your lunch." He pulled up a chair. "Go ahead," he said. "Eat."

She picked up a cup of tea, her big eyes watching Madigan over the rim of the cup.

"You went to work Wednesday morning, didn't you?" the lieutenant asked.

"Yes."

"What time did you get fired?"



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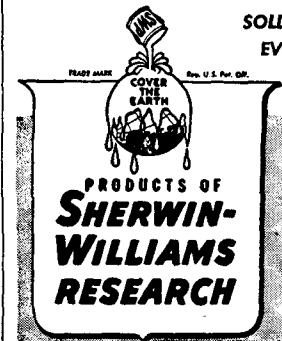
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She put the cup down. "About noon."
"Up until you got fired, what did you do?"

"Well, I just sort of straightened up. Opened the mail and filled the water carafe. It was just habit, of course. I knew he—he wasn't coming in that day."
"The mail was the usual routine stuff, I suppose," Madigan said.

"I guess so. Of course I didn't read it. I just opened it and then I took it in to Mr. Padgett."

"Any personal letters?"

"I didn't read them, Mr. Madigan; I don't think so."

"Notice any other letterheads?"

"I suppose I did, but there wasn't anything unusual, I'm sure. Something from the clerk of the Supreme Court, and I remember the People's party letterhead, and an insurance company, and a safe-and-lock company, yes, and . . ."

"What safe-and-lock company?"

"It was the Municipal Safe & Lock Company, I believe."

"Good girl!" Madigan said.

"You mean that letter was important?"

"I'm surprised it didn't burn your fingers," said Madigan. "Thanks a million, Miss Grant. George, let's go."

The lieutenant raced ahead of George down the stairs and turned toward a cigar store on the corner. He returned with a handful of cigars and said as he got into the squad car, "It's on West 48th Street. Let's go, McCabe."

AT THE offices of the Municipal Safe & Lock Company, the manager listened to Madigan's inquiry and referred to correspondence files. He brought the carbon copy of a letter on the company's letterhead, addressed to Jeff Stover, and laid it on the desk.

"Apparently Mr. Stover called in person to inquire about a key numbered 926," he said. "Here it is." He set a thin metal key on the desk; it was slightly rusted. "We keep no records of the keys we issue, for protective reasons, so it was necessary to circularize the safe-deposit companies with which we do business. This key was issued to the Surety Safe-Deposit Company, 19th Street branch, in 1931, as our letter to Mr. Stover states. That's all I can tell you, Lieutenant."

McCabe used the siren on the way downtown and Madigan said, "George, we got a break. It looks like Padgett didn't dare claim the key and go after that box. I guess he figured he couldn't just walk in and claim the box was his. He had to prove it, so he let it lay."

McCabe made a wild U-turn and stopped in front of the Surety Bank & Trust Company. George went in with Madigan, and a uniformed attendant led them to the office of Mr. Wainwright, an official of the safe-deposit company. Mr. Wainwright was a thin man who had apparently mortgaged his good humor at a high rate of interest. He insisted on inspecting Lieutenant Madigan's credentials before answering questions.

"In 1931," Madigan said, "this company received a safe-deposit key numbered 926 from the Municipal Safe & Lock Company. I want to know what box that key fits and to whom the key was issued."

"It was Box 456," Mr. Wainwright said without hesitation. "The name was Ralph Keenan."

"Just like that?" Madigan said. "Right on the tip of your tongue. So somebody else inquired about that key. Who was it?"

"A relative. A Mr. Pringle."

"What did he look like?"

"About so high," Mr. Wainwright held his hand up, a little more than five feet from the floor. "Wore a small mustache."

"I guess the name was Dobbs Pringle," Madigan said.

"No, it was John Pringle," said Mr. Wainwright.

Madigan asked sharply, "Did you turn the box over to him?"

"We would certainly turn nothing over to him merely on his representation that he was an interested party," Mr. Wainwright said stiffly. "As a matter of fact, the question is academic, since there was nothing to turn over, anyhow."

"Dammit!" Madigan shouted. "You mean that box was empty?"

Mr. Wainwright studied the lieutenant's face a moment in reproofing silence, then said, "We followed the customary procedure in cases of this type." He took a folder from the top drawer of his desk. "The rental of Mr. Keenan's box was paid until April 1, 1932, after which we sent a notice informing him that access to the box would be refused him until further rental was paid. The box was then tagged and sealed, and . . ."

"All right," Madigan broke in impatiently. "But what happened to the contents? That's all I want to know."

"They were destroyed, of course," said Mr. Wainwright. "Pursuant to Section 331 of Article 8 of the State Banking Law."

Madigan gave George a look of despair, and Mr. Wainwright went on talking: "On April 2, 1934, the statutory two years having elapsed, we sent Mr. Keenan notice that the box would be opened if the rent and charges were not paid within thirty days. No answer having been received from Mr. Keenan, the box was opened on May 10, 1934, in the presence of Mr. Corbett, a vice-president of the company, and Wilbur Stark, a notary public. As required by law, Mr. Stark prepared a certificate setting forth an inventory of the contents of the box. Here it is."

Madigan snatched the sheet of paper that represented the end of their search, and George read over his shoulder: *One black, leather-bound, loose-leaf notebook, eight inches by five, containing numerous holograph memoranda.*

Madigan dropped the certificate on the banker's desk. "You said it was destroyed?" His voice was toneless.

"Under the law," said Mr. Wainwright, "we are required to keep documents of a private nature for a period of ten years after the opening of a box, when they may be destroyed in the presence of an officer of the company and a notary public having no connection with the company. The notebook was destroyed on May 15, 1944."

"By this Mr. Corbett?"

"By myself," said Mr. Wainwright. "In the presence of Mr. Stark. Mr. Corbett passed away several years ago."

"Did you look through the notebook?"

The banker shrugged. "It was merely a formality. The book had been deposited with us for ten years. I was hardly curious about it."

"How about this Mr. Stark? He dead, too?"

The banker shook his head. "You'll find him in his real-estate office on 18th Street."

MADIGAN walked in gloomy silence out of the bank, his expression so doleful that George did not speak to him. They got into the car and Madigan said, "Go down to 18th and turn west, Mac."

"Can't," McCabe said. "Even streets are eastbound."

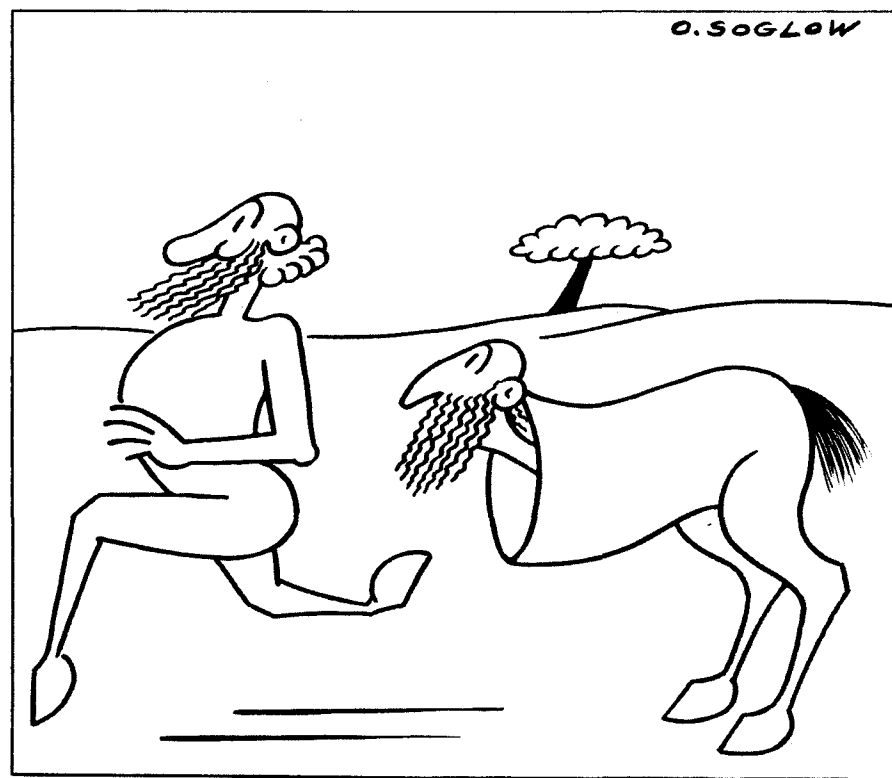
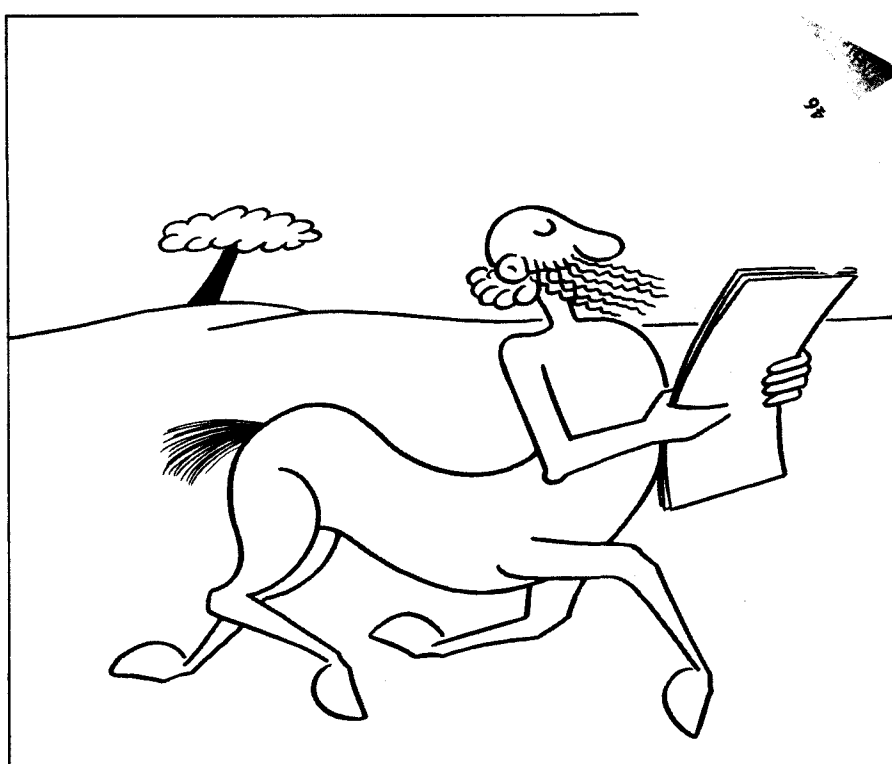
"Dammit," Madigan cried, "this is a police car. Do what I tell you!"

George hung onto a side strap as the car swerved into 18th Street and braced the one-way traffic. There was a grim look on Madigan's face. He said harshly, "That real-estate office the other side of the street. Make a turn."

"Thank God for that," McCabe said, and nosed the car to the opposite curb, backed, and parked in front of a plate-glass window lettered: Wilbur Stark, Real Estate.

"End of the line," Madigan said.

Wilbur Stark was a fat, slow-spoken



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man, and it became at once apparent that his answers were carefully weighed.

"The Keenan box?" he asked. "Can't say I remember it. They call me in every time they open a box, Lieutenant—"

"Yeah," Madigan said. "But you make an inventory each time. We saw your certificate. There was a black leather book in that box. The box was opened in 1934."

The real-estate man shook his head. "Say now, that was a long time ago."

"That book was destroyed in 1944," Madigan said. "You were there. It was a notebook," his tone grew sarcastic, "containing numerous holograph memoranda."

"Yeah, I do seem to remember that," the real-estate man said. "I didn't read it, if that's what you're after."

"The hell you didn't read it!" Stark drew his fat shoulders back. "Why should I read it? I glanced through enough of it to see that it had no tangible value. Just names and figures."

"You remember any of the names?" Madigan asked.

Stark pursed his lips, glanced at the ceiling, then shook his head. "Sorry. You know, it was back in 1934 that I looked over that notebook."

"Whose book was it?" Madigan demanded. "The owner's name was there, wasn't it?"

Stark nodded decisively. "Yes, I remember there was a name on the inside cover, but I haven't the faintest recollection what it was, Lieutenant."

"You got a damned poor memory," Madigan said.

Stark shrugged. "I discharged my obligation. I'm just a notary public, Lieutenant."

ON THE sidewalk outside, Madigan stood beside the car, with his hands deep in the pockets of his coat. George said, "What now?"

"George, that guy there has been sewed up already. They probably told him they'd slap a lot of violations on every building he owns or manages, and that shut him up. This trail is cold."

George got in the squad car and Madigan dropped heavily into the seat beside him. "Drive on, McCabe!"

At a cigar store on 6th Avenue, Madigan telephoned. He came back angrily, said in a mocking falsetto, "Mr. Padgett isn't in. He's gone for the day. No, I'm sorry. I don't know where you can reach him." He glared at McCabe's grinning

face. "All right, James, take me down to City Hall."

The lieutenant put another cigar in his mouth, struck a match and lighted the cigar with great care; George knew it would be dead again within a minute. Madigan said, "Suppose we'll catch Joe Myles in, George? I'm curious to see what kind of alibi he'll offer now."

McCabe parked the car in front of City Hall, and George went in with Madigan. They found the acting majority leader in his office.

"Well, Mr. Myles," Madigan said. "I expect somebody has had you on the phone by now. Where were you Tuesday?"

Joe Myles frowned. "Yes, I did have a telephone call. Miss Blaine informed me you were curious about my alibi."

"You lied about your alibi!"

"I don't like your choice of words, Lieutenant," the acting majority leader said. "I didn't lie, but I was guilty of an omission. Miss Blaine did leave my table and was gone about five minutes. If you're going to split hairs about this, I suppose I had time, under the circumstances, to sneak into the basement and stab Jeff Stover before I went up to the Council meeting. But I didn't."

"What did you and Miss Blaine talk about at lunch?"

"Miss Blaine and I are very old friends, Lieutenant. Our conversation was entirely personal and private."

"Didn't it get around to Rudy McKeever?"

"No, why should it?"

"I hear John McKeever was an old pal of yours."

Joe Myles flushed, gave George a quick glance, and said, "I never heard of anyone named John McKeever."

"You did yesterday."

"Yesterday I was talking to a newspaper reporter, not a police lieutenant."

"Sure," Madigan said. "Yesterday you might have helped us, but you covered up. Today we know a little more than we did yesterday and you're as frank as an eagle scout. I bet you can even tell us who Ralph Keenan was."

"Ralph Keenan? I don't think I know anybody by that name."

"He had an alias," Madigan said. "It was Rudy McKeever. Think it over, Mr. Myles. Maybe it will jog your memory some."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Nobody does," Madigan said. "I'm

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HANK: "Stow the gab," eh? What a happy coincidence! You look—you look like my old C.O. in the Navy, Officer! Fine chap! Oh yes, my license...

SPEED: "No previous offenses." I can't understand why a man like yerself has to park overtime. You look sensible—an' well-dressed, too. By the way, where are ye after buyin' yer shirts? That's a *foine* collar...

HANK: Yes, isn't it, Officer—and thank you very much! It's an Arrow Shirt. A-r-r-

SPEED: I can spell, ye monkey! Don't ye hoity-toity ME, young—

HANK: Very sorry, Officer! Just trying to help. But say—look at the fit this

Arrow "Mitoga" cut gives a man! See how it follows the body? It would look wonderful on yours, Officer. What a CHEST!

SPEED: Well, thankee kindly! Av coorse, wan av them Arrow Shirts would be a foine thing for a day off. If only it wouldn't shrink out av fit, I'd be askin' ye where ye got it, sor.

HANK: "Shrink?" Not ARROWS, Officer! The Sanforized label holds fabric



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like the house dick at the locksmiths' convention. Nobody pays any attention to me."

In the rotunda Madigan slapped George's shoulder hard. "Well, we tried. Come out and see me in Canarsie sometime. I'll be pounding a beat out there."

He walked away, chewing his dead cigar, and George watched him stride down the steps and get into the squad car. George was depressed. There had been emotional strain in the past few days; how great it was he had not realized. Now he felt let down, and a little angry. He had lied for Barbara, worked to help her, and at the climactic moment, she had thrown him down. And by her lie she was protecting a murderer.

Thinking about it, he became furious. Her manner from the first had been cocksure, even a little superior. She had used him, he thought, for all he was worth. Not obviously, as Marcia Blaine had, but with a subtle implication of confidence and trust.

AS GEORGE turned in the door of Room 9, Ray Martin growled at him, with the resentment of a boy left home from the ball game. "Well, where have you been?"

"I overslept," George said, and went on to his desk. He picked up his telephone and called Barbara Padgett. Her voice was low and restrained.

"What goes on?" George said. "What did you lie for?"

"Please, George, let's don't go into that."

"How many times have I heard you say that?" George cried. "You're always saying in that sweet, trust-me voice, 'Let's don't go into that.' His own voice mocked hers angrily. "I've had enough of it. I lied for you. I stuck my neck out and you pull a thing like that on me and walk out without a word."

"I can explain it, George. Just give me a little time. A day or so..."

"Lady, I've given you all the time I had." George slammed the receiver on the hook and jumped to his feet.

Ray swiveled his chair around. "George, what are you up to? In love or something?"

"Hell, no!"

Ray gave him a keen glance, said, "What did Madigan want at City Hall?"

"He had a talk with Joe Myles. About alibis and so forth."

"Joe's got an alibi, hasn't he?"

"Best little alibi you ever saw." George glanced at Tracy's vacant chair. "Where's the Appetite?"

Ray grinned. "I sent him to a Turkish bath. George, you'd never believe it. Old Trace got lit last night and passed out down below. I found him there when I went to work this morning."

"Well," George said. "It's spring."

His telephone began ringing, but George put on his hat, said, "I'm going out to eat," and stalked out the door.

While he was waiting in the Municipal Bar for a sandwich, he said to the barman, "Morton, were you on duty last Tuesday?"

"Sure thing, George. Day of the murder, you mean?"

"Yes, I guess it was. Morton, I was just wondering what you fixed up for Mr. Tracy, to take care of his upset stomach?"

"Just a bicarb, George."

"What time was that?"

"What time?" Morton looked curiously at George. "Why, the old gent got here at half past one and started over to the hall at eight minutes past two. That what you wanted to know?"

"That's specific enough," George said.

Morton said, "I suppose I wouldn't remember that if it hadn't been for the murder Tuesday. It happened the old guy asked me what time it was and I says, 'Look at the clock, dope. It's eight minutes past two.' Then he said he'd better get over to the Council meeting."

"I see," George said. "Ray Martin go with him?"

"Mr. Martin?" Morton said. "Why, he wasn't here that day, George."

George set his glass down. Ray Martin had not appeared at the Council meeting—he had told George that he had drunk his lunch at the Municipal Bar instead. George shook his head. One more lie; where did it fit into the fabric?

George ate his sandwich at the bar, drank another beer and returned to City Hall. As he entered Room 9 he saw Barbara sitting at his desk. The electric lights had been turned on and her coppery hair glistened; her big eyes met his, and he forgot his anger, went quickly to her. Ray Martin had gone, and they were alone in the room.

"George," Barbara said softly, "I'm sorry I had to do it. When he put that letter in my hands and asked me to read it, I knew I had to deny it. It isn't that I don't appreciate all you've done." She looked up at him. "You've been wonderful. I don't know what I would have done without your help. You were generous and kind and sweet. I don't know why you ever did it."

"Neither do I," George said.

She looked away from him. "George, I talked with my uncle this morning, after I left you. He asked me to forget about that letter."

"Hasn't your uncle made enough trouble for you? When you were on the spot, did he come forward? Did he do a damned thing? Why should you lie for him?"

"He didn't know, George." She met his eyes again. "For all he knew, I had killed Jeff. He didn't know Jeff had told me anything." She reached out for his hand. "George, Uncle Dobbs has been trying to solve this murder all along."

George pulled his hand away. "That's the most preposterous thing I ever heard. Barbara, are you blind?"

"I believe him," she said.

"Trying to solve it! He's done his damndest to cover up. He fired Alicia Grant because she knew too much. He faked some papers to disprove that letter. He opened Jeff Stover's mail and followed up that lead to find the evidence against him. Barbara, can't you get it through your head that your uncle is dangerous? He's a cornered rat! He's..."

She broke in, with a gesture of her hand. "Dramatics again."

GEORGE stared at her. "Sure it's dramatics. Your cousin was found stabbed to death with a samurai sword, and for three days you put the police off the trail while the murderer of Jeff Stover went free. Now you talk to me about dramatics! Everything you've said and done has been carefully calculated in advance, including stringing me along. You've spoken your lines on cue, and damn well rehearsed, if you ask me. Barbara, what am I supposed to think?"

"I don't give a damn what you think!" Her anger flared suddenly. "I've told you the truth all along. And you pushed yourself into this, remember, for reasons best known to yourself. You kept trying to worm the facts out of me, until you got your hands on that letter. I told you time and time again to keep out of it. To let me alone. George, do you want me to believe it?"

"Believe what?"

"That you killed Jeff."

"Me?" George said. "For God's sake, where did you get that idea?"

For an instant Barbara's eyes blazed into his, then she brushed past him to the door. George let her go.

Putting his hand on his desk, he let himself down easily into his chair. He felt a peculiar sinking fear, like a man ringed by enemies unseen in the dark, and he had the terrible conviction that a plan had been made to frame him for the murder of Jeff Stover.

(To be concluded next week)

Collier's for June 21, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

The rest of your worthy ideas, I'm afraid (like helping around the house), would come under their idea of work. At the rare times when I hear or sense that my two boys have nothing to do, I have only to mention a load of wood or some kindling to be split to give them ideas galore of other things they can do AFTER they bring in the wood!

EVELYN BOEHMER, Everett, Wash.

... In your reply to Stephanie Packard, you advised her, among other things, to read best sellers as a cure for time on her hands. Good heavens, do you want to ruin the poor girl's morals—advising her to fill her mind with the sewage contained in the current best-selling novels?

REV. VERNON J. SCHAEFER, Adrian, Minn.

... Contrary to the erroneous belief, dear to the heart of a few old "fuddy-duddies," teen-agers are badly in need of recreational activities.

Your reply to fourteen-year-old Miss Packard was entirely out of order. Granted work, both mental and physical, greatly strengthens the character of a child. However, you neglect the fact that "all work and no play makes Jacqueline a dull girl."

Possibly you think teen-agers should spend their week ends and holidays studying The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Seriously, a constructive article on teenage recreation would be appreciated by the youngsters and their frequently bewildered parents alike.

LEWIS L. BEALL, Berkeley, Cal.

While we think Stephanie could do worse than read Gibbon, we never intended turning the poor girl into a luckluster drudge. Collier's has printed in the past, and hopes to continue to print articles helping to solve Stephanie's teen-age problems of work and pleasure.

OLD-TIMER

GENTLEMEN: You may be interested in the enclosed snapshot which we found in an old album. It is a house up in the hills of Colombia, South America, where there was an old mine. All the equipment for the mine was packed in on men's backs and the trip took a week to make. It seems as though Collier's was considered part of the necessary equipment; also the date of the picture is 1904!

CONSTANCE JOHNSON, Griffin, Ga.

do this type of work, and when will the ones I use adopt the new methods?

Most people cannot afford the higher-priced cleaners. And they get "cheap" cleaning. I have often wondered why the big chain cleaners can't turn out better cleaning. I have brought a pair of new slacks to my tailors, for alterations. After their first cleaning they shrank so much I had to have them lengthened again. Later they shrank so much I now use them for summer shorts.

As for the expert removal of spots Miss Carson speaks of, the only spots I'm sure my cleaners will remove are ten spots.

GEORGE L. MULLENS, New York, N. Y.

DOCTOR, DOCTOR!

DEAR SIR: Re So You Can't Get a Doctor! (May 17th), the situation is as serious in this country as it is in yours. . . .

BERNARD ROSE, Senior Citizens Ass'n of Canada, Montreal, Canada

BACK SLANG

DEAR SIR: Despite your London correspondent, Mr. Wyman (The Week's Mail, May 3d), Freling Foster's item about rhyming cant was substantially accurate.

The lingo has gained a measure of popular use in England and Australia, but it was originally an underworld idiom. Rhyming cant—Back Slang is an entirely different form—is quite popular out on our West Coast, particularly in the prisons. Clippings from it, like "storm" from "storm and strife" (wife) and "twist" from "twist and twirl" (girl), have become common slang.

As for Mr. Wyman's questioning of "storm and strife," here is a verse from Dagonet's Tottie, which first appeared in Referee, a British sporting publication, November 7, 1887:

"She'd a Grecian 'I suppose,' (nose)
And of 'Hampstead Heath' two rows
(teeth)

In her 'Sunny South' that glistened (mouth)
Like two pretty strings of pearls;
Down upon my 'bread and cheese' (knees)
Did I drop and murmur, 'Please
Be my "storm and strife," dear Tottie,
O, you darlinest of girls!'"

EVERETT DEBAUN, Philadelphia, Pa.

ATOMIC ERA, YEAR 1

DEAR SIR: This is to compliment you on the excellent issue on atomic energy. As you know, the Commission was just barely approved. It will only succeed if the public and Congress understand the problems it faces and the decisions that must be carefully weighed. I have been in close touch with the Commission and am sure that the articles came at just the right psychological moment and that they will have a very healthy effect.

W. A. HIGINBOTHAM, Washington, D.C.

POOR POLICY

DEAR SIR: Contrary to your editorial, Renew That Policy, Joe (May 10th), renewing National Life Insurance is complex, laborious and expensive.

On November 25, 1946, I made application to renew a twenty-year policy, made payment for a year's premium—\$385.00. After a lapse of 60 days, I began to contact Washington. After five months, I received a form letter, inquiring if the payment I had made was for insurance and if it was, to fill out certain information, which was identical with that originally filed. Last week I received another form letter wherein I was assigned a number, informed that I was not insured, but should make my premium payments when they became due.

So, after six months, I am still not insured, my family is not protected as a result of government bungling and red tape. There are "thousands" like me.

ROBERT J. DILLON, Drexel Hill, Pa.

Collier's for June 21, 1947

Thames River traffic grows as London fights back

After a bleak winter, Britain is busy rebuilding industry and commerce. London Pool (shown above with Tower Bridge in background) is filled with shipping, and Londoners, following an ancient tradition, still enjoy off hours with drinks made of world-renowned London dry gin.

Barclay's London Dry Gin

Made in America
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LONDON'S 200-year-old formula for dry gin has won international recognition. In America, Barclay's Gin follows this famed old London receipt, using *costlier imported* flavors. Barclay's choice grain spirits are distilled with select *imported* botanicals. The result: Barclay's Gin—superb flavor at full 90 proof—an unquestioned value at only a few cents more. Won't you try it soon?

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RETIRING LADY

Continued from page 23

crazy?" Connie demanded incredulously.

"No. Nothing like it," said Frederica, with a wry face. "He was never more lucid in his life than when he told me I could"—that swallowed sob again—"kindly get out and not return. We had a blowup before he said it, but it dates back. He said I'd been—throwing my weight around too much for a long time. He said he was sick of my bossing. He said I'd better buy a camera and set up shop for myself—that the whole town would doubtless come running to my door for the privilege of being photographed by a woman who knew absolutely everything about everything in the whole civilized and possibly uncivilized world."

"That doesn't sound lucid to me. He was mad about something. He'll come wanting you back."

Frederica shook her head. "No. He won't. I'm finished." Frederica made an all-inclusive gesture.

"I don't get you, Freddy," said her sister, perplexed. "You act as though the job with Millebrandt is the only one there is. My goodness, look at the want ads—column after column—jobs going begging for a good girl to fill."

Frederica didn't even turn her head. "Jobs paying a hundred a week?" she said. "Jobs for which eight years of being Millebrandt's auxiliary brain would fit me? Jobs that I could even—endure after practically running my own business?" She shook her head again, more slowly than ever, with more despondent finality. "No. If I had to get another job now, it would mean starting as a secretary or something again. Which I can't do. Which I can't face, Connie." She smoothed her gloves in her lap and laughed—such a small hollow laugh. "Oh, I'm in a bad way, Connie. You know now why I came. I had to get away from there. Look, Connie—she turned around—"can you put me up for a while? All summer perhaps? I just can't face going back. Not yet, not for a while."

"Need you even ask?" said Connie with warm compassion in her voice. She was hardly aware that she was concurrently thinking how the day had suddenly gone smash—how the whole summer had.

TWO weeks they'd all braced themselves for; and now—Poor Freddy, how bad it must be for her, how black the future must look right now! It was no simple thing to lose your job after eight years, to contemplate starting out all over again. . . . And yet I suppose I've always known it would happen, thought Connie, that Millebrandt would finally be driven to some drastic step like this.

She turned into the drive and stopped at the side of the house, noting subconsciously that Charlie had done a good job on the hedge, that Frederica would have no cause this time to call it their back-yard underbrush; preparing herself, also subconsciously, for the moment when Frederica should spy the stumps, still painted white against—according to Frederica last summer—all the dictates of good taste and nature. But Frederica, getting out of the car, was too concerned with her own troubles, and followed Connie into the house without a word.

At dinner that evening she was very subdued. Kathleen, who had kept out of sight till now, need not have worried about being reminded that a girl ought to guard her figure just as carefully as a grown young woman; her aunt was scarcely aware of her. Nor did Connie need to expect any comments on the meal-serving routine. Dinner in the Ellerton household involved a good deal of passing of dishes, since Abby was permitted to put everything on the table at

the start of the meal and then retire to the kitchen for her own meal. Frederica had never liked this practice, and more than once had tried to get Abby into a white organdy apron and a habit of orthodox serving. But tonight she passed the food submissively and even got up to find her own ash tray when the time came for a cigarette.

Afterwards, in privacy, grinning behind the hand that supported his pipe, Chuck said, "Yes, I'll admit it's pretty tough for Freddy to have lost her job—but it does have its good side too."

"No, it doesn't," Connie denied, looking troubled. "I'd much rather Freddy was critical and high-handed and—and hard to take, the way she used to be. It's all wrong this way. She's miserable, Chuck. I'm worried about her."

IN THE morning Frederica put on slacks and a sweater, carelessly pulled her hair into an unbecoming knot and went down to the beach to lie in the sun. She carried a newspaper with her and put one sheet under her head and the rest of it over her face, indifferent to the fact that only her arms, where her sweater sleeves left off, were available for tanning. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered. What was she going to do? Get married? There were two or three men back in town who wanted to marry her. The tiresome truth was that she had about as much taste for one as for the other. Line them up and take your pick at random, it made no difference. They were all about equally dull.

The lake made cool little burbling noises at the shore, but the sun grew hot. Frederica finally separated the newspaper on her face and spread it out in individual sheets to cover her arms, her body, her legs, her feet. Obliterated, she thought. Nullified. Neatly interred in a sleazy shroud of newsprint—an agreeable feeling. The next best thing to being dead.

After a while she heard voices approaching. Or rather, a voice. It was a man's voice, with the ego busting out all over. Men's voices seemed to do that quite often.

"... something that will give the imagination goose pimples," said the voice, "that's what we want. Granted my stuff is scholarly, distinguished—they all say it—but what the hell! It can still stand a good strong title. The title sells it. The title sells anything. Take your magazine articles. Hell, take your newspaper headlines, for that matter, your— Here, wait a minute. Look at this."

The voice was right above Frederica. She felt some light taps, as if from a cane, on her right hipbone. "Here's what I mean. 'Suicide Was Rape Victim.' There's a title for you, there's something everyone's going to read. Here's another—"

Frederica again felt a series of taps, this time on her breastbone, just as a second voice made itself heard.

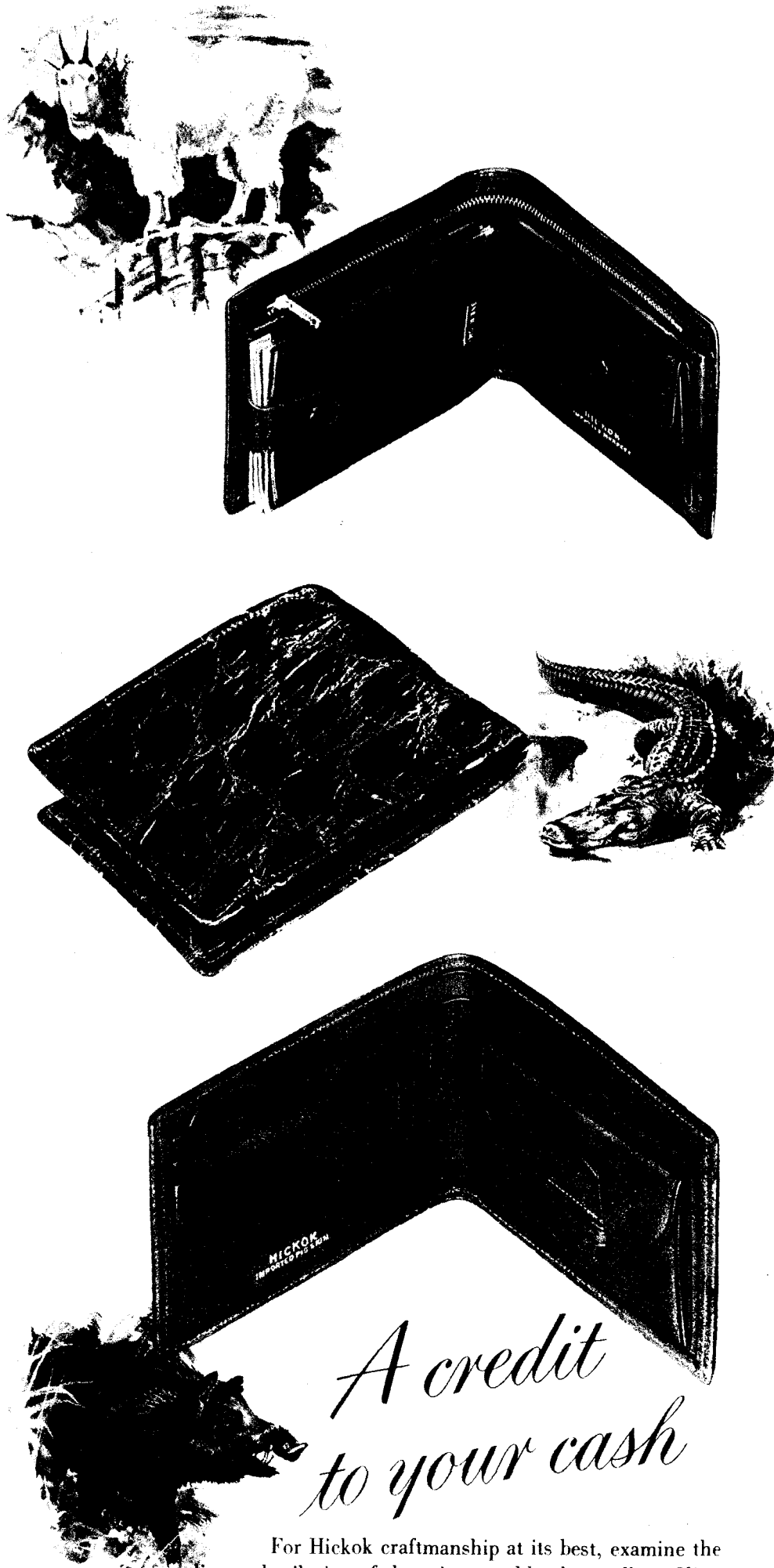
"I wouldn't do that, Hank," said the second voice.

"'Auto-mobile Smash-Up Uncovers Murder Plot.' Isn't that a dilly? The paper's full of them. Listen to this one—"

"Hank. Leave off. It covers something."

There were no further tapplings, but instead a silence in which facial expressions probably did the talking. Hank, if there was any decency in him, was now doubtless properly horrified. There was more silence, which Frederica waited out with stony indifference, then the sounds of feet moving onward through the patchy grass and sand. Frederica, under the headlines, never stirred.

After several minutes she heard the



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"So ask for Texcel Tape by name,
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Texcel Tape

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CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Industrial Tape Corporation • New Brunswick, N. J.

clipping of an ax off in the woods. The sounds were regularly spaced, as even as a slow beat of music. Lying there under the papers, she began to hum Chopin's Funeral March to it. She found herself morbidly enjoying the grim duet. Yes, shrouds and graves and funeral marches — proper thoughts indeed for a person in her shoes. "Oh, damn it, damn it all!" she said, and shoving the papers aside, sat up.

That was when she saw she wasn't alone. There was a man standing not ten feet away, looking at her. He wore a brown flannel shirt and had one of those lean, ironic, somehow inscrutable faces. Right now, however, he seemed taken aback by her sudden emergence, and she pressed her advantage by staring at him with a fierce blankness.

"But I couldn't be sure," he finally said. "It might have been a turtle. It didn't make a sound. I had to come back."

"Oh. You," said Frederica, and added scornfully, "Suicide. Rape. Murder—"

"No. My friend Hank Winfrow. I was the other one. The nice one."

"Oh. Mm-hm. Well, tell your friend to prod me in the left hip next time. And you can scatter now, bud. You've seen all."

"Hope rears up, and drops down on all fours again like an old worn-out horse," said the man. "Twice, so far. First, a nice blond lady. But she's married. Then a nice shape under a newspaper. But she's—"

"Kindly don't get personal," said Frederica. "And close the door when you leave. There's quite a draft blowing from somewhere."

The man gazed off across the water in a melancholy way. He said, "So there it is. Lake, period. Inn, period. Work, period. A pretty girl—or even a homely girl—to give a lonely man a cheering smile? No. Not a one. Not a one, period."

"Period," said Frederica, and got up and brushed the sand off her slacks. "Would you care to stop your punctuating long enough to avail yourself of yesterday's paper? I've finished with it."

Take it to your friend. He might like to poke some more holes in it. Tell him that a pillow underneath will give the effect of cringing flesh. Goodbye, Mr.—" "Cole," the man called after her "Chester Cole. Ches, the fellows call me."

"Aren't you funny?" said Frederica to herself. She didn't give him the pleasure of seeing her look back.

OF COURSE she found out as soon as she got home and talked to her sister Connie told her that Hank Winfrow was the eminent writer and lecturer, Henry Overby Winfrow, and that Chester Cole if merely a minor authority on steel himself, was at least in the habit of mingling in good company. Nor did it give her any particular feeling. She had always enjoyed meeting prominent, successful people. In fact, that had been one of the pleasures of working for Millebrandt. But what was the fun of associating with people like that unless you were fairly successful yourself? Awful to be a nonentity, a failure, looking for crumbs from one's betters! She'd much rather sit around alone.

"Mr. Winfrow, of course," Connie was saying, "is just a little—oh, proud of himself, shall we say? But I like Mr. Cole. I have a feeling he's simply a— a treasury of humor, once he breaks loose and gets going." She glanced at Frederica. "He seems intelligent—"

"Don't," said Frederica abruptly.

"Don't what?" "You looked at me," said Frederica, "the way every married woman looks at a single girl when something in pants, unmarried, fetches up over the horizon. I feel like a piece of chintz that someone is trying to match to a wallpaper pattern. Leave me to find my own prospects. I can do it if I want to. I don't want to—period," she added, and then, annoyed with herself, frowned.

That afternoon she saw Chester Cole again. She had gone into the village to buy some stamps and on the way home had stopped at the drugstore for reading matter.

She was standing at the big rack



K. Middlecamp

COLLIER'S

"Hey, lady! Mind putting your top down!"

HERB MIDDLECAMP



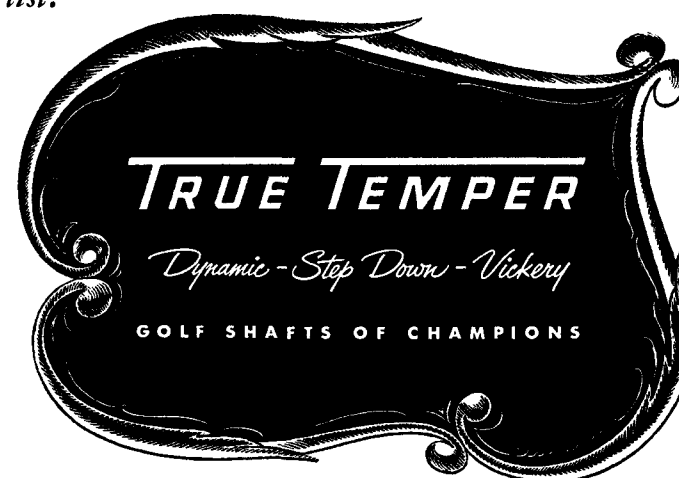
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Again in 1946, Every Major Golf Tournament was won by a player whose clubs were fitted with True Temper Step Down Golf Shafts. Here's a partial list:

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WOMEN'S WESTERN OPEN
WOMEN'S WESTERN AMATEUR
MASTERS' TOURNAMENT
ALL AMERICAN OPEN
ALL AMERICAN AMATEUR
ALL AMERICAN WOMEN'S
CHICAGO VICTORY OPEN

LOS ANGELES OPEN
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Rub only hard enough to
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Here's the really *easy* way to give your car a sparkling shine. Johnson's Carnu is the famous liquid car polish... it cleans and polishes in one application! Carnu quickly loosens road grime. When it's dry, wipe it off... and your car really *shines*. Your auto supply store, filling station, or regular Johnson's Wax dealer has Carnu. Get some, try it!



Hear
Fred Waring's
beautiful music!
Tuesday
nights—NBC

loading herself down with movie magazines, which she usually ignored, preparing herself with all the frivolous, lightweight entertainment she could find for an evening alone in her room, when a tall shape loomed beside her and a familiar voice addressed the clerk.

"Give me a copy of Daring Detective Stories, miss, and a copy of Shocking Robberies. And say, have you got Thrilling Mystery Adventure, my favorite magazine? No? Oh, shoot— Why, hello!" His glance lighted on Frederica with pleased surprise. "We seem to be running into each other. Could fate be having us marked down for an interesting little friendship?"

Frederica smiled with an effort, paid for her magazines, and turned away.

But he was right behind her going out the door. "Wait. Can't I carry your load for you? Quite a little reader we are, h'm? My, my."

Frederica clutched her magazines against her; a few angry, humiliated tears actually came into her eyes. "That was unspeakably rude of you," she murmured.

"Rude? But why?" he said. "I'm a big strong man, and you're just a little, little girl."

"I don't mean that, and you know it. You bought those magazines just to make fun of me for the kind I was buying. These," she said, and bobbed her chin downward, feeling the way a drunkard must feel when he sneaks out of a bar with his bottle under his coat.

Moreover, this man walking along the shady village street beside her knew precisely what she was getting at. He had the grace to stop playing at least. "All right," he said, "my joke fell flat. I thought it would tickle you—for a fact I did. I was really complimenting you. I know you're not the type that reads that stuff as a steady diet. You're feeling blue about something, and you're on a binge. Isn't that it?"

She didn't answer.

But Mr. Cole wasn't discouraged and kept walking right along beside her like a chatty old friend. "You know something?" he said. "The placement of a mere thing like a pug of hair makes a lot of difference. This morning when I saw the way you had it, I thought you were sort of homely. But now you look really good. Of course the clothes make a difference too. You're—"

"You're rather proud of this morning's episode," said Frederica, "aren't you? You seem to take a peculiar pleasure in bringing it up again and again."

"Proud? Pleasure?" he said, surprised. He looked at her intently, and demanded abruptly, "Say, what's the matter with you? Does this sort of mood go on day after day, or can one expect an improvement on better acquaintance? I don't get the picture at all. For a girl of thirty who's—"

She faced him point-blank. "Thirty! How do you know my age!"

"Well— I— Well, you look that age."

"Oh, I do, do I? Your frankness is your most engaging quality, Mr. Cole. Which isn't saying too much. How do you arrive at an approximation of the age? By systematically counting the wrinkles or by a ghoulish attention to the number of gray hairs?"

They arrived at the street corner. Her posture indicated she was ready for a parting of the ways.

Mr. Cole seemed not unready, too. Still he paused to study her a moment, while late-afternoon shoppers detoured past them and leisurely traffic moved by in the street. He said, "I was about to offer you a ride home, but as you've probably got your broomstick parked around the corner, such a sacrifice on my part is entirely needless."

"Nice," Frederica murmured, with a nod. "That one is even better than your last one."

"Still, I think the trouble could be discovered," said Mr. Cole absently, as if talking to himself, "and cured too, if I had the time. The difficulty is, I won't be seeing you again."

"I won't say that I'm not glad you're not staying," said Frederica. "Or have I made the unintentional mistake of not making it perfectly clear that I won't miss you?"

Mr. Cole started to answer, then gave his head a baffled shake and grinned involuntarily. "Darn you! I could rap your knuckles, I could."

THE next day Mr. Cole was gone from the Inn. Frederica didn't bother to inquire about him, but the subject was discussed at the dinner table and she could hardly avoid hearing. Mr. Cole had gone back to Pittsburgh to attend the wedding of his sister, as well as be authoritative on steel in his own home territory for a while. He would meet Henry Overby Winflow later on at a hideaway in Maine, and they would continue their work, fanned by a cooler breeze than an inland lake could offer in midsummer. While all this conversation was going on, Frederica divided her attention between uninterested pecks at her scalloped pike and long absent stares at the ivy-printed wallpaper. Connie wished that just once she would burst out in the old way, "Lord, but that's a corny pattern you picked there. It looks like the three-leafed poison stuff too." What a relief if she showed some of that old disagreeable spirit. But she just continued to stare.

"And what was it that Mr. Winflow was saying?" Connie prompted her husband at this point. "About someone to help him? She turned to Frederica, explaining, "Mr. Winflow is going to continue working on his book, of course, and

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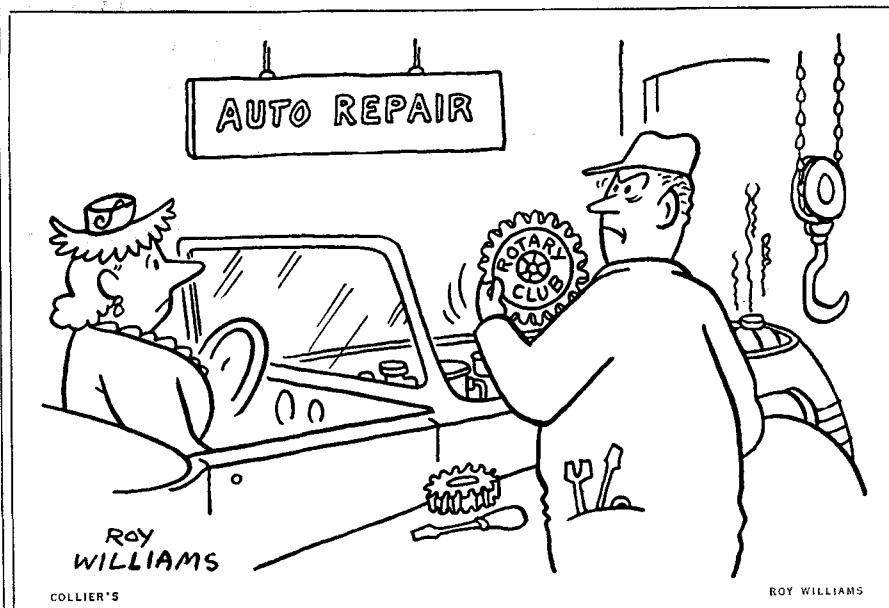
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ROY WILLIAMS

Collier's for June 21, 1947

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Collier's for June 21, 1947

he was asking Chuck today if he knew of anyone he could—"She glanced at Chuck to take over.

"He needs a secretary," said Chuck rather heartily. "I gathered it might be a permanent thing if he could get the right party. He does a lot of lecturing in the winter months, you know. His last one left him in New Orleans to get married, and he's been looking around for another one ever since."

Listening to her husband, Connie thought the words seemed patently rehearsed, which they were.

"I don't know where in this town," Frederica remarked, "Mr. Winfrow is going to find the type of person he needs."

That was an opening impossible to resist. "Don't you?" said Connie, laughing. "Haven't you by any chance thought of—yourself?"

"Oh, Connie...!" Frederica murmured, flushing with annoyance.

"Well, why not?"

"In the first place, do you think I'd want to descend to the position of being mere flunky to Mr. Winfrow?" She made a gloomy, dispirited gesture. "I'm thirty; I'm no dewy-eyed little girl with her business-college diploma tucked under her arm, all eager to begin at the bottom of the ladder. I'd—I'd rather die than do that. Forty a week for the privilege of banging a typewriter for an overinflated author who—who writes such 'scholarly, distinguished' stuff." Her voice had gone a bit sneery as she mimicked Henry Overby Winfrow, but it returned to its gloomy monotone as she added, "Besides, I haven't done shorthand for years. I—"

"But I thought," Connie interceded, "that once shorthand was mastered it was never forgotten."

"Like bicycle riding or steering a car? Funny girl!"

"Well, that's nothing to talk about anyway," said Chuck with his most confidence-building manner. "I understood Winfrow to say he does most of his dictating direct to the machine—when he dictates. Right now he has what he called a 'mess of rough draft' to be typed."

"What he wants," said Frederica bitterly, "is just a menial typist."

"Is that bad?" Chuck asked, grinning. "If you decided to try it, we could enter a solemn pact agreeing never to mention it outside the family. Our sympathy would be with you in your disgrace."

THAT was too much. Frederica pushed back her chair and got up. "I can see what the trouble is," she said, almost in tears. "None of you want me around here. You're afraid I'll get to be a burden. Well, I'm not going to be that kind of worry to you. I can go somewhere else. I have money."

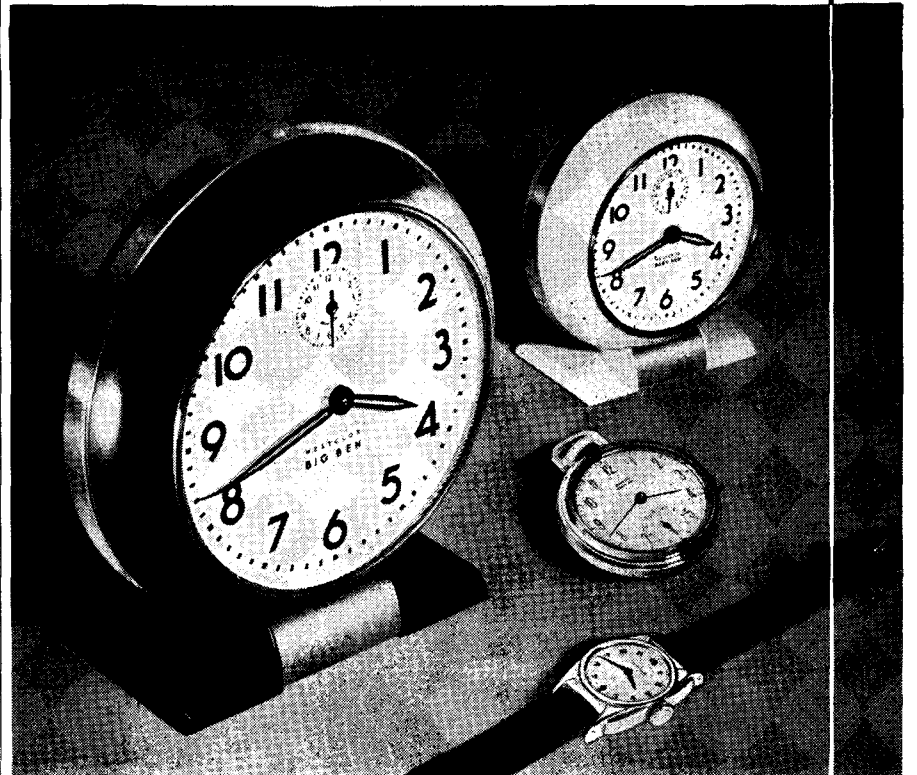
She left the room with a pivot and a rush, and got as far as the stairway. At the stairway she stopped and stood for a moment, massaging the newel post as if she had intentions of unscrewing it. Then she turned around and came back to the dining room.

"That was a damn' silly thing to say, wasn't it?" she murmured sheepishly. "Let's charge it up to touchiness induced by too much twiddling of thumbs when I could just as well be twiddling my fingers in some useful typing." She sat down at the table again and picked up her fork, her eyes lowered in humiliation. "And of course I'll help Mr. Winfrow out if you'd like me to. It can't be any worse than doing nothing at all." She drew a deep breath. "You can tell him I will, and ask him when he wants me to come."

The following afternoon she put on a yellow flannel suit, took pains with her hair, and reported to Henry Overby Winfrow at his rooms at the Inn, a large comfortable corner suite with plenty of soft-cushioned chintzy furniture and a



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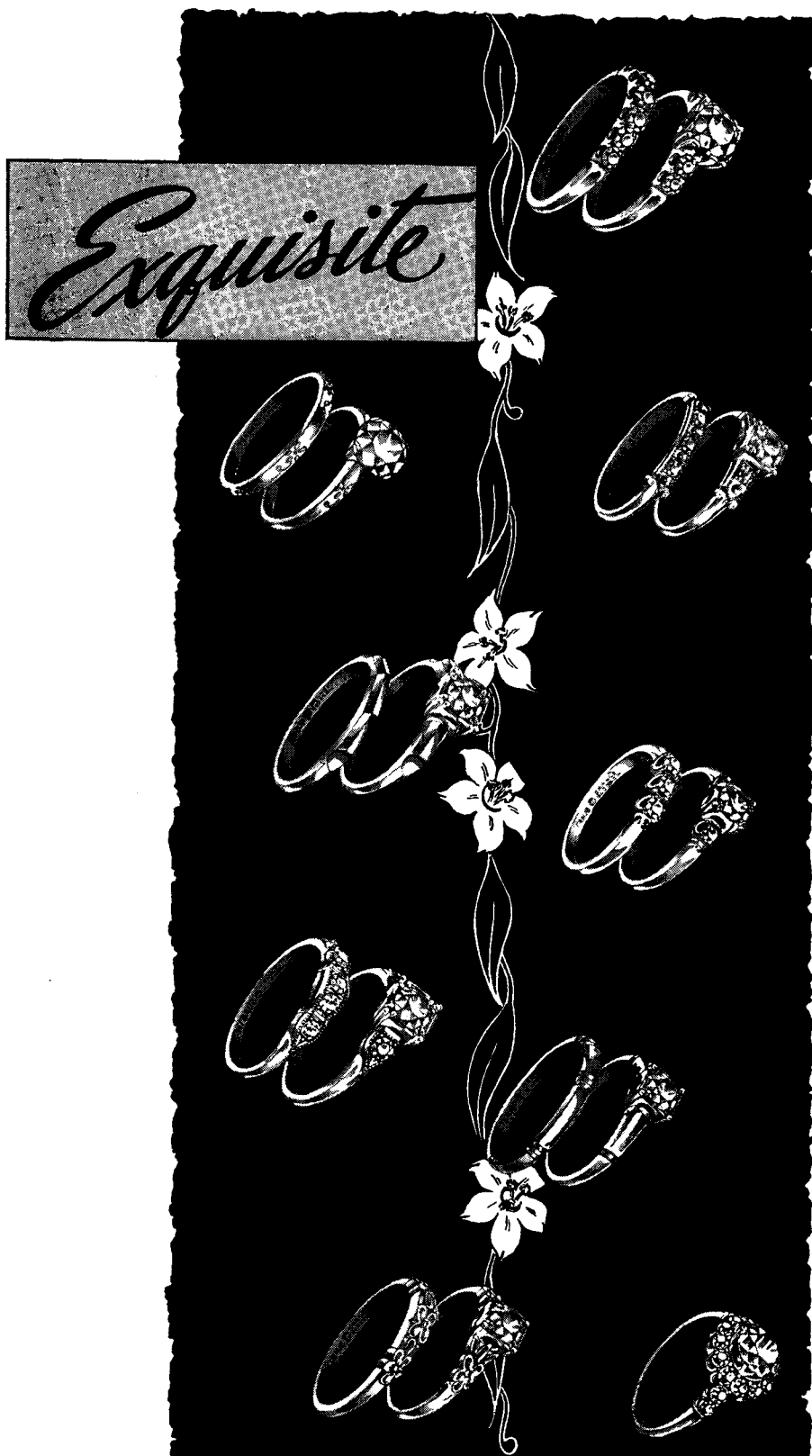
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which all others are judged. Beauty per-
sonified in designs reflecting the lovely
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Traub Manufacturing Company, 1942 McGraw Avenue, Detroit 8, Michigan

balcony onto which one could step out to be inspired by the vista of sand, lake, and distant woods.

Henry Overby Winfrow was expecting her and welcomed her with great cordiality, hastening to pull out a chair for her and see that she was comfortable. However, he did not treat her as a hundred-dollar-a-week person; he treated her as a woman whom he was going to be meticulously careful not to patronize even though she was just a lowly typist and he a famous writer. They discussed the stipend, and he asked her if she would consider eighty cents an hour a fair remuneration for whatever time he might require her services. He obviously believed he was being very equitable. Frederica took advantage of his pause in front of the window to close her eyes and hold them closed for a moment. Then she opened them up again and said, yes, she felt that would be quite fair.

So she went to work for Henry Overby Winfrow. At eighty cents an hour. Mr. Winfrow gave her pages of very rough typescript to recopy, which she did, using his big typewriter placed on a writing table by the window. Sometimes he dictated letters to her—to Mr. Cole in Pittsburgh, and to others. Sometimes she was called upon to abstract articles for him, boiling them down to a small pellet which he might toss into his mind like a vitamin pill. She had never been so bored with a job in all her life. She could not imagine striving to make herself attractive to Henry Overby Winfrow as a permanent secretary. Occasionally she was idle and would write opprobrious poems about him. She was almost, in short, bored enough to become a writer herself.

"Aunt Fred sure is different this summer than other summers," Charlie remarked to his mother once. "Like Pa says: If getting fired helps like that, let's have more unemployment. Gosh, Ma, I even ate potatoes with my knife one night just to see what would happen, but she didn't say a thing."

"That wasn't nice of you, son," said Connie. "But I see what you mean. It's too bad. Apparently this job with Mr. Winfrow isn't helping at all..."

NOT that she ever conveyed her disappointment to Frederica. One evening when they were sitting out on the front porch, she asked Frederica cheerfully, "Well, how is the job coming? Getting sort of—into it yet?"

Frederica dangled a white pump on the end of her toe without a spark of responsive interest. "That shouldn't be called a job. It's a sentence. Winfrow is an egg. I'm surprised his secretary waited till New Orleans. He's—"

At this point she stopped and shifted her position so as to get at the pocket of her suit. She said, "Well, if you want an idea of how I feel about Winfrow, here it is. I reclaimed it from the wastebasket where I'd thrown it." She unfolded the crumpled sheet of paper in her hand, and took in her breath to start reading.

"So that's the way you feel about him," said Connie when the silence prolonged itself.

Frederica glanced around at her with a peculiar look. "Wrong paper," she said with somewhat hollow flippancy of tone. "Crossed wires. Classification: boner. It seems I—"

She added a frown to the pallor of her face and creased the paper thoughtfully. She was thinking of a three-page enclosure, the last page of which must have been thrown into the wastebasket. Now, did I also throw my poem away, or is my poem playing Page Three to the enclosure? I wonder. I suppose I ought to spend a sleepless night...

A week later she was working alone at her typewriter in Henry Overby Winfrow's suite, he having gone off fishing for the afternoon, when the door was

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Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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CARDMASTER COMPANY
4546 Ravenswood, Dept. 36-C, Chicago 40, Ill.

Collier's for June 21, 1947

pushed open and Mr. Cole, plus a Gladstone bag, came in.

"So. You," said Mr. Cole.

Frederica got up from her typewriter. Having an almost infallible presence of mind in any situation, even such a one as this, she quickly recalled what attitude she had been entertaining toward Mr. Cole at the time of his departure and adeptly continued with same. "I thought you were gone for good."

"Period. I was," said Mr. Cole. "But when I received a letter, together with certain incomplete enclosures, from my friend Winfrow, curiosity got the better of me and I asked myself: Can there be another such poisonous character in that immediate vicinity as the particular one I have in mind?"

He got out a paper from the inside breast pocket of his highly becoming grayish green gabardine suit, the paper having rested completely by coincidence against his heart. He looked at Frederica with all his natural irony of expression. "Shall I read it aloud?" he inquired.

"If you like," said Frederica.

"All right. I will then.

*"Distinguished scholarly stuff he writes,
Says he with modest pride,
But spurns he not to draw more readers
With lurid titles, goose-pimple breeders,
Hints of murder, suicide.*

*"Tiresome, boring, pompous man,
Say I, 'I wish he'd hide.'
I'm weary of taking his silly dictation,
Of giving an ear to his dull conversation.
Solution: Murder? Suicide?"*

"The meter's bad, of course, not to mention the thought," said Mr. Cole, "but—here! 'Where're you going?"

"Home," said Frederica as she picked up her jacket and put it on.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon, with work piled high on your desk?"

"I'm like an automatic furnace. Self-firing," she said dryly. "Excuse me, the door's not big enough for two people. May I get by, Mr. Cole?"

"No," said Mr. Cole, who had nonchalantly blocked her exit. "No, you don't get by. Not with anything. Not this time. You can push me just so far. Chester Cole, or Ches, as the fellows call me, is not a guy to be pushed too far."

WITH which he moved toward Frederica deliberately and gathered her to him. There was a struggle of some duration. Frederica was thin and slight but she rather ran to muscle. She offered quite a fight, though no disinterested observer could have questioned the ultimate outcome.

At last he got her jockeyed into position and kissed her even as she struggled. Hindered from breathing freely, she made a few last efforts of resistance and then grew still.

Mr. Cole, still with a good grip on her, withdrew his mouth about an inch from hers. "There," he said. "That should make you feel better."

"What do you mean, better?" said Frederica. "Do you mean I want a boy friend just to make do for a career that's gone flop?"

"Oh! So that's what's been wrong with you," said Mr. Cole. "A career gone flop. I begin to see the light."

"All right. You begin to see the light. Now let me go, you—you heel."

But Mr. Cole's mouth stayed an inch from hers, and all she could see was his amused expression, very much in detail because it was so close to her face. "The trouble with you," he said, "is that you've never had anything important in your life to take your attention. I'll bet you

go around putting that ornery nose of yours into all kinds of things that don't concern you—just because you haven't got anything big in your own life."

Frederica said irately, "Do you call being kissed against—against the will something big?"

"Could be the beginning of something big," said Mr. Cole. "Couldn't it?"

"You think you're—you're smart. Like Mr. Winfrow," said Frederica.

Mr. Cole's mouth, so close to hers, smiled. "Why, what a sweet thing to say! Comparatively sweet, that is. Really, she's getting quite gentle . . ." He improved his arm hold a bit, then said, "And now shall we try it again? We'll do better this time, I'm sure."

CONNIE was out in the back yard picking wild phlox when Frederica came home. Frederica sat down on one of the stumps. Connie didn't ask her anything so negative as whether she'd worked hard or was awfully tired, but made cheerful comments about what a beautiful afternoon it had been and the meat pie Abby was making for dinner, and weren't the flowers pretty, just look at the big bouquet.

"No. I hate wild phlox," said Frederica. "Every summer, Connie, you raise wild phlox as if you never read a seed catalogue in your life. Why don't you try something different just once, like—oh, great banks of roses and lilies that really look like June, that really symbolize the month of romance and weddings and—" She stopped and frowned and began anew, firmly, "And, Connie, these stumps—you've painted them white! Again. After I begged you last summer to leave them natural—"

Connie stared at her with wonder in her face. "Freddy! You got a raise today! Don't tell me otherwise."

Frederica looked at her levelly, with little circles of color like fever spots in her cheeks. She said, "I am about as far from receiving a raise right now as I shall ever be, in Mr. Winfrow's employ. If," she added, "I'm still in it. Question mark."

Connie shook her head in bewilderment, not knowing whether to believe Frederica or the more convincing evidence of her own eyes. She started to speak, but just then Kathleen called out the door, "Mother, can I have that pie on the table? It's not enough to go around."

"No!" Frederica shouted out. "Kathleen, you're going to ruin your figure. Think of how you'll look when you grow up, when you—when you march up the aisle in your wedding dress, when you want to be all lovely and beautiful and—"

Kathleen withdrew hastily into the house. Frederica turned to Connie. "But white does make you look so huge if you're fat," she said insistently. "And when a girl gets married, she wants—" Once more she broke off and started freshly. "And white stumps! It's so ridiculous! How could you, Connie, when I went to such pains—"

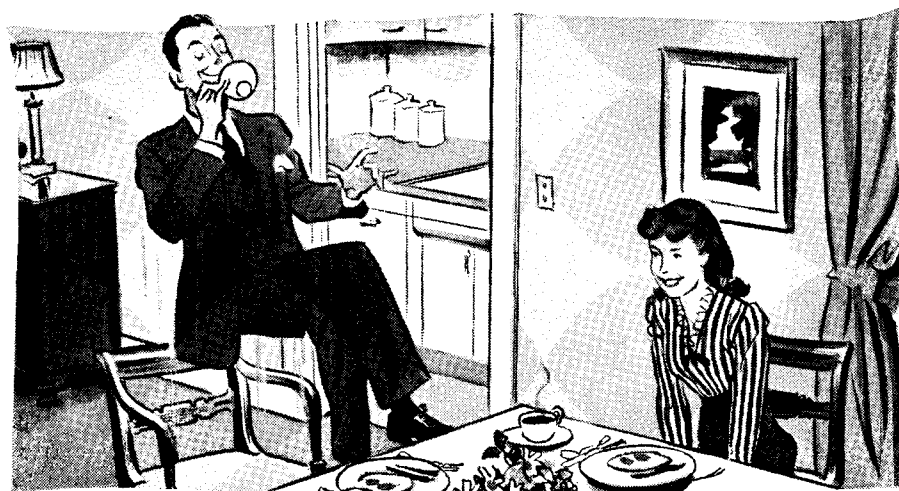
"Fred," said Connie, laying her bouquet of flowers carefully aside. "What did happen today? Something must have. You're like your old self again, and yet at the same time sort of different. Sort of like roses and lilies, sort of . . . Junelike."

"Connie, I'm going to get some turpentine and fix those stumps," said Frederica with a determined inattentiveness. "It's disgraceful. Anyone with taste seeing them would— And those silly little round flower beds all over the place. Connie, we've got to do some improving around here, make some changes. And I mean changes—"

But she caught herself and stopped, and glanced about with a great air of nonchalance. She had almost said, "changes—period."

THE END

N-e-v-e-r did a coffee give you all this!



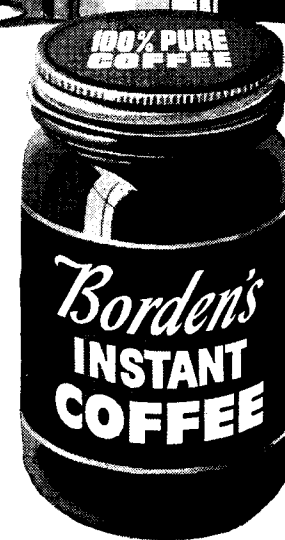
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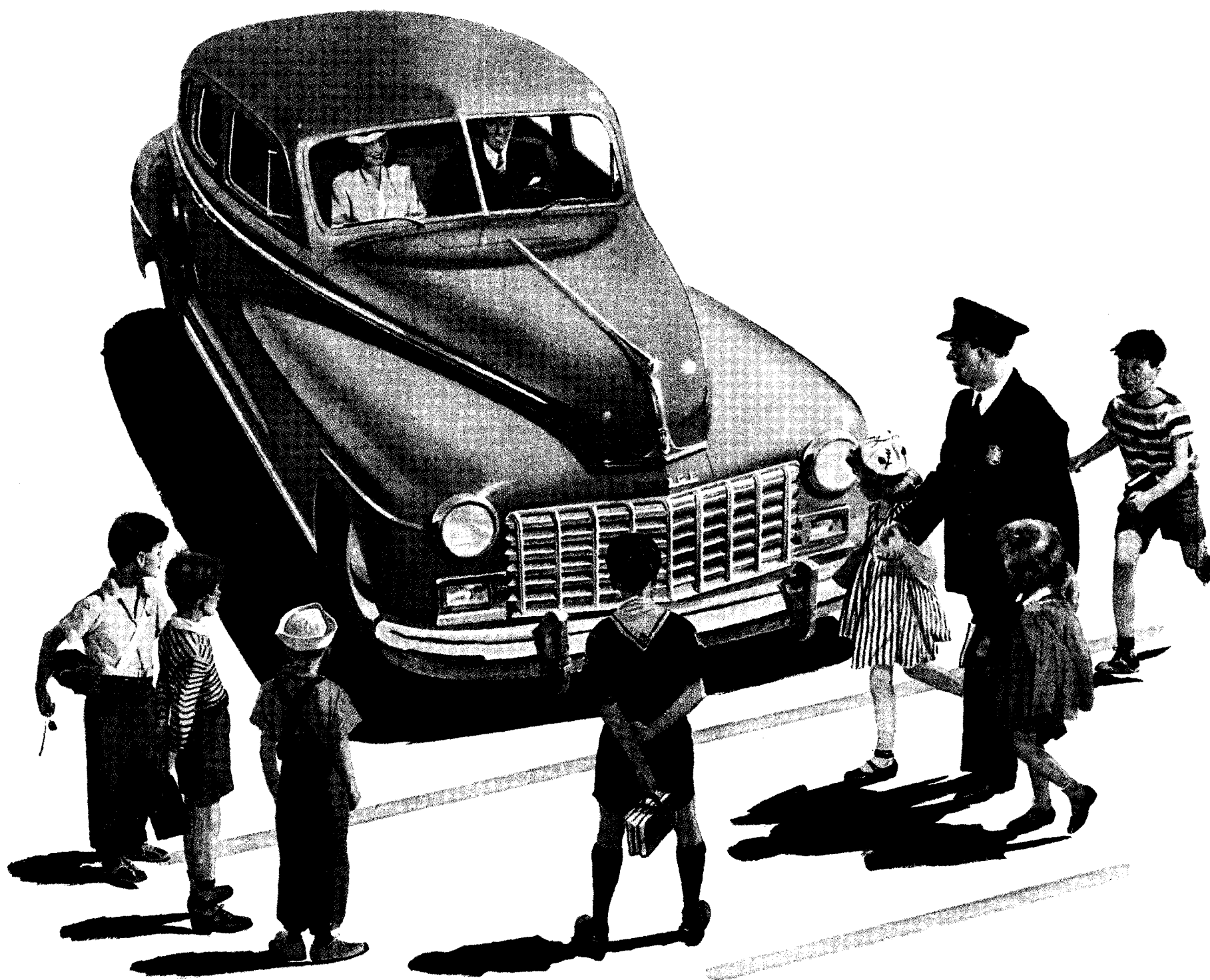
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*Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes better than any coffee you ever used, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.



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And there's no slack in the huge demand for it either.

Remember,—behind the good looks is a smoothness of performance never known before.

No other car like it at any price,—and remember Dodge gives you All-Fluid-Drive.

NEW *Dodge*

SMOOTHEST "AFLOAT"

A FORMER Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, barber named Perry Como has found himself in the highly profitable position of being able to open his yap and then sell a million recordings of the ensuing sounds. Other singers have performed this feat before but none has been able to do that well or better with virtually every record he makes.

For example, the average Crosby or Sinatra hit record sells about 500,000 copies, though individual disks have sometimes made the million mark. But Como's first pressings are 250,000—he's the only singer to get such big first editions—and the final runs are staggering. Here are some rough statistics:

If I Loved You.....	1,000,000
Till the End of Time.....	1,400,000
That Feeling in the Moonlight.....	1,000,000
Prisoner of Love.....	1,250,000
You Won't Be Satisfied.....	1,000,000
If You Were the Only Girl.....	1,000,000
Hubba Hubba.....	1,280,000
They Say It's Wonderful.....	1,000,000

Last fall, during what was known as "Perry Como Week," four million of his recordings were made, the largest pressing of a single artist ever made for a similar period. Como is King of the Jukes as far as the music-box boys are concerned; as a group they are the main purchasers of Como records.

In addition to his records, Como has made three movies—Doll Face, Something For the Boys, If I'm Lucky—all of them money-makers. Thrice a week he does an NBC show. Quietly, in a nice baritone way, he has become the leading competition for Crosby and Sinatra. His bobby-sox following is probably the equal of Sinatra's in number if not in vociferousness. Sinatra once had to bar fans from his studio in order to be heard on his own program, but Como handles the squealers this way: "Now let's not have any squealing or whistling. Y'know, the people listening in might confuse it with another guy's program."

Actually there is little difference between Como's fans and Sinatra's. One night, when Como's voice was being piped in from Hollywood, a guest performer yawned, polished his nails and exhibited other signs of extreme boredom. The soxers maintained a stiff upper lip until the show ended. Then they tore most of his clothes off, blackened his eye, kicked his shins, and generally mussed up his face.

Como once went up against the Sinatra fans himself. Sinatra was suddenly taken ill and asked Perry to substitute for him at New York's Paramount Theater. Como was so sure he'd get chased out he went on stage shielding his head with his arms. But after a tumultuous moment of explanation, Como had the Sinatra soxers pitching for him.

Fans being fans, comparisons are probably dangerous. But they are also inevitable, for Crosby's crown as the nation's Number One songbird is being seriously shaken by both Como and Sinatra. The reason for this is simply that Bing's vocal cords are showing quite natural signs of twenty years' wear and tear. His Hooper rating has fluctuated and so have his record sales, though no official figures are available.

When you first hear Como, he immediately reminds you of Crosby. But what Como has that both Sinatra and Crosby lack, according to musicians, is "heart."

Como is a very relaxed, easygoing young man, built like a Notre Dame back and handsome, to boot. He has a pleasant personality, but he doesn't work at it. Though he was selected one of the country's best-dressed men, his clothing is about as theatrical as a bank president's.

His reaction to both his accomplishments and the uproar around him is almost complete indifference. If he thinks he is a great man or even passably interesting, he keeps it to himself. At his broadcasts, he works hard from 4 p.m. until midnight, then bustles home and is not seen again until his next show. When he isn't home or working, he is playing golf (in the low 80s).

His lack of ego has shocked nearly everyone on Broadway. "He's a strange fellow," said Monte Proser, at the Copacabana night club. "He was a great hit here, but he used to do his number, then go straight to his dressing room and stay there until it was time to go on again. I never really got to know him." He paused. "Do you know where he spends all his time?" he asked triumphantly. We shook our heads. "At home!" he (Continued on page 69)



You can shout for Sinatra or cheer for Crosby, but the record for records belongs to Perry Como, who keeps the music-box boys in nickels

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS



"The drinks here are well bred, too!"

For that cooling highball, thoughtful hosts choose
the agreeably light whiskey of good taste, Calvert.
And for a frosty collins—well—Calvert makes the best gin, too!
Whichever *you* prefer for your summertime drinks—good mannered whiskey
or soft-flavored gin—just remember

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Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. Calvert "Reserve": Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert Distilled London Dry Gin, 90 Proof, Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.

FAT HEADS OF EUROPE

Continued from page 16

But even chairs were only tokens of authority, rather than instruments of comfort, until the seventeenth century, when padding was introduced into the leather and velvet covers in vogue since the Italian Renaissance.

"It was then stomping began. At first it was merely a natural reaction; a luxuriating in this scrumptious new accessory. When the cushion-sitters perceived, however, the increased respect their novel pleasure generated among the occupants of the hard seats, they realized they had come upon another means of impressing class distinction. Henceforth, they did it with conscious and showy deliberation.

"You are familiar with the technique? From an upright start, a grim plunge downward until firm contact with the chair is established; a split moment of gratified repose mingled with calculation; then a slight lifting by muscle power alone, the skeleton being held in delicious suspense and touch with the cushion being generally maintained, while several deft and precise circles are effected before the final stomping into place—when the seraphic expression of the sitter's face is swiftly replaced by one of hauteur.

"In the young and shapely, this performance can be most enjoyable to watch. In the less favored—well, don't you ever feel like punching somebody in the nose?"

Not this pretty little English Lady's nose! She belonged to the doctor's first-mentioned category.

News item: Bern: "... foreigners, mostly British, took \$20,000,000 worth of clothing and shoes alone out of Switzerland in a 3-month period. ... 60,000 rich Belgians shared this raid on a small nation whose own citizens, short of many things, still having a ration of only 2,600 calories, must sacrifice to privileged visitors because of Tourism's importance in the national economy. ..."

In the diner of the electric train climbing to St. Moritz, Her Ladyship managed a full and exquisite Stomper ritual in the chair opposite mine.

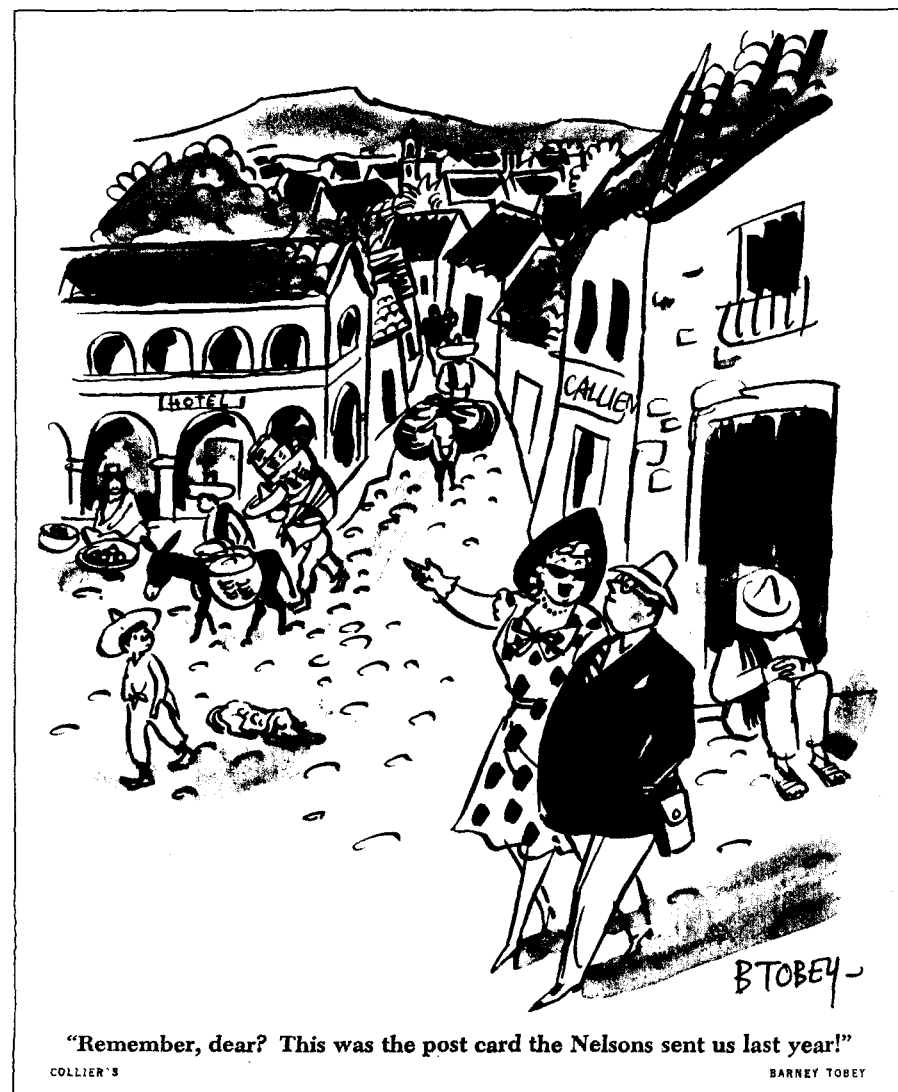
"Appalling swill, no doubt!" she murmured, brushing the menu away. The waiter asked her for meal coupons. Her sleepy lizard eyes opened wide at me: "What on earth is the fellow chattering about?" Patiently the waiter explained; she must have been given meal tickets when she entered Switzerland, or at the hotel—everybody was; and he must turn in two for each meal he served. "Rot!" she told him. "I never bother about things like that." Other people were beginning to look and listen; hastily I surrendered two of my coupons for her—and international harmony. "How complex these wretched foreign countries are!" Her Ladyship remarked, by way of thanks.

Milady's Jeweled Bracelets

Her arm, comely but frail, was massed with diamond, emerald, and gold link bracelets almost to the elbow. It did not seem possible she could lift this weight, and the consommé spoon, too—a problem neatly solved, however, when her lips met the spoon an inch above the bowl.

"Revolt!" That was for the consommé. Her opinions of succeeding dishes were even less favorable—and the portions were "scandalously" meager, besides. "I can't understand why they have to starve and poison us—why, they didn't even have the war here, did they?—it isn't that my friends haven't warned me against ever traveling anywhere nowadays save by one's own motorcar—but my Daimler broke down in Chur and I simply have to get back to the hotel for cocktails—the chauffeur is a perfect idiot but one has to be patient with these demobbed servicemen—"

I asked if she had spent the war in

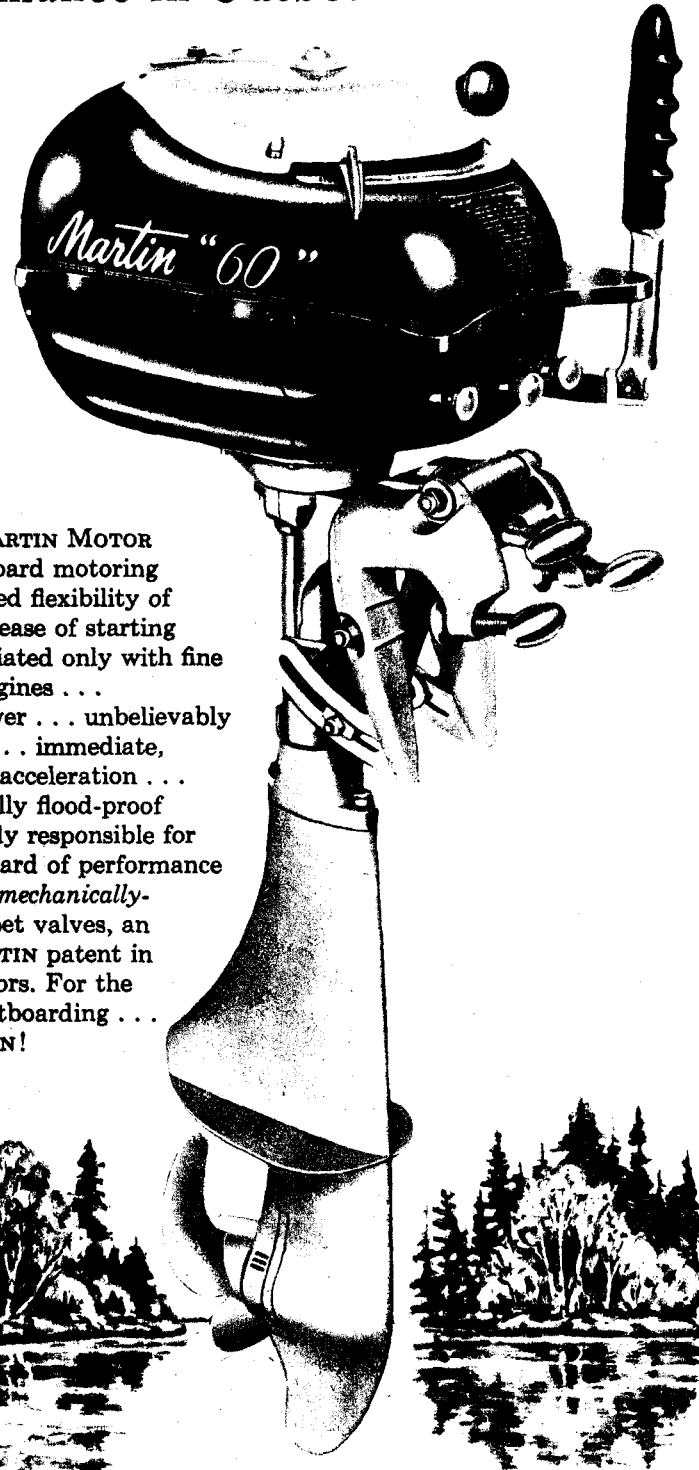


"Remember, dear? This was the post card the Nelsons sent us last year!"

COLLIER'S

BARNEY TOBEY

The New Standard of Performance in Outboard Motors



Today the MARTIN MOTOR brings to outboard motoring the long-awaited flexibility of operation and ease of starting formerly associated only with fine automotive engines . . . Maximum power . . . unbelievably slow cruising . . . immediate, uninterrupted acceleration . . . instant, virtually flood-proof starting. Chiefly responsible for this new standard of performance are MARTIN's mechanically-controlled poppet valves, an exclusive MARTIN patent in two-cycle motors. For the ultimate in outboarding . . . MAN A MARTIN!

Martin gives you many patented, exclusive features, PLUS all the time-proved features you'd expect in a fine outboard motor.



- Power-head swivel, 360° (patented)—Lower unit can swing into boat, permitting easy inspection.
- New Martin Vertical Stern Adjustment (Patent pending)—Enables operator to attain correct vertical adjustment while underway.
- New Streamlined, Leak-proof Filler Cap—Combines vent and spare shear pin clip. Replaces old style screw-on type.
- Full reverse steering
- Steering stabilizer
- Propeller clutch
- Depend-a-pull starter
- Synchronized and centralized controls
- Easy grip stern bracket handles
- Resiliently mounted handles and power head
- Quiet underwater exhaust
- Positive rotor water pump
- Long-life, sintered bronze, rust-proof bearings
- Positive oil and grease seals
- Alternate firing

Martin

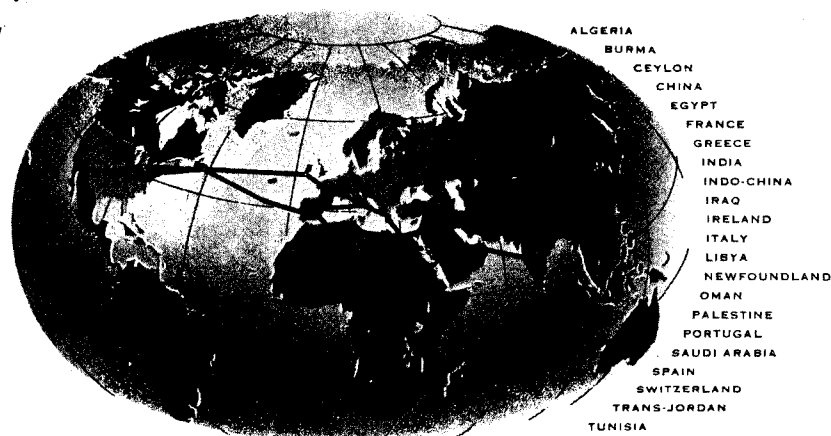
the New Standard of Performance in OUTBOARD MOTORS

MARTIN MOTORS, Eau Claire, Wisconsin, Division of National Pressure Cooker Company



Gay Way to Paris

The Champs Élysées is getting gay again — and spring days at Versailles and exotic nights at Montmartre are something to look forward to once more. Best of all, springtime in Paris is less than a day from the grindstones of America via the globe-girdling routes of TWA — a gala day, made memorable with fine foods, friendly attention, and the sort of airmanship that seasoned skyfarers praise and first-flighters marvel at. That's the ticket that leaves no doubt that flying is the way to travel and TWA the way to fly. See your travel agent or nearest TWA office for yours.



TWA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINE

Air Mail 15¢ per ½ Ounce Anywhere in Europe

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England. The result was fascinating—a prolonged stomp in the chair without flicker of movement elsewhere. The answer was no. It seems it had not been there; anyway, "one naturally had to go where all one's friends went or be imply lost—the Bahamas or America." In her case: "Palm Beach, of course, where the only civilized Americans are."

While she ate her second custard, I recalled another train ride, not long before, through a suburb of Paris. Between stations we had jarred to a sudden halt. The passengers got out and followed the crewmen, who proceeded from car to car, peering underneath. "Là!" one called recently. "Là!" The brakeman fetched a long pole with a hook on its end. He tried out, from where it was jammed above the wheels, a bundle of black rags. She was an old one, that! he said. A habby handbag was still looped to one wrist. It was empty of identity cards; empty of anything but a scrap of paper on which was penciled, *J'ai faim*. I am hungry.

News item: Frankfurt: "... the million displaced persons and war refugees still in camps in western Europe are considered a 'very real danger to the security of Europe' ... officials believe three-fourths of these people can never be repatriated ..."

There is a much nicer, cleaner and more-good-humored class of displaced persons and refugees—who don't crowd themselves into dirty concentration barracks, or exasperate governments and politicians into pushing them around, or get everybody upset about their repatriation. They are, in fact, the modern world's original DPs and refugees—the stompers.

Stomper origins are as varied as stomper high jinks. European sociologists trace the Set's hard core back to the families that looted church lands in Henry VIII's England during the Reformation; and to the French Revolution, when droves of nobility got the gate but contrived to hang onto their wallets. The snowball picked up girth as it rolled down the nineteenth century through the Industrial Revolution, the brooming of monarchies, the shady bypaths of Empire, and the switch in horse trading of titles from reasons of state to motives of moolah. Today it is a structure so complicated that the wisest little Riviera "beach girl" has a hard time distinguishing a genuine princely lap from a munitions daddy's.

Those Who Waxed Rich on War

Statistics on Stompers are tougher to get than on the other DPs, who can be kenneled for tallying. But they are a wide and numerous clan. Membership was swelled by profiteers after the first World War; and black marketeers and collaborationists who "got away with it" after the second. Legitimate (perhaps envious) financiers figure that these past eight years have blessed Europe with at least 100,000 brand-new millionaires; of whom most are now busy learning to dine with neckties on and to enter villas by front doors instead of back windows.

For International Society isn't snobbish—any more. Stompers tolerantly admit all creeds, races, colors—and sexes. They have only Two Rules for Behavior: (a) If your rockheap is big, it is bad form to ask where you got it; (b) Don't give testimonial photos for cosmetic advertisements or similar purposes, however worthy—because too many cops, creditors, and solicitors for charity organizations know how to read.

And there is only one Rule for Ineligibility. It has tripped many Houston oilmen and Hollywood magnates. They burp into Cannes or Deauville and waste and cavort in the proper spirit of Stomperish. But, when fun is done, they go back home to work—and that gives them less chance of crashing into the Lark

Bund than Father Clancy has of election to the Supreme Presidium of the Soviets.

The United States, in fact, is shamefully lacking in representation. English lead the Stompers in numbers; luxuriously followed by Dutch, Swedes, Belgians, French, Swiss, Italians, Spanish, Turks, South Africans, Greeks, Irish, Venezuelans. There are some, of course, who have not been in their homelands lately; those, say, from Germany, Austria, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Poland, Albania. According to Swiss hotelkeepers, hundreds of rich industrialists from those nations rode out the war in Switzerland's finest and most expensive yodel huts. They have ranged farther westward now; never eastward.

For reasons of international money controls, Americans are limited to exchange of no more than \$125 each week into Swiss francs. Other nationalities are proportionately restricted.

You can go along comfortably, even step out modestly, on \$125 by staying *en pension* (room and board) at good hotels. But the splash-resort igloos will dissolve 700 stove lids a week, unless you are a recluse, a teetotaler and a nontipper.

Yet the big and costly places are the most crowded. How do they do it?

Everybody Wants to Travel

One million British trippers will tromp—as opposed to stomp—the Continent this year; while several million Continentals will circulate among one another's countries. In the reaction to years of austerity and isolation, everyone who can fight to the head of a ticket queue will travel. Ministries are convinced that most tourists live within money restrictions. British holidayers, for example, can take but \$300 a year out of England. On that, 90 per cent of them manage. Scotland Yard has merely followed the immemorial precedent of cops who, unable to touch the big shots, make examples of the nearest vulnerable little pops. In this instance, the wise-guy ten per cent who do chisel—\$40,000,000 annually, London claims. But that sum isn't a patch on the Stompers' weekly brawl chit.

The truth is that International Society is above national money controls because it is a love child of International Finance. There are a hundred subtle reasons why neither Scotland Yard nor any other Dogs of the Purse can break up the Stompers' party. Here is a very generalized idea:

The idle majority of International Society is composed of "remittance" men and women, living on proceeds of fortunes laid by forebears. The original sources (estates, industries, thrones) may dry up; and even the countries (Germany, Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania) may change or disappear. But foresight, many decades ago, impelled folks in the big money to transfer surplus funds, and to scatter holdings and investments abroad in "sound" countries—notably, in Sweden, England, Switzerland, the United States, Canada.

The Flush Set can leave one land and come into another without a tuppence; and live there as merrily as they please by drawing upon local accounts. Similarly, even those having still active connections with international corporations may do likewise, through resident branches. Credit is unlimited to authentic Stompers, in both cash and means: You lend me \$100,000 in Lucerne, I'll give you \$100,000 in London; you entertain me in your Riviera villa for the season, I'll shack you up in Palm Beach.

"It's easy," said the Swiss barber, slaloming around my bald spot, "to be charitable on credit. Well, I have already picked out a suite for my wife and myself in our town's best hotel—for what the Germans used to call der Tag. I don't know what the Russians call it!"

News item: Amsterdam: "... Europe's recovery is being gravely retarded by the

DO YOUR GUMS EVER BLEED? then watch out—you may have GINGIVITIS

A Wicked Enemy of Firm Gums and Handsome Teeth!



4 OUT OF 5 May Be Victims—
Even Young Folks ...

Handsome, healthy teeth need firm gums. So if *your* gums are tender or bleed even a *tiny bit* when you brush your teeth—watch out!

These are often some of the first signs of Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation BUT if prompt attention isn't paid—it often leads to Pyorrhea with its soft, receding gums and loosening teeth, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months.

Then at home *be sure* to do this. Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste.

Helps Gums Be Firmer— Teeth Naturally Bright

Forhan's Toothpaste—that remarkable formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—is the *first* and *original* toothpaste for BOTH massaging gums to be firmer—better able to ward off infection—and for polishing teeth to their natural brilliant lustre. Forhan's is made *especially* for this.

Even after the first trial with Forhan's and massage—notice how stimulated your gums feel—how your teeth fairly *gleam* with radiant cleanliness. Used and recommended for years by many Dentists—yet Forhan's costs no more than ordinary toothpastes.

Buy a tube of Forhan's today. Let *your whole family* enjoy its benefits. Any drug, department or 10¢ store.

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!
use Forhan's
with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH



★ Blatz 19th century earthenware beer bottle, discovered while excavating for the great new Blatz Bottling Plant.



*I am determined to be the first Brewer
in Milwaukee to Bottle Beer.*

Ideals of the Founder VALENTIN BLATZ, 1826-1894
Master Brewer, son and grandson of Master Brewers

Blatz

MILWAUKEE'S FIRST BOTTLED BEER



© 1947, BLATZ BREWING COMPANY. Established 1851 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin

state of rail, highway and waterway transportation, which is not yet 40 per cent of prewar, as a whole . . ."

The Stompers' only fear is of boredom; and they will stoutly endure any luxury to avoid it. "Keep moving!" is a pet remedy. So they have established migratory routes, as recognizable and regular as those of birds, over which they flap in restless, hiccuping flocks.

All migratory routes stem from the Riviera. Ancient shekelpots of Greece and Rome used to come here to escape the heat—and dull budget reports. Later European kings, to escape the cold—and dull budget reports. Fifty years ago pagan rich of the East and new rich of South Africa and the Americas discovered the Riviera as a focal point where they could learn stomping and self-munificence from veterans.

The Nectared Nomads had already spun a network of silken living over the Continent. Its outlines respectfully followed the rakish pathfinding of Grandpappy King Edward VII when Prince of Wales, King Leopold II of Belgium, Prince Henry, Duke of Mecklenburg, and other expert sugar flies. Its elegant threads dipped into the Black Forest, Switzerland, the Italian lakes, Venice, Florence, Taormina, Biarritz, Trouville, Ostend, Bath, Scotland for grouse; London and Brussels for glitter; Paris for amours.

The gifted wastrels from East and West attached bright new strands, woven of rupees and dollars, to the Wild Oats Web—the Bahamas, Palm Beach, Newport, Cairo, Portugal—and, for the more venturesome, exciting thrusts into the outer darkness at Santa Barbara, California.

News item: Athens: "... King Paul is a great sportsman, prominent in society, athletic, keen yachtsman, fond of fast motoring, winter sports . . . he wears a monocle in his right eye and has all the qualities to make himself popular among European aristocrats . . ."

Only one thing will divert these jolly couriers from the leisurely completion of their socially appointed rounds. Royalty. When Crown Princess Juliana of Holland went to Zermatt with her family, practically every other bon-ton resort in Switzerland was deserted at once. Cairo boomed after the old King and Queen of Italy ran to join the Balkan Exes

stabled there; so did Estoril, outside Lisbon, when Umberto, long a popular Riviera cut-up, chose it for a shelf.

Like birds, Stompers vary in plumage as well as in migratory habits. They are divided into eight main species, or "crowds": Yacht, Gigolo, Play (boys and girls), Gambler, Gourmet, Villa, Royalty, both working and at liberty, Nobility ditto. There is constant "passing over," however; and the chow for all is the same—lotus eating.

The Yachting set must have had access to underwater garages during the war; for their palatial scows reappeared in Riviera harbors as soon as the shooting was over, with no signs of wear and tear. Yacht Stompers gather splendid cups and gorgeous women. Their craft are decorated with goddess figureheads like romantic ships of old. But these are living and bronzed—usually blond Hungarians who take such a marvelous tan all over.

Slavic Versus Latin Charm

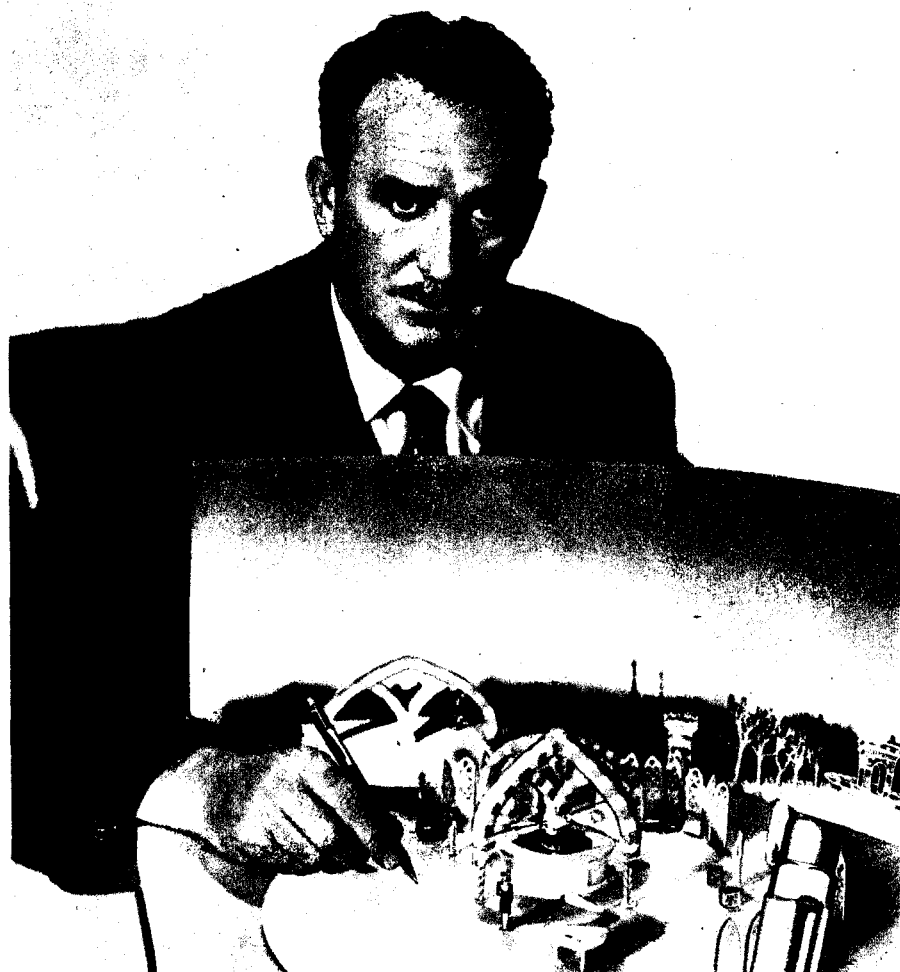
Gigolo stomping, or tuxedoed beachcombing, isn't what it used to be, since the Bolshevik Revolution. There are so many White Russians now, rolling their French r's with such Slavic charm that the poor Latins can't often elbow through to kiss an eligible paw.

Stomper Gamblers shuttle diligently from Monte Carlo, Estoril, the Channel joints, down to Rio's Copacabana. The Free (\$5,000,000 United States loan) State of Trieste is planning what it claims will be the world's flossiest casino before it bothers about docks, homes and kindred unnecessaries, while Czechoslovakia is re-opening its once stylish Marienbad, in bids for places on the schedule. No soap. Both are too close to You Know Who.

Royal and Noble Stompers are hearty good fellows and will show up democratically for any host who sets a bounteous table, has pretty girls among the guests, and says "Your Majesty" in a loud, sincere voice.

The Villa mob, trooping vivaciously back after Liberation, when nobody else could get passports, took no guff from local authorities about shortages of materials and the 30,000,000 houses knocked down in Europe. So all the painting and patching essential to civilized entertain-

NORMAN Z. McLEOD—director of Samuel Goldwyn's technicolor comedy "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," starring Danny Kaye and Virginia Mayo—says:



"Scripto pencils are one prop I use for every scene"

In sketching scenes before he films them and in handling script changes during shooting, Mr. McLeod uses Scripto mechanical pencils. With a Scripto long-lead pencil between his fingers, he knows he can concentrate on the job in hand. And you can, too—because the Scripto pencil is always sharp, always ready to work when you are. Get one today, and join the growing list of successful people in every field who depend on Scripto performance. Take several home with you and enjoy their convenience there. In their brilliant colors, they make exciting gifts for school children. And they can be imprinted for advertising or for your company identification.

Arrow indicates refill signal visible through jewel-like translucent barrel of model illustrated. Also in opaque plastic.

Scripto
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LONG-LEAD MECHANICAL PENCIL

20¢

You can renew the lead and eraser in a Scripto pencil in a few seconds with long, strong Scripto refill leads and snap-in erasers. Keep a pack of each within your reach.

10¢

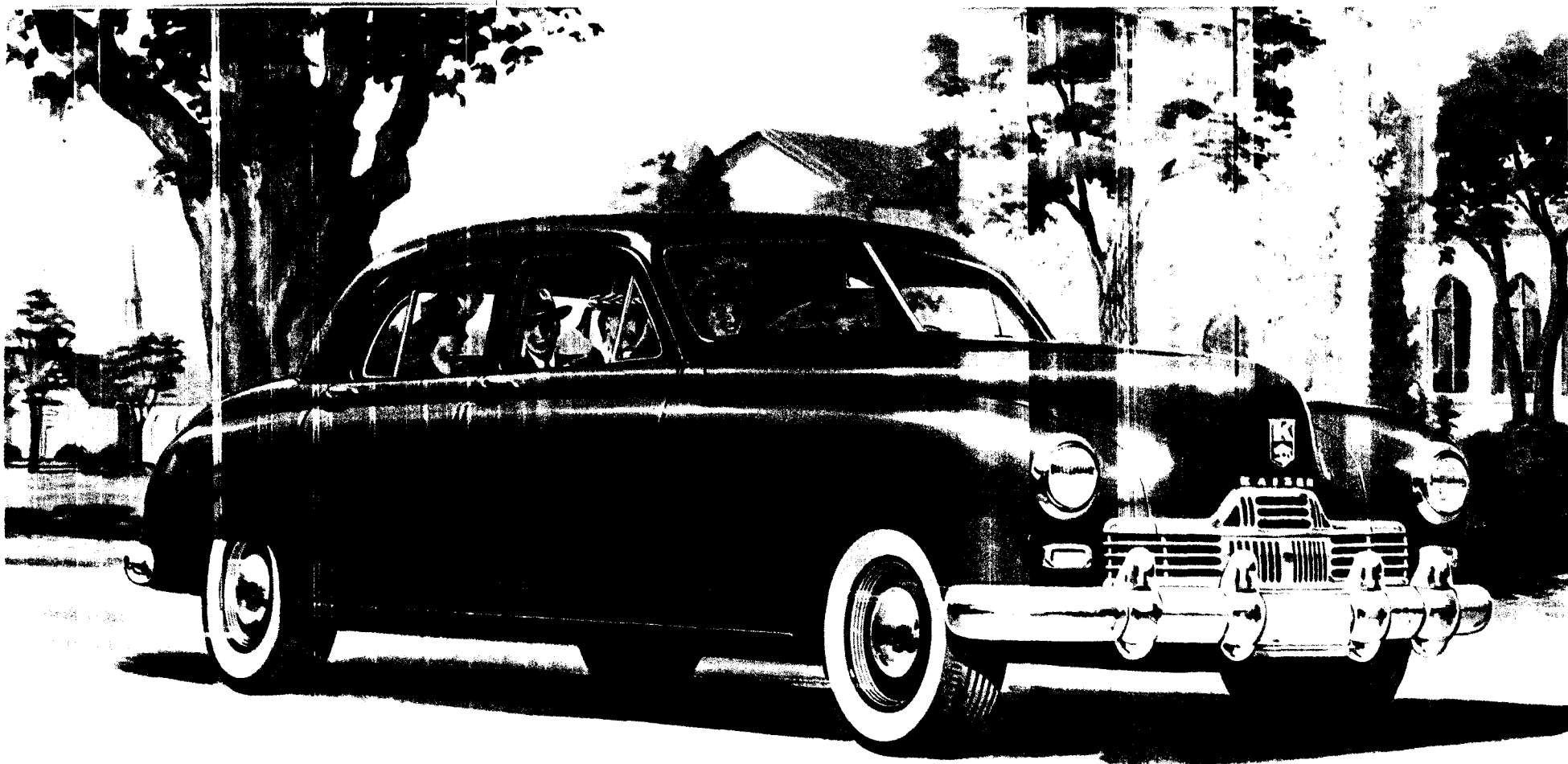
(Prices higher in Canada)



"Come, come, Miss Linabury, let's not be wasting the company's time!"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS



KAISER

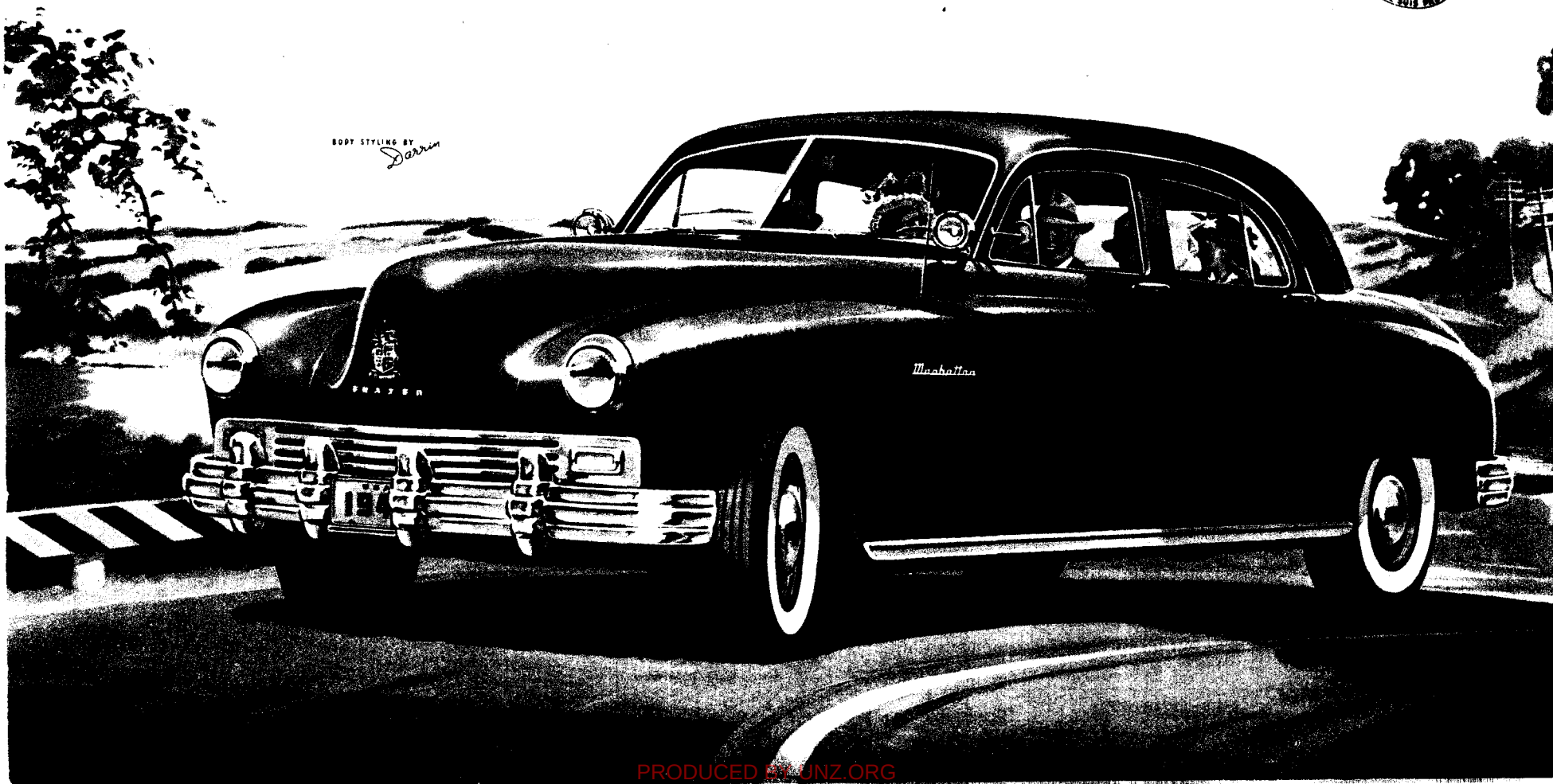


THERE NEVER WAS A RIDE LIKE THIS!

Long after KAISER and FRAZER owners begin to "take for granted" the new beauty and remarkable performance of these cars, they still marvel over the ride! Every trip they take impresses them again with riding qualities they never knew in other cars. Passengers and driver alike relax and rest—find every journey a pleasure. Try them all—*compare the ride!* You'll agree there never was a ride like this.

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION • WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN

FRAZER



ng was swiftly done; the gold-plate dinnerware refurbished, the footmen relivered.

News item: *Paris*: "... rations for the current week: horse meat, 200 grams..." *Bucharest*: "... Bread in cities of the Moldavian starvation area, 3 pound per month..." *Paris*: "... France's children growing up stunted in weight and height because of continuing inadequate diet..."

A wink, a pail, a waiter—and a dinner party on a moon-blanching terrace.

The pail was silver and fitted inside with a crystal bowl heaped with caviar. The interstice was packed with ice, garlanded at the top by single roses. An ebony tray held mounds of halved limes and toast squares; a slab of butter as large as a 10-cent loaf of bread; couplets holding crumbled boiled egg yolk, or chopped and parsleyed onion.

"How many ration tickets did you have to fork up for this?" I asked the host, who was regarding the caviar with a cat-whisker smile.

The waiter, an immaculate and stately old man whose years of service at the troughs of the opulent had set his face in a diplomatic blankness, overheard me. His glance caught mine. One lid of a cipher eye barely trembled, then grew still again.

It took nearly four hours of steady trenching, that dinner.

Medallions of rock lobster followed the caviar; then sherried consommé; an entree of mountain lake trout, moussed and formed into fat cylinders; *filets mignons* two inches thick, resting on half-inch beds of *foie gras*; *pommes gaufrette*; cold smoked partridge; aspic salad with tomatoes and asparagus; cheese, unspeakably delicious ice cream with fresh raspberries; dried fruits, crepes Suzette; brandy, coffee; wines throughout of appropriate color and vintage.

The damage, for six—\$489.

And that guy eats and entertains in this fashion at dinner every day; only slightly less so at lunch!

I had become acquainted with him in the Potentin Bar at Monte Carlo. He is a German—one of many who are everywhere today except in Germany. He is the heir of a coal and woollens fortune, of which the balance that had not already been transferred abroad was bribed or wangled out in the flight from Hitler's itchy-finger men. He spent the war years in Mexico and South America: "Wonderful food, and no silly talk about being drafted for army service."

He is a Gourmet Stomper. It is his life. He "collects" restaurants all over the world; staying near a favorite until his taste becomes jaded—then off on the saliva trail again.

What Price Freedom from Hunger?

Thousands in Europe regularly eat as well and joyously as he does, if not so worshipfully. There is no physical excuse over here to stint yourself of delectable food and lacquered enjoyment. If you have the price. Dinner, for one, in a supersuper will cost no more than \$60 unless you are a show-off. And you will have such a nice, rowdy, noisy time.

There are more than 1,200 de luxe category restaurants in Paris alone and twice that many officially rated first-class. Whichever you choose, go early. All are packed.

One excellent feature of all good restaurants of Europe is that you will no longer be annoyed with feeble pecking at the window by hollow-eyed apparitions outside looking in at every bite you take, which used to be quite a nuisance, especially in Athens, Rome and Madrid. Two factors disposed of those pests. Some grew tired of watching, or died, for it didn't win them a crumb. And demobilization has made possible the hiring of sturdy doormen to drive the survivors away. Also, nobody will ask you

for ration tickets; this exasperating formality is observed only in restaurants where the "people" eat—at 40 cents up.

But it was that old waiter and his astonishing wink, at the German Stomper's dinner party, that most interested me. I had an *apéritif* with him next day, to find out what the wink had meant.

"Those Russians," he smiled, "are very smart, aren't they—flooding Europe with caviar. Wherever you go, I'm told, it's plentiful at 1,000 to 1,800 francs a tablespoon portion. Have you ever noticed, sir, how much caviar looks like *chevrotine*—what you call buckshot? Very good that, eh, sir—peacetime bullets!"

"Is that why you winked?"

"No. It was because I remembered a story. It's about a goodhearted very rich man who was driving along in his grand car when he saw a ragged man in an empty field eating grass. The rich man was deeply puzzled. He stopped, to ask the poor man why he did this.

"Oh, sir, you see, I am so very poor. I have no home and no money to buy food, so—I sit here to eat the grass."

"The rich man was filled with sadness and pity. Tears came to his eyes. Never had he been so upset. 'This is terrible!' he cried, 'To eat grass in this field! Please, my poor friend! Here, come with me in my car! I will drive you to a field where there is much better grass!'"

News item: *Tribune de Monaco*: "... University professors in Athens earn a maximum of \$32 per month."

Rendezvous for the Nobility

A plush chance to admire (and share) the gilded capers of Stompers en masse is at the weekly gala dinner of a famous "Sporting Club" on the Côte d'Azur. It's merrier than a barrel of monkeys. You can't throw a potato chip without hitting one preserved English duke, two Central European duchesses, half a dozen assorted barons of merchandise or manufacturing, and a full dozen Egyptian princes, who are as thick in Europe's fun pens as colonels in the Pentagon.

The scent of rare perfumes, the aroma of rich foods and wines, the laughter of secure and carefree people, the radiance softly returned from bare shoulders and from priceless jewels, blended into a mist that floated us a universe away from the realities of a Europe that one could meet by walking a block into the night outside.

The dinner in the club was reasonable—only \$15, without drinks. A functionary in glazed shirt and heel-length tails handed me a folder. It listed nothing but champagnes. I asked for the wine card.

"That," he said, "is our wine card."

Meaning no harm, since champagne is not an expense-account item, I asked if I couldn't please have a bottle of California red. Moscow never produced a graver moment. The ambassador strode away to confer with a couple of prime ministers; together they studied me from afar.

"No!" the ambassador said, returning. He motioned to a waiter, and a bottle of champagne was placed on the table. A \$17 bottle. Dinner just beginning—and \$32 shot already.

Much later, I asked an old Hungarian nobleman at the next table to join me in a toast. He noticed a fresh bottle on the table; so fell over and joined me. "Delighted," he said. "What's the toast?"

"To the professors of Athens!"

He was puzzled. But a real gent. We drank.

News item: *Washington*: "Herbert Hoover, world's foremost authority on international food supply, declared that Europe faces a worse food crisis in 1948..."

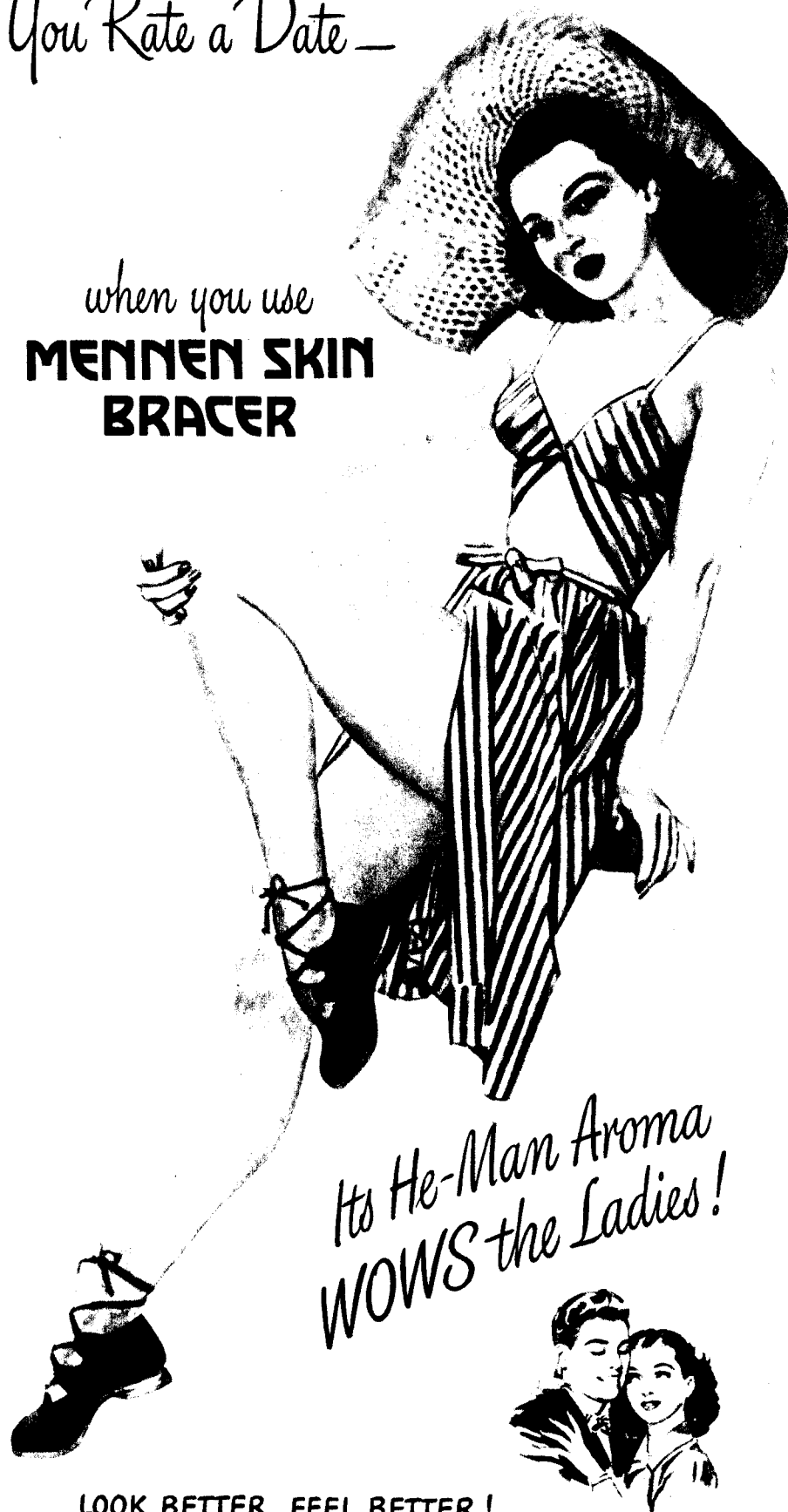
One shouldn't be compelled to read newspapers the morning after a Stomper's dinner: especially since aspirin doesn't always work.

Anyhow, isn't this where we came in?

THE END

You Rate a Date—

when you use MENNEN SKIN BRACER



Its He-Man Aroma
WOWS the Ladies!

LOOK BETTER, FEEL BETTER!

Dash on Mennen Skin Bracer after every shave. Freshen up—cool off with it any time of day or night.

HELPS HEAL RAZOR NICKS, TOO!

MENNEN
brushless
SHAVE

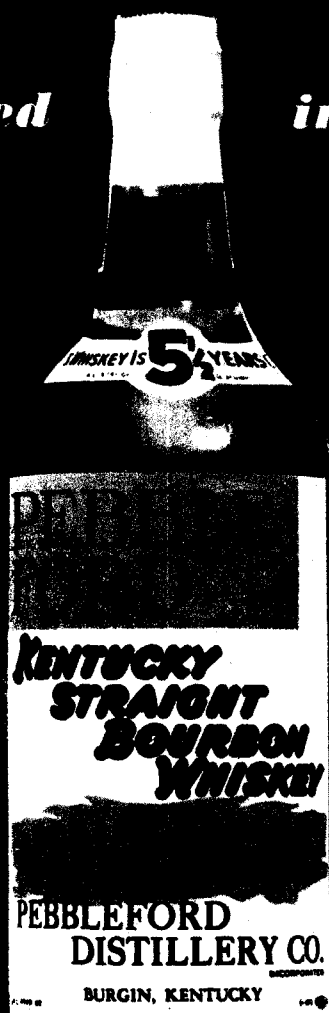
GIANT 12-OZ. SIZE \$1.29
LARGE 5-OZ. SIZE 50¢

KEEP PRESENTABLE LONGER—
Use Mennen Brushless Shave.
Preferred by Most Doctors who
Specialize in Skin Care!



enjoyed

in fine American homes

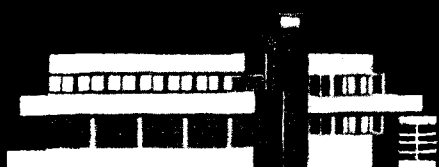


Pebbleford

precious pre-war

BOTTLED IN BOND

from Schenley, the House of Aged Whiskies



*Kentucky straight
bourbon whiskey*

KING OF THE JUKES

Continued from page 59

ried, as though that were the strangest thing in the world.

Others mark down his indifference as laziness. This is probably as good a place as any to say that Como earns roughly \$7,000 a week, saves as much as he can, lives very modestly.

Como is not, however, indifferent to his singing. He takes it very seriously, works hard. He is never temperamental, but sometimes gets mad. Then all he is likely to say is: "You gotta fix this. You got those saxes running through my parlor."

His modesty at times alarms his manager, Tommy Rockwell. Perry's closest friends are song-pluggers rather than famous people and on more than one occasion when Rockwell wanted to discuss business privately, Perry has shown up with a song-plugger friend before whom Rockwell can't talk without the entire industry listening in.

His frankness with interviewers also has Rockwell jumping. When a reporter chided him about his love scenes in his movies, he said, "Gee, I don't know much about love... I'm married..." On another occasion he extolled the virtues of love and of his wife, Roselle, his childhood sweetheart: "... She's almost like a daughter to me. I have always had such a deep protective feeling for her that it's as though I were her father. That's what love means to me."

Last fall his native Canonsburg, a small mill and coal-mining town southwest of Pittsburgh, threw a big homecoming celebration for him, including a parade, brass bands, a banquet with Edward Martin, then governor of Pennsylvania, as principal speaker, and climaxed the whole shebang by changing the name of Third Avenue to Perry Como Avenue.

"I was pleased, of course, honored," says Perry, "but the whole thing was... well, kind of embarrassing. I mean, I grew up in that town and still go back there, and here were all the people I knew cheering and applauding me, like I had done something really big. I guess I was embarrassed because I don't feel I'm worth it. I mean, like changing the name of Third Avenue to Perry Como Avenue. Well, that's the kind of a thing you do for a real hero, a guy who has really done something. I mean," he added, in confusion, "I appreciate it and all that, but it's still Third Avenue to me."

Early Days in a Barbershop

One thing probably responsible for Como's lack of highfalutin ideas about himself is that he was only one of thirteen children born to Lucille and Pietro Como. With so many kids knocking the walls down, it was difficult for any one of them to rate himself something special. His father was a mill hand at the big, sprawling tin-plate mill that dominates the town, and feeding the numerous Comos was quite a problem. Perry began breadwinning when he was eleven, polishing mirrors in a local barbershop at 50 cents a week. Before long he had stepped up to mixing lather and learning how to shave and cut hair. By the time he was fifteen he had his own shop.

Today his publicity men and managers think he ought to forget his barbering past. "What the hell is romantic about a barber?" He's supposed to be a romantic singer," complains Tommy Rockwell, his manager. But Como never gets away from it. He frequently refers to himself on the radio show as "your barber from Seville," to the delight of his swooners, and he still carries his barber's

union card. Not long ago he walked into a barbershop and found a well-lathered song-plugger, Johnny Green, asleep in the chair. He quickly slipped into a barber's coat and began shaving Green, who awoke to find, with horror, the guy he was supposed to be courting shaving him.

On more than one occasion when he's taken note of his spectacular success, he has said, "Boys, it is all a fake. Just luck. Thank gosh, I've got this," waving his union card. "When the bottom falls out I'll have a trade."

Though it is said lightly and everyone laughs, including Como, there are numerous indications that Como really believes it—and many reasons why he should feel that way about it. Only three years ago he was seriously brooding over whether, after almost a decade of singing with a "name" band, the best thing for him wouldn't be to open a barbershop.

Twelve years ago Perry was a barber, singing with a "pickup" band in which he doubled on the slide trombone. An amateur contest won him a week at Pittsburgh's Stanley Theater, and a few weeks later he got a job with a small professional band playing dance dates all over western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio.

Then Ted Weems heard him and offered \$50 a week. Weems' band, then one

agency. Rockwell had, for nine years, been Bing Crosby's personal manager. His wires were all the same: an offer to book him as a solo act if Como would come to New York, expenses guaranteed.

What did Rockwell see, or rather hear in Como, that the others didn't? His answer is simple: "Crosby."

At last Como accepted one of his telegraphed offers. He came to New York, sat around in a small theatrical hotel waiting for Rockwell to get him a job. Nothing happened for a couple of weeks, during which time Como kept himself busy going to one Broadway movie after another.

Sixty Per—Net—and Three Rooms

Finally Tommy Rockwell got him a sustainer at Columbia Broadcasting System. It paid, after taxes, some sixty dollars a week—not much, but enough, Perry decided, to build on. He sent for Roselle and Ronnie, got a three-room apartment in Queens, and the Comos figured they were living at last.

Meanwhile Rockwell was having his hands full with another young singer he was booking, Frankie Sinatra, who was leaving exactly nobody cold. It was about this time that Bob Goldstein, then a talent scout for 20th Century-Fox and now a vice-president of International Pictures, heard a Como record and promptly swooned. He sent for Como, just to make sure he had arms and legs and wasn't the ugliest man in the world, then rushed Monte Proser into putting

Como into the Copacabana night club. His first appearance there is remembered for two things: First, he shocked its smart, show-wise, clothes-conscious clientele by appearing in a blue serge suit, an outrageously red necktie and brown shoes. Secondly, he knocked them for a loop the minute he began singing. He was there for weeks.

On the strength of that, 20th Century-Fox signed him for movies, and he was booked for his NBC radio show five nights a week. However, Como wasn't happy about any of it. There were so many personalities on the radio show that he got a chance for only one song, yet the show took most of the day to rehearse and the Copacabana stint kept him out till dawn. His new-found home life disappeared. Perry got mad. "Might as well be digging coal," he snorted. "From now on, no more night-club shots." And he began pressuring for more songs on the radio. By the end of the year, it was his program. But it was still interfering with his home life and when the contract came up for renewal, he was able to cut his work down to three nights a week instead of five, at a considerable increase in do-re-mi.

The very fact, however, that he was on the air five nights a week has been responsible for his tremendous popularity and astonishing record sales. Now that he's outdistanced everyone but Crosby and Sinatra, he has begun to flex his popularity muscles. 20th Century-Fox is going to make their picture his way, the radio people find themselves only the tail and not the kite, and the record company—well, RCA Victor Records have taken over a war plant in Canonsburg which will add a new industry to the town and employ several hundred people; it is said that Perry didn't have anything to do with it.

But who would ever have heard of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, if it hadn't been for Perry Como?

THE END

PHOTOSTATIC

A memory test I always fail is keeping track of
Snapshots that I didn't mark the dates on back of.

—S. H. Dewhurst

of the most popular orchestras in the country, was strictly a road band. One-nighters were their specialty, and for the next nine years Como was singing his head off at virtually every Soph Hop between New York and Chicago. In the meantime he had married his childhood sweetheart, pretty, vivacious Roselle Bel-line. Roselle, who isn't the kind of girl who will be left behind, went on the road with him.

During that period Perry sang hundreds of times over the radio and made scores of records. But the talent scouts were either unimpressed or asleep at the switch. The years went by and presently the road-touring Comos were increased by the addition of a baby boy, Ronnie. Life for the Comos became tremendously difficult. Desire for a home they could call their own became some kind of forlorn dream as they struggled with diapers in hotel rooms and suitcases.

Como grows sad even now when he thinks about it. "Gee, it was bad," he says. "It used to tear my heart out, getting the kid up at three or four o'clock in the morning, sitting around in bus stations, railroad stations. It was always cold and the kid would be screaming and crying just out of tiredness. It got me down. I mean, I used to say to myself, 'Are we building or aren't we?'"

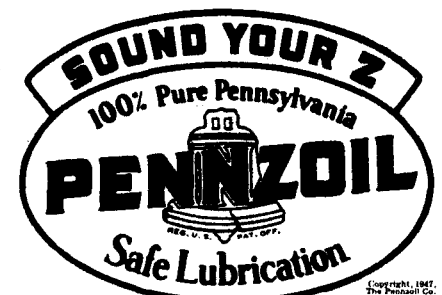
His answer always was, of course, that they weren't. Consequently, when the Weems band broke up temporarily in 1943, Como wasn't exactly looking for another singing job. He and Roselle and Ronnie went back to Canonsburg. A barbershop seemed like something you could build a home and a life around.

But he didn't get around to the point of decision immediately. He lay around his mother's house thinking about it and, he reports, "eating my head off." One of the things that kept him from opening the shop was a series of telegrams from a man he had heard of, but never seen, Tommy Rockwell, head of General Amusement Corporation, a booking



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BOY GETS...

Continued from page 19

passing through. It was now still Hildar.

The Old Man had the foresight to start out calmly, and break it to me gently. I don't suppose he wanted his Featured Players falling dead of heart attacks. He started by saying we had run into each other earlier in the morning. Then he laughed. So naturally we all laughed. And when he finished laughing we stopped and he lighted a cigar and leaned back in his chair. He gave me a little pep talk about democracy working, and people liking one another, and petty trifles not mattering. I yessed and noed in the correct places. He went on about how he had been watching my work, and it had caused—he would be perfectly frank with me—a good deal of comment in the studio. If not in the Industry as a whole. He felt it was good policy to get to *know* his people well. Not only because he *enjoyed* knowing his people but—he would be perfectly frank with me—it was good business to keep everybody happy.

He said—and the words are engraved in letters of fire on my brain—he said:

"How about running out to the house for dinner tonight, Malone? Eight thirty. Just my family and a few friends."

I'm not sure I remember exactly what I said in acceptance, but by the time I was out of his private office into the outer one, where several important people had assembled, I had gathered my wits about me enough to come to a dead stop and clap my hand to my forehead.

"Good Lord!" I cried to his secretary. "Honey, will you buzz the Old Man and ask him what *time* he said to come to dinner? I forgot it *that* quick. I don't know where my *mind* is."

She looked skeptical, but buzzed, and every eye in the room swung around and rested on my appealing boyish face.

"Eight thirty," she said after a moment. And every eyebrow in the room rose a notch. Then, as a last fillip to my cup of joy, I saw that one of them was Ernest Caldwell, whose column is syndicated in about sixty papers. He really gave me the once-over, wondering, I guess, if he had been passing up something. A look like that was good for at least an inch in his column.

As a result of all this, I knocked myself out all day working a reference to the invitation into every conversation I held—and I held plenty. In fact, I was in such a tear all day that I forgot my lunchtime appointment at the hairdresser's for my touch-up.

I WAS driving home about five thirty when it began to filter in that all was not according to Hoyle—whoever he is. To my knowledge, this had *never* happened to anyone before. And I have been in Hollywood practically all my life.

Except for a brief sojourn I spent in training camp (which Publicity now refers to as my Magnificent War Record) and the short time I was in an Army hospital for injuries (which Publicity refers to as Wounds) received when I fell off the stage while we were entertaining troops at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. And, of course, the time I went east to do a play. (The idea was to become the Toast of New York, and come back to Hollywood on my own terms.) It was a beautiful, deeply moving drama which fell on its big, fat face the night it opened. A turkey. (And I came back to Hollywood on any terms I could get.) But this is beside the point.

By the time I reached Beverly Hills and home (which didn't cost as much as it looks, but still cost too much) I was in a state of the shakes. Everything was not strictly kosher and I felt it in my bones. Rita did too, when I told her.

She has no illusions about me. And I

had never seemed exactly the type to set the world on fire and go to dinner at the Grand Old Man's home with just his family and a few intimate friends. Something about the deal smelled from here to there and we both knew it. On my own, I wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel and all I know is what Rita has pounded into my featherbrained skull. So I sat back and let her do the worrying.

Which she did. Although you couldn't tell it by looking at her as she is the poised type. She is quite small and trim and her hair (which is prematurely snow white via a good bleach and lavender rinse) is worn in an updo. She tapped her long red fingernails on the mantel and stared at me searchingly.

"When you ran into him at the gate was Hildar with him?" she asked.

I tried to think as far back as the morning and finally remembered that he had been alone except for the chauffeur.

"Well, she came down to the studio to see him then. It has something to do with that bag of a daughter."

"Come, come, Rita," I said. "Maybe it's on the level, and he really does think I've been doing outstanding work."

"I should live so long," Rita said. "Well, go get dressed. There is nothing to do but go."

So I did.

THE dinner was quite an Experience. I was so keyed up trying to make an impression, I had to chew Stummy tablets to make my digestive juices flow between courses. But nobody noticed because it was some sort of party and there were about fifty people there. I had finished my second package of Stummies when the finger bowls arrived. And later when we joined the ladies, and I was about to start Circulating, who should buttonhole me but Hildar!

"Gotta minute?" she asked, and before I could answer, she said, "Come over here where we can talk." I followed her, natch, even wondering if I should address her as ma'am. I was rather hoping she wouldn't get coy. She isn't the type.

She didn't. She tried to come right to the point, but even such a suethead as I am could see that she was plenty rattled.

"Listen," she said—which was unnecessary because I was—"you look like a nice sort of person." She stopped and, with a maximum of fumbling, extricated a cigarette from a little Dresden box. "Gotta match?"

It seemed to be a pretty big build-up to ask for a light so I judged—rightly, I may add—that something more was coming. So I merely showed my white teeth in a wide, friendly smile and turned a little to give her the better profile.

She took a nervous puff on the cigarette and began to utter what I now think of as The Most Significant Utterance I have ever heard.

"Malone," she said. "Sean, isn't it? Yes, of course, Sean. Father is—he may have told you—is terrifically impressed with your work. Your—contribution to the Industry. You must know how terrifically busy he always is. And the only thing about his work which displeases him terrifically is that he has so *little* time for—*people*."

"Of course," I murmured. "It must be difficult." I couldn't help glancing at the fifty-odd guests, but I don't think she noticed.

"Consequently, we have so few friends who are real—*people*. And when things happen—difficult things—we sometimes have to go to people who are—comparative strangers. But," she added hastily, "*whom we would have known better* if everything wasn't such a—rat race," she ended, her veneer slipping.

I nodded, my eyes gentle with sym-

Collier's for June 21, 1947

y, and one corner of my mouth ed up in the crooked grin I've held so many stills. I didn't look a day twenty-two.

The point is," she said, her tone being a little scratchy, "that I'm in a of a jam."

began to get uneasy, and felt it in the of my stomach. I turned a little and my hand into my pocket.

Oh, no, really," I said, becoming quite ous, taking my hand from my pocket use all the Stummies were gone.

Yes. You know—everyone does—

I'm engaged to be married." She e me time to nod before going on. at is, I was engaged. I'm not now. s left me. Flat. Of course, he's ough in Hollywood, but that doesn't r the fact."

How—could—hel!" I gasped. And ly meant it. Because look who her er is.

Don't be kind," she said, mistaking meaning, which is just as well. "The is it wasn't official, but everybody wit. He's a beast and a cad, of course.

he did have the decency to give me nty-four hours to start going around a somebody else."

remotion, second sight, call it what- r you will, but I began at that mo- to get a slight feel of what was to ow. But not all.

The point is," she said, "there isn't of my close friends that I can count

I—have to have somebody who—" had the poise to refrain from adding t she had to have somebody who was y small potatoes and couldn't cause any trouble.

gave it a hasty summing up. Palling und with Hildar, even if she was noted a particularly vile temper, wasn't bad iness. In fact, I could see myself going o the Brown Derby with her, waving someone in the far corner and calling: i, *kid*, what d'ya know for *sure*," and tching everybody's eyes swing around. nching with her I could be sure of sit- g through a meal and having people p over to my table instead of my hop- ing to theirs. All in all, it might not be bad.

"Well," she was rasping, "will you?"

I snapped to like a puppet on a string.

"Will you marry me?" she asked, and ealized, as things began to swim about , that she had said it *twice*.

T THIS point I did something of which I shall be justly proud to my ing day. And grateful. For I really got yself in solid with Hildar.

I proposed to her.

No kidding, I did. I don't know urther it was reflex or instinct or what, cause I am not noted for my brilliance d perception. But something told me it she had really hit rock bottom to proposing marriage (what with the lifornia laws calling for a fifty-fifty roperty split) to a penniless—well, prac- ally penniless—Featured Player. And at what she really needed was a shot in e arm in her morale.

I gave it to her. It was really a beauti- l scene. I had to keep it soft and low cause of all the people milling about, d I don't remember where I picked up e speech. Or if I made it up as I went ong. But I put everything I had into it.

outh, hesitance, diffidence, sincerity— me tell you, the dramatic coach would ve been proud of me. It was an Award rformance if I ever saw one. And en I finished she was practically dewy- ed, and—maybe because she wanted to she really halfway believed me when went into the humble-lackey-who- s-worshiped-from-a-far-with-sealed-lips utine.

Well, you would be surprised how fast ings can happen once they get started. turned out we were going to elope. She ready had her bag packed, with a few lds and ends for me.

But before we did, she went over and

whispered a few words to her father. He simply beamed. Then he stopped the music and made everybody be perfectly still while he announced that whereas we had planned to sneak away for a se- cret marriage, we had had a change of heart and decided to tell him and get his blessing. And that was—he'd be frank with them—about the sweetest, yes, *absolutely* the *sweetest* gesture he'd ever seen. His eyes were moist, and he wiped his glasses. Hildar's eyes were moist. There wasn't a dry eye in the house.

So we had a toast. At that moment about ten waiters started around with glasses of pink champagne. Because pink is Hildar's favorite color and she wears it a lot. (Although blues and greens be- come her more.)

WE DIDN'T get away until we had called four columnists and given each the story, making them vow not to let it break until we were safely in Yuma. In fact, if my memory serves me, which it shouldn't, all things considered, we didn't get started until almost four. But it turned out all right because it happened that the old man's plane and pilot were available.

We were married the next morning in Yuma, both incognito and in slacks, jack- ets and dark glasses. But in spite of ev- erything the press was right on our trail. Hildar stuck so close that when I was making out the license I had to put down my age as twenty-five, giving her a rue- ful, caught-in-the-act sort of grin as I did.

Then I took my bride home to my mother.

I am all Rita has, and I will say that she took it like the thoroughbred she is. She just opened her arms and Hildar went into them. The effect did leave a little to be desired as Hildar is about eight inches taller than Rita, but the thought was there. Rita's eyes fairly sparkled.

"I'm going to think of you as—my daughter," she said with a catch in her voice. "I've never had a daughter." She didn't add, "Only a cluck of a son," for which I was grateful.

Then she turned to me.

"Sean," she said, and her eyes filled. We embraced, and she whispered that she had *thought* Hildar was pretty tall so she had been knocking herself out all day getting lifts put in all my shoes. I gave her a grateful little squeeze, be- cause if it's anything I hate, it's looking up to a woman, especially if I'm married to her.

And let me tell you, this marriage was really *news*. Since it happened, things have been really cooking at the studio. The Old Man—Dad, I mean—has really *moved* things. They are giving me a ter- rific build-up. Four of the top writers have been turned loose on a best-selling novel and are tailoring the screen treat- ment to fit my personality. After the re- lease of that one, and another vehicle they have lined up for me, I will be in the star bracket, and will have a terrific following. It's probable—in fact, highly probable—that I will be the next bobby- sox idol. That is my type of Appeal, they say. And that, kiddies, comes right from the front office.

And here comes the punch line.

For this I should really have a straight man. But lacking one, I shall tell you very simply.

I am deeply in love with my wife.

No kidding. She isn't bad at all. She's got a temper, yes, but what woman worth her salt doesn't show a bit of temper, now and then? She isn't exactly beautiful, but she kind of grows on you—like Hepburn, or Bergman. And she can turn on plenty of charm when she wants to.

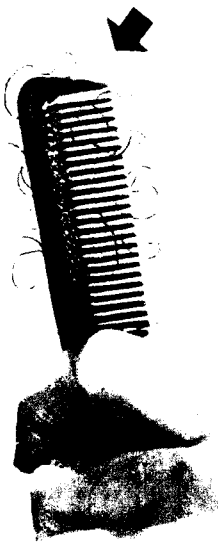
All in all—and I'll be perfectly frank with you—I wouldn't be one bit sur- prised if this turned out to be one of those Ideal, Made-In-Heaven sort of marriages which last and last and last. For several years.

THE END

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THE INSPECTOR IS DISCREET

Continued from page 15

Chafik said, "Please, please! It is so awkward for me to have to ask questions of British people—"

"Yes," the red-haired man said. "And you'd better be careful if you want to keep your job. I've only got to complain to the embassy." He sat down and added brusquely, "Of course I knew she was pregnant. It was obvious, dammit!"

"So unfortunate—"

"What the hell do you mean by that?" The bloodshot eyes swiveled. "It's obvious to anybody Miriam's father killed her. You Iraqis always—" He shook his head. "Haven't you caught him yet?"

Impatiently Stewart began to open and close the drawers of his desk. There was an automatic pistol in the top right drawer. He was closing the drawer when Chafik said, "We will find him, sir—but I am not sure of his guilt."

The drawer with the gun remained half open as Stewart asked, "Why?"

"The money you gave her had not been taken, sir. She wore an expensive watch and bracelets. Surely he would have taken them all? And why was the watch slow?" Chafik stopped and gave an apologetic laugh. "Excuse me. It is very odd the way I speak my thoughts, but I am puzzled about the watch. Now I will go." He went to the door and turned to say ingratiatingly, "Is it true your wife returns from England in a few weeks?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"She was in England when the war began. It was the war that stopped her return?"

The red-haired man's anger mounted again. He shouted, "You know damn well it was the war."

Chafik bowed his sleek head meekly. If the child had been born," he said, "I am sure Mrs. Stewart would have cared for it as her own. Such a pity!" Before Stewart could reply, Chafik was out of the house, smiling as he remembered the strong-jawed Englishwoman the man had married. To Sergeant Abdullah he said, "The Armenian is very angry."

"They are nervous people," Abdullah said. "Highly strung. Their anger comes from that."

Chafik patted his arm. "This man is like the whisky sold in the Baghdad bars,"

he said. "The label is Scotch, but the contents are a home brew."

He took the wheel of the police car and drove at a rapid pace down the wide boulevard. He swung left to the promenade, where riverside cafés were popular during the heat of the year. They were closed now and the promenade was deserted. Chafik stopped opposite the grounds of the Alwiyah Club, which stretched from the river to the main road. The back entrance was a flight of wooden steps leading to the tree-shaded lower garden. "Four minutes," Chafik said, looking at his watch. Abdullah nodded gravely.

"It is time for the afternoon coffee," said Chafik.

They went to the Swiss Café on Al-Rashid Street and had coffee and almond cakes dipped in honey. The noise from the crowded, narrow street was a mingling of peddlers' cries, arabana bells, klaxons, and the thwack of sticks on the hides of laden mules. Above everything grated the alien voices of celluloid actors performing at the cinema across the way, amplified to four times the normal volume. Chafik said, "It is a film of American gangsters. I will go to it. Continue the search for the father, Abdullah. We can do nothing until he is found, which will be in God's time."

WHEN Inspector Chafik was sitting through the feature for the second time, a man came down the aisle and whispered, "We have him, sir." The Inspector sighed and got up and as they left the cinema he said, "The film had interest. I wish our police cars had sirens like in America. To sit behind such a noise must make one feel important."

At headquarters he said to Sergeant Abdullah, "How did you find him?"

The sergeant answered, "I heard he had a friend, so I brought the friend here and beat him until he told me where the man was hidden. It is a good method."

"Yes," nodded Chafik, and added, "Providing the right man is beaten—Now bring me Ali ibn Ali Aziz."

They brought in the father of the dead girl. He had a thin, weak body and his face was yellowed by the damp heat of Basra. The stale smell of *arak* made the

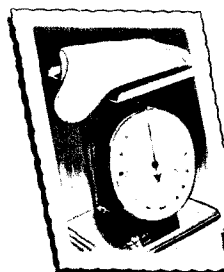
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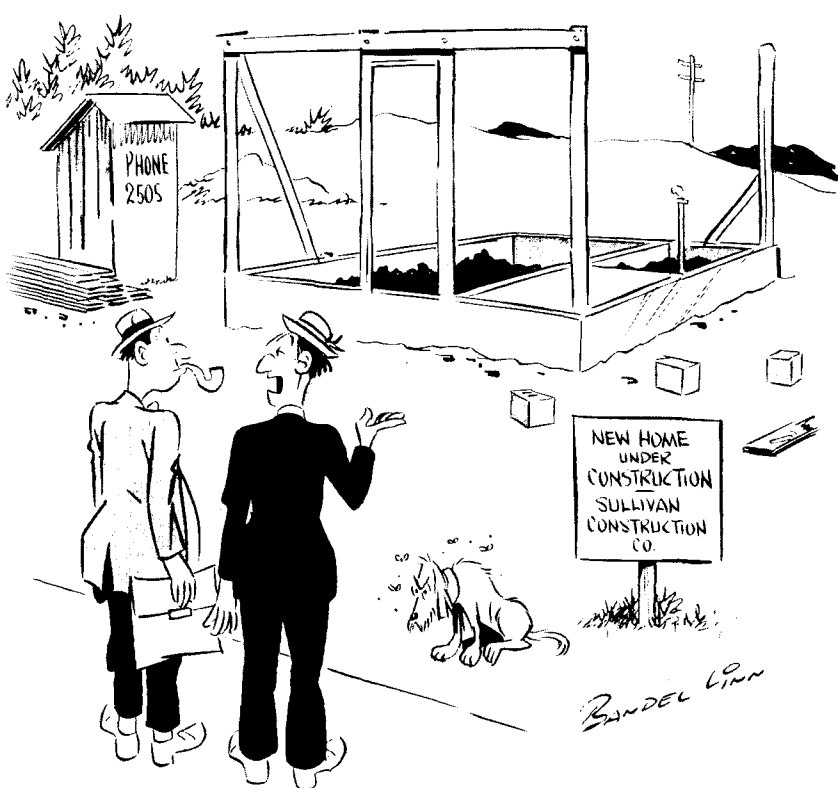
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Inspector shake orange water on a handkerchief and press it to his nose. "How you smell!" he said, and turning to Abdullah, he asked, "Did he have a knife?"

The sergeant, with the air of a maitre d'hôtel presenting a choice dish, placed on the desk a narrow wafer of sharp steel attached to a bone handle. He said, "There was blood. I prepared a specimen for the laboratory, but it would appear the investigation is ended."

"Perhaps," answered Inspector Chafik. He turned to Ibn Ali Aziz and said, "You are a dog sired by a pig. You were prepared to sell your daughter to an Armenian. Why then did you kill her?"

THE prisoner said in a frightened, squeaky voice, "I did not kill her. It is my knife, but I did not kill her. I went to the place where we were to meet and then the skies fell."

"What do you mean—the skies fell?"

"I stood by the wall of the man's house waiting for my daughter—"

"And the time?"

"About the half hour to midnight."

"And then?" Chafik's dun-colored eyes were suddenly alive.

"The skies fell." The prisoner's voice was sullen.

Inspector Chafik said, "Bend your head." He parted the thick, oily hair and examined the scalp. There was no mark. "Either you lie or the skies were soft," said Chafik. He went to the wash-bowl in the corner and washed his hands thoroughly before saying casually, "There is blood on your knife, and if you are innocent you would not have hidden. From me you can hide the truth, but not from God. Talk!"

"After the skies fell I slept. When I woke I was in a ditch. I thought perhaps the *arak* had made me fall there, and I went back to where I was to meet my daughter. I saw her body—"

"You had killed her," said Chafik.

"By the All-Merciful God I had not killed her!"

"Your knife killed her."

"It was by her side. I picked it up—"

"Why?" asked Chafik, and nodded when Ali ibn Ali Aziz answered, "Because it was mine and I feared it would be traced." The man coughed a tubercular cough and added, "And then I ran." "Because you had killed your daughter."

Ali ibn Ali Aziz raised his manacled hands and let them fall in a helpless, resigned gesture. "I did not kill her," he said, tears of self-pity rolling down his yellow cheeks. "All I know is the skies fell and then I found her dead. May my body be dismembered and my soul—"

"Take him away," said Inspector Chafik in a bored voice. "Even his soul revolts me." When the man had gone, Chafik said to Sergeant Abdullah, "Yes, he revolts me, but he has told the truth."

"Sir?" said the sergeant, astonished.

"The skies fell. They fell with great force, but they were soft. Have you forgotten the sand outside the Armenian's house?" There was a sudden harshness in his voice which caused Abdullah to stiffen and say, "No, sir, but I had not seen the connection. The sand spilled from a sandbag which split when it was used."

Chafik lifted the telephone and dialed a number. As he waited for an answer he said, "It is like weaving a carpet. The little threads combine into a pattern." He took his hand from the mouthpiece and, bowing his sleek head, said ingratiatingly in English, "Mr. Stewart? Excuse the lateness of the call. This is Inspector Chafik. . . . But it is a very small detail—Do children play in your garden?"

He held the receiver from his ear as the angry voice shouted, "A damn silly question. Of course not. Why?"

"Because," said Chafik, "there is river sand outside your garden gate which appears to have been thrown from within. As no children played with it, there must

be another reason for this curiosity. Good night, sir." He hung up and said, "How much that man hates me!"

He sat for a long time looking at nothing. The patient weaving of his mind formed a strange and ominous pattern. He said, "It is almost complete, but not quite. We have the sand, but not the bag. The chief inspector will require evidence to touch with his finger, as the wounds of the Prophet Jesus were touched by one also blind to facts. Take every man, Abdullah, and search for the bag. It may be anything. Perhaps a man's sock. Search the riverbank and the grounds of the Alwiyah Club. You understand?"

"Your wisdom embarrasses me," Abdullah murmured.

"It is not my wisdom. It comes from God— And one last thing, Abdullah: Let the men be obvious in their search so that

her body. He would have told me," Chafik added, smiling, "an Arabian Nights story."

Ellsworth said, "You're telling me one yourself. I want proof. I want the sandbag." He was worried because he believed the little man, but foresaw the consequences of a blunder. Finally he said, "You'll never find the bag. It's easy to hide, and all Baghdad knows about the search. The men have been damn clumsy—"

"Yes," Chafik said.

"You've got to be careful. I'll give you until the end of the day to bring me evidence. Dammit! I ought to throw you and your hunch out of my office and send Aziz up for trial!" The chief inspector hammered the desk with a sudden gust of liverish anger and roared, "Of all the damned, awkward situations,



Inspector Chafik and Sergeant Abdullah smelled the sourness of the street

all Baghdad knows for what they look. Let them be particularly clumsy at the Alwiyah Club." When the sergeant had gone out Chafik said to the empty room, "There is no hope of finding it. The chief inspector will be angry with me."

In the morning he stood at Ellsworth's desk and heard the heavy voice beating about his ears. He was, as usual, nervous and fumbled with his *sidarrah*. Ellsworth rumbled, "You're playing with dynamite and I ought to close the case. There's enough concrete evidence to hang Aziz. Why d'you think he's innocent?"

"Because," Chafik said, "the girl was not really mutilated. Because nothing was taken from her. Because he says he saw the body—"

"Explain that."

"Sir, the Arab mind is different from the English mind. You will excuse me if I say it is not so subtle. The Arab, when guilty, does not tell a simple story, but lies badly. If Aziz had killed his daughter he would have strained his imagination to convince me he had not seen

Oh, get out, Chafik! I'll have your hide if you're not discreet!"

Outside the office the little man wiped his forehead and murmured, "Discretion is a racial problem." Going to his room he called the Jenub Police Station, which Sergeant Abdullah was using as his headquarters. The sergeant's tired voice on the telephone told him there was no trace of the missing sandbag. "What now, sir?" he asked.

Inspector Chafik said, "The pattern of my carpet must not be ruined because I lack one thread of the right color. We must substitute—" He had been voicing thoughts, and smiling into the telephone. He said, "That was for your ear only, Abdullah. How is the Armenian this morning?"

"The servants say he spent the night drinking. He is now in the bar of the Regent Hotel, where it is often his custom to stay until half past twelve. His manner is dangerous."

"Yes," said Chafik, "I can imagine." Cradling the telephone in both hands he

said gently, "Call off the search. We will never find the bag. And go home and rest. I do not need you any more, Sergeant Abdullah."

The Inspector sat with his head lowered and his lips moving. Finally he walked to the armory at the rear of the building and said to the man in charge, "It must be discreetly done." He did not realize he had spoken until he saw the bewilderment on the officer's face. A few minutes later Chafik left, toying with a brass cylinder hidden between forefinger and thumb. He hurried to his car parked outside and told the police driver, "Jenub. The Armenian's house." As the car passed a mosque he remembered it was the hour of the noon prayer and regretted he had no time for the ritual. Inspector Chafik was a religious man.

The white-robed butler who answered the Inspector's ring said, "Master is out. Do you wish to wait?" He was an old man and smiled toothlessly as Chafik dropped money in his hand.

"I will wait here," Chafik said, and quietly closed the door of Stewart's study behind him. He looked at the papers scattered on the desk, spilling onto the floor, his practiced eye seeing the disorder as reflecting the red-haired man's state of mind.

Slipping on a pair of gloves, he opened the top right drawer of the desk and took out the automatic pistol. He removed the clip, ejected the cartridge from the breach, and fed into the clip the blank he had brought from the armory. The slide clicked back as he reloaded the weapon. Replacing the gun in the drawer, Chafik removed his gloves and sat waiting, eyes closed, body relaxed.

He heard the car drive up half an hour later. Lighting a cigarette he murmured, "May God remember me."

STEWART burst into the room and stood looking at him. The man's red hair was disordered and his voice was shrill.

"What the devil now?" he shouted, dropping heavily into the chair behind the desk.

Chafik began, "I am afraid I give you a lot of trouble—"

"I won't be pestered this way," Stewart blustered. "I'll complain to the ambassador. You Iraqis are getting too uppish. Why the hell don't you find Miriam's father?"

"Oh, we have him, sir—but he is innocent." The Inspector watched the big hands clutch the edge of the desk and said quietly, "But a girl was murdered. There was a watch that was slow and skies that fell on the head of a father. There was sand from the Tigris. There was the fact that the girl was pregnant and the fact that Mrs. Stewart returns from England. Shall we fit the facts to a story?"

"I'm going to kick you out in just two seconds—"

Chafik flicked the ash from his cigarette and went on conversationally, "You set her watch slow so you could be first at the gate when Ali ibn Ali Aziz kept his appointment. You stunned him with a sandbag. It was necessary that it should be smooth, wet sand. The sand of the shore is mixed with gravel and would therefore mark the scalp. Also it lacks weight, so you used sand from the river. Unfortunately the bag split when you hit him. You searched for the knife such a man would carry and then you put him in a ditch— But I am tiring you, Mr. Stewart?"

The red-haired man said nothing. The knuckles of the hands gripping the desk were white.

"When the girl came to meet her father," Chafik said, "you stepped behind her and—so!" He made a slashing gesture with his finger. "Neat and clean," he said admiringly. "And you cleaned the handle of the knife and put it by the body before driving back to the club;



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drive took you four minutes. I have led it. The entrance from the river is only used after dark. To all appearances you had strolled in the grounds for little air."

The face of the man behind the desk was gray, like the river sand. An eye itched as uncontrolled nerves convulsed the muscle.

The Inspector said, "Now we will discuss the mistakes. You should, of course, have taken the money and the watch. A man or Arab such as the father would have done that. Also the method of killing is wrong. The stab should have been in the stomach."

"Once there was reason to doubt the guilt of Aziz, it was necessary to look for a man with another motive. The girl is pregnant, and all Baghdad knows our fear of the temper of Mrs. Stewart. Therefore—"

"You dirty little snooping mongrel!" said Stewart. He rose slowly to his feet, still clutching the desk.

"Therefore," went on Inspector Chafik in a tranquil voice, "I searched for one argument of evidence that was not hypothetical. I have it here."

He took from his pocket a woollen sock tied with strong cord to make a bag. The sock was split and grains of gray wool fell from it.

"An English sock," the Inspector said. "The one you used to make the sand-bag."

"You liar!" Stewart shouted. "That isn't what I—" He stopped suddenly, catching Chafik in horror.

"Now God has made you talk," answered the Inspector.

The red-haired man swayed and his bloodshot eyes searched the room anxiously.

Then he said, "You haven't got a witness, you fool! That was a plant. Fake evidence. I'll deny what I said and Ellsworth will believe an Englishman before my damned Iraqi!"

Now he is near the end, thought Chafik. His nerves have cracked—he needs just one word more. And smiling, Chafik said, "But you are Armenian!"

The blue of Stewart's eyes darkened. Warning banners flamed in his florid cheeks.

His hand flashed to the drawer of the desk and came up gripping the automatic. He mouthed incoherent insults as he aimed at the Inspector.

As yellow flame stabbed and the gun roared, Chafik ducked to avoid the stinging blast of burning powder. He felt the

wad from the blank strike the side of his forehead and let himself fold sideways over the chair to the floor; he fell limp and doll-like, with arms and legs flying. He kicked violently and was still. He could smell his cigarette burning the thick nap of the carpet as he thought: A detective must be many things, even a dead man. . . .

Waiting was a lifetime. Waiting was eternity. And then he heard Stewart say, "Oh, God! God!"

The second shot was muffled, and not until the body of the red-haired man had finished floundering across the desk did Chafik get up. He was careful to squeeze out the cigarette in a tray and rub the burning carpet with the toe of his shoe. The smell of cordite made his nostrils twitch and he wasn't surprised that he was trembling; Stewart's hate might have made him fire several times, live cartridges following the blank.

CHAFIK heard the servants in the hall and opened the door. "Tell the constable outside that I need him," he said curtly. "And keep out. Your master has shot himself."

He moved quickly. He picked up the case of the blank cartridge from the carpet and put it in his pocket. He looked at the powder burns on his forehead. I must get a new one, he thought. The chief inspector has sharp eyes. Of course only one shot was fired. He has no reason to question the servants. . . .

Chafik stepped around the body to reach the telephone. Ellsworth's rumble answered when he dialed the number. "Oh, it's you," the chief inspector said. "Have you got that bag?"

"No, sir," Chafik answered. "It was probably destroyed. But the evidence is no longer required, as the case would appear to be closed."

"What?" shouted Ellsworth. "Where the devil are you?"

"At the home of Mr. Stewart," Chafik replied. "We discussed the matter frankly, and—"

"My God!" the chief inspector said. "I told you—"

"To be discreet, sir?" Inspector Chafik looked at the heavy body crumpled over the desk and thought: Whatever story I tell is justified, for God was the witness to what the man said. . . .

Smiling at the telephone he said in his most ingratiating manner, "But I was, sir. After the Armenian confessed, he shot himself."

THE END

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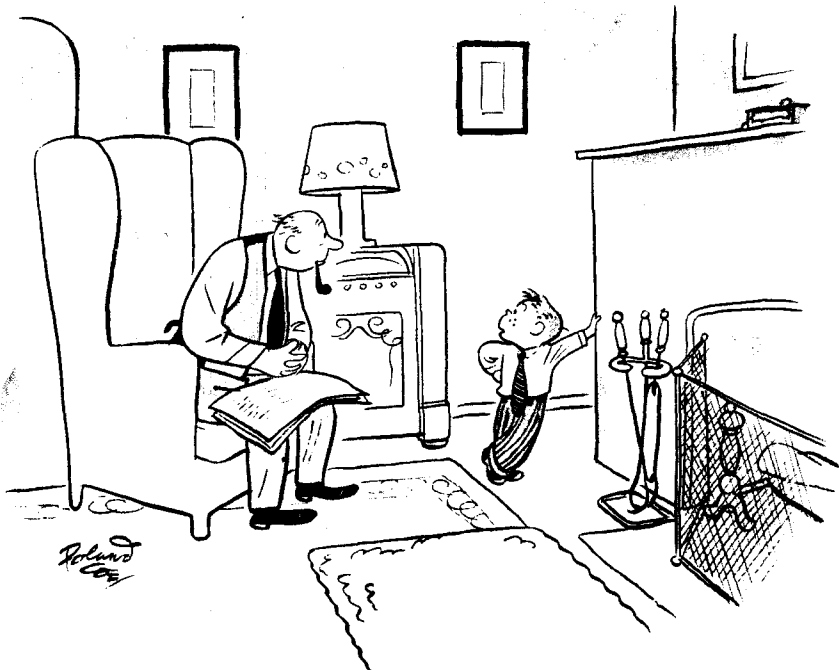
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"I think it's about time you told me about the birds and bees, Dad. I'm beginning to like girls!"

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IDA JENKINS," said Mother, "is putting on airs, now that Ed Jenkins has got himself elected judge."

Father lowered his toddy glass. "How was that, Nan?"

"Oh, John! Don't you ever listen? Is what you're doing so important?"

"It's not important at all," Father said placidly. "It's a drink, that's all. But when I'm relishing a drink—"

"You immerse yourself in it above the ears," Mother snapped.

"I'm tasting it, Nan. It takes concentration to discover the real virtues of a glass of whisky."

"All right. Go ahead and concentrate! It really doesn't matter that Ida Jenkins is patronizing me, telling me that her position as a judge's wife requires two servants now. Two servants, John! And she's so stingy she can't even keep her cook. Her latest one just quit because—"

"Gossip," said Father, "is of no consequence to me."

"Perhaps it's also of no consequence to you that I am made to feel that I am married to an unsuccessful lawyer?"

"What?" Father roared. "An unsuccessful lawyer? Oh, Jehoshaphat! Why do you think Ed had to run for police judge?"

"For the prestige. And Ida says that at the next election he intends—"

But in mid-phrase she stopped. Old Drunken Mary was moving resolutely from the kitchen into the living room, and we three boys—building a Chinese box kite in the hall but missing not a syllable of Mother's run-in with the Jenkinses next door—could feel a strained sense of hostility as she advanced.

For one thing, this was Saturday, and this late after supper she should be high-tailing it for Birmingham. She'd pushed her maid's cap far back on her wiry hair. Her fingers, dark and stiff, were laced together primly on her chest.

"Mister John," she said, ignoring Mother's glare, "hit's about de Lawd. I sho'ly wouldn't ask it for myself."

Which was purely a way of sneaking up on him. Old Drunken Mary went far back of us, back to that Kentucky tobacco farm where Father used to jump when she called, "Bubber, cut dat mischief out!" And she still called him Bubber when she thought that we—late-comers who were not quite so intimate with him—weren't listening.

"Hit's about," she expanded, "Brudder Rapture's church. I got to have five dollars for it. Cash."

Father looked blank. "Brother Rapture, Mary?"

Old Drunken Mary (Continued on page 80)

"I ought to wring your neck," Father said to Old Mary. "Hit's done wrung, Mister John. Sho in a fix"

OUT OF BONDAGE

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

Nobody ever got the best of the Williard family. Not in the long run, anyway. But there were always stubborn spirits willing to try—like those Jenkinses, who never knew when they were licked

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



MISSION COMPLETED

THE day before, an Army bomber crashed on a lot in Brooklyn and its crew of four was consumed in the inevitable and immediate inferno that followed with that type of plane.

Now, here we were, strapped in the nose of a similar bomber on Washington's Bolling Field about to depart for New York. We don't *think* we betrayed any uneasiness, but the Army captain, who sat in the open-cockpit pilot's seat immediately behind our roofless bombardier compartment, suddenly halted the ground crew as it prepared to pull-through the big wooden propellers and start the two 400-horsepower Liberties. Then he summoned the sergeant-mechanic from the rear cockpit and in a quiet but authoritative voice gave this order:

"If we have to bail out, you (meaning us in the nose) will go first the moment I give the signal. Do *not* jump out over the nose; you'll be chewed up by the props or hit the landing gear. Climb over us quickly—don't worry about stepping in our faces—slide along the top of the fuselage and drop off behind the wings. You (the sergeant) follow. You (the lieutenant and copilot on his right) go next. When all of you have left the ship, I'll take care of myself."

This was in 1925 and that captain was Ira C. Eaker. In a couple of days (June 15th, actually) he'll hang up his Army blouse on which the three stars of a lieutenant general have blazed for nearly four years, close his desk in the Pentagon as deputy Commanding General of the AAF and drive out to Oregon with his wife, Ruth. He says he will hunt and fish and plant and harvest. His 30 years' service, 29 as an active pilot, are over. But a grateful people, by Act of Congress, have ordained that he carry the permanent rank of major general.

Eaker was on his first hitch of duty in Washington in 1925 and he was hammering away at a new philosophy called Air Power, previously and sensationally launched by General Billy Mitchell, but which no one took very seriously. (General Mitchell risked—even courted—martyrdom in his attempts to arouse a sleepy nation, and when he was scuttled after charging the Army with "criminal negligence" in handling the development of aviation, he retired to his estate in Virginia and followed the hounds until his death in 1936.)

Captain Eaker had nothing but his Army pay, but he cautiously risked the wrath of the high brass, then periodically refighting the Battle of Gettysburg, by continuing to preach the Mitchell gospel at every opportunity. He was an adroit suppersalesman with a keen, natural gift for public rela-

tions in its original, pure definition. He knew he had a good product to sell, so he took the long, exhausting method of making friends for it and patiently demonstrating what "his" Air Service could do with the little it had then and prophesying how it could be developed into the greatest in the world.

Any writer who could command an inch of publication space received patient and honest assistance from him. He always was reachable. Soon the word got around among the Washington correspondents that this captain was a swell officer. Seemed to enjoy being called "Ira" rather than Captain, too. He'd give you anything; talk freely, trust you. To prove his point he'd take you up; and what a pilot!

Early in his Army life, Ira Eaker learned that one segment of the public suspects every military man of being a lobbyist for funds to pad his nest, improve his command and even of being willing to foment a real war—to win medals. He determined then and religiously followed a plan to mix with the people wherever he was stationed. He wanted their thoughts and he wanted them to have the product of the military mind, too. He participated in their civic activities and even went to school with them, first studying business law, then journalism.

Today he has a greater knowledge and understanding of the civilian attitude on war and preparedness than perhaps any other military man, and he can switch over to the civilian viewpoint quicker than he can change from uniform to mufti.

With his vision of America someday having a mighty Air Fleet (realized in the recent war when he alone commanded half a million American airmen in Europe), a more personally ambitious officer would not be leaving the service now, at only fifty-one, but would hang around and await the impending retirement of his close friend, General Carl Spaatz, AAF chief, with 37 years' service already chalked up. He would pull strings to head up the new and independent Air Force conceived in the Army-Navy Unification Plan and scheduled to be born later in the year.

But General Eaker's feelings on that point are positive and final. The new baby should be reared by the youngsters—air generals in their forties—who fought and beat the *Luftwaffe* and the Jap air force and who already are deep in development work on supersonic piloted planes, robots and winged atomic weapons.

General Spaatz shares this viewpoint, too, and if the new Air Force is to come into being soon, he'll stay in active service only long enough to derive the personal satisfaction of see-

ing his dreams, born when he sprouted wings in 1916, come true and then—go fishing. General Eaker's successor is Lieutenant General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, forty-eight, wartime commander of the famous Ninth Air Force, and nephew of Chairman Arthur H. Vandenberg of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

The papers on June 15th doubtless will carry the story of General Eaker's retirement and they'll review his brilliant military record. It should be carefully digested by every soldier and every young man contemplating making the Army a career. Ira Eaker enlisted as a foot soldier for the other war, stayed in the service, reached three-star grade and retires a major general with 22 decorations and awards from 12 nations and many "firsts" in aviation development, five of which are permanent milestones in aviation history:

He was a pilot of the Army flight that made the first complete circuit of South America (1927) and the only airman to start and finish with the same plane. (His copilot was Muir S. Fairchild, now major general commanding the AAF Air University.) He was chief pilot of the Army Question Mark (1929), the first plane to fly continuously for more than 150 hours, by refueling in flight. (The commander of that operation was Major Spaatz.) He was the first to make a transcontinental blind flight (1936) entirely by instruments, and he did it in a single-seater fighter plane without seeing the ground except for landings for refueling. He was the first to invade Hitler's Fortress Europe (1942), leading the inaugural raid of B-17s on Rouen, France, though boss of the famous Eighth Bomber Command and then a brigadier general. He was the first to

shuttle-bomb between Italy and Russia (1944), leading that flight also, though then a three-star general and commanding the Mediterranean Allied Air Forces.

General Eaker always thought first of his men during the peace years—he gets a lot of mail from them now, notably from the enlisted group—and he continued to think of them in war without compromising his plan for victory—no easy task. That is why he went out on the first all-American air assault on Hitler's Europe, and again led the first shuttle-bombing between Italy and Russia and return.

He claims he did this (by way of explaining why he risked his life when the general's job is behind the lines surveying the over-all results of his command) to obtain more direct and detailed knowledge on the problems to be met by his green youngsters than he could have received through staff reports. We just don't believe it. But we know that in personally making the kickoff and leading his team into action, he firmly established with his airmen the all-true legend that they were not being ordered by the Old Man to do what he couldn't or wouldn't do.

Early in the life of the Eighth Bomber Command, when the supply of B-17s was pitifully low, losses were high and there was no fighter escort, General Eaker fought and won a battle with top policy makers for a limit to the number of combat missions his men should make over Germany. Once the number was completed—25 in the beginning, higher later when our losses dropped—the airmen never again were ordered into combat, and thousands of parents got their boys back because of this efficient and humanitarian Eaker policy. He gets a lot of mail from them, too. ★★★



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HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR FIFTY YEARS

OUT OF BONDAGE

Continued from page 78

smirked. "Dat's what he tooken to call hisself. Hit's really ole Moses what's been preachin' at de livery stable."

"Oh—for old Moses," Father said. "So he's going to build that church at last. Let's see—four's all I've got."

"All's anybody could expect," old Drunken Mary said magnanimously. She stuffed the money down the bosom of her dress. "De Lawd'll sho remember dis, Mister John," she said. And went away fast.

Father picked up his toddy glass and beamed at it. Then he caught Mother's furious glance. "Now, Nan—"

"Here's four!" she snapped. "And I'd just told her that I wouldn't give it to her. Why do you think I pay her on Monday nights? As certain as she goes to Birmingham on Saturday with money she'll end up in jail."

"Now, Nan, you heard her say—oh, well, suppose she does get into jail? I'll find a judge to parole her to me. That always keeps her going straight for sixty days. Besides," he added earnestly, "it really might go for old Moses' church. It's worth the chance—he's a fine man. Preaches the old-time religion as it should be preached. When he shouts fire, sinners can feel it sizzle them. When he refers to brimstone it smells like Gomorrah after the event. And when he tosses out the hope of salvation—ah!"

"I see," said Mother, "that you think you have done a very noble thing."

"Well, yes! Confound it, yes! Hey, you boys scat! Time you should be in bed."

That was the way our life was out near Roebuck Springs, outside of Birmingham. It was exactly like a movie serial, each day beginning with an exciting episode and ending with a more exciting one, with Father always hanging from the cliff. But if he'd known what kind of cliff he'd get himself backed up against this time, he might not have enjoyed that toddy half so much.

OF COURSE we didn't realize that then. Next morning, we came downstairs in our white suits, ready to gulp our grits and sirup and go off to Sunday school. Father was chewing glumly on his toast. His warning glance eased us quietly into our chairs as Mother came in from the kitchen.

"Eight!" she exclaimed. The grits smelled burned. "It's eight o'clock, and she has not set foot upon this place!"

Father chewed sturdily upon his toast.

"Well, if you won't admit it, I will," Mother said. "She's in the jail in Birmingham, exactly as I told you she would be. You and your noble gestures—four's all you've got! And all I've got is to cook for this family and that foolish Ned Monckton."

"Now, Nan," Father placated, "Ned may not be so bright, but he's very companionable."

"For that companionable Ned Monckton and his wife whom you so considerately invited here for Sunday dinner on the day you picked to lose my cook. Oh, and clean the house! Just dust and mop and get down on my knees and scrub—"

Father's fist banged down on the table. "Great Scott! I said I'd get her out of jail. All I've got to do, if you will let me finish eating—no, by George! Starving or not—"

"Now, John—"

"Starving," he roared, "or not, I say, I'll have her back here in an hour! Of course I'll make myself ridiculous, digging some idiotic judge out of his bed on Sunday morning just to get my cook paroled."

"John Williard! Who caused all this?"

"I did! I did! Am I denying it?"

He jumped up and went thumping

violently along the hall. We heard a hatrack wobble as he jerked at it. The front door banged.

Mother's lips pursed. It always was astonishing to her when Father finally blew up. "You boys," she said, in voice the way it was at funerals, "fin your milk. You're late for Sunday school."

But in spite of Mother's depression, left supremely confident that by the time we got home Mother would be radiant for her guests and that old Drunken Mary, in the kitchen and contrite usual, would have one of those wonderful company dinners fixed for us—t chicken fricasseed and steaming hot the rice in sumptuous, snowy piles, t mounds of emerald-green peas, the pickled beet—

IT WASN'T like that, though. As I came in the back door we smelled something scorched. Miss Irene, Ned Monckton's wife, was opening a can of sausages beside the sink. Mother was elbow-deep in biscuit dough. She didn't speak. She simply brandished the enormous mass of biscuit dough at us and we fled, guessing the worst.

In the dining room, Mister Ned gripping a toddy glass, was watching Father polish off a full four fingers, near "I'd sue," said Mister Ned. "Ye John, I'd sue!"

"Blast it, it's legal," Father snapped. "That's what galls so."

"Ought to horsewhip him," Mister Ned said, draining his own glass at a gulp. He coughed appreciatively. "It was a low-down, chicken-stealing trick."

"He's got the right to do it," said Father. "Since he's a judge, he can parole a person to anybody that he picks. But only a confounded scoundrel like Ed Jenkins would parole my cook—on Sunday morning, mind you, getting up to do it before I could reach him—to his own wife. Why, he must have insisted that they call him from the jail the next time she got in. And ninety days, Ned! All she did was cut the fellow up a little. It's not justice, it's spite."

Mister Ned sighed. "Ought to do something, John. This whole thing smells to heaven."

"It certainly does. It smells—why Ned!"

And Mister Ned, thumped hard between the shoulder blades, gasped "What?"

"Say that again!"

"You mean—this smells to heaven?"

"Brimstone," cried Father, "and Gomorrah—smells to heaven! Ned you're smart!"

"That so? I don't quite see—"

"But you can bet Ed Jenkins will," Father yelled. "Yes, sir, Judge Fast-and-Loose Jenkins will learn what it means. Nan, bring on those sausages!"

Something was up. Next day Father stayed home from his law office in Birmingham. Soon after breakfast, he strolled casually out by the Jenkinses' side fence and peeped across.

"Mary?"

A low-pitched whisper came from near the Jenkinses' clothesline. "Yes, Mister John?"

"I ought to wring your neck."

"Hit's done wrung, Mister John. Sho in a fix—sho hates dis place. She got me runnin' ever' minute. Got to run dis minute to de grocery."

"It serves you right," said Father. "Um—and as you run, stop by the livery stable and tell Moses I want to see him."

"Bout dat four dollars?" she demanded, not repentantly. "Now, Mister John, soon's as dese people pay me I gwine pay you back."

"You tell old Moses what I told you,"

Collier's for June 21, 1947

ther said. "And I'll take care of my ar dollars."

"Bubber, you up to tricks!"

He made a deprecating noise. "I just ink Moses needs encouragement. And vice. You'd better run, before Miss a catches you."

Old Drunken Mary ambled away. But thin half an hour, Moses knocked on r back door. Father went out.

"I hear you're finally going to build ourself a church?"

Old Moses' face was reverence itself. (es, sir. The Lord providin'. An' He ill, He will."

"Moses, a church is built upon the irit of its flock."

"Sho, Mister John."

"Now you take Mary," Father said. she got four dollars from me Saturday r your church. But you didn't get it."

Old Moses bowed his cotton-tufted ad. "Sister Mary tried. She's a good oman but she jest can't keep her feet om takin' her to sinful places."

"That's your fault, Moses."

"Which?"

"Your fault," Father said, "for not olstering her spirit. Speaking entirely s a practical man, I'd say that a fund- izing campaign should be tied in with a vival meeting."

"I understands you, Mister John. ause once we got the church, they on't be so much strayin'. Ain't that it?"

"That's the long-term objective," ather said. "Right now, I'm more in- rested in Mary's attitude. I've known er all my life—brought her with me hen I came down from Kentucky to ractice criminal law—and I remember ow a really powerful revival meeting ffects her. I think if she were to be ffects that way now, it would help you et your church."

"How dat work out?"

"Because I'm the only man south of Kentucky who can put up with Mary hen she's in that mood. You under- stand?"

"Yes, sir," old Moses drawled, "I understands." He rubbed his chin. And hen, "Sometime the Lord sho work His miracles uncommon strange."

Father came quietly into the house. He hesitated at the sideboard where he cept his bourbon, frowned and passed on into the living room, where he sat down in his big, green-leather chair, crossed his long legs, stared fiercely for a while into space, then sighed.

"That Moses," he said finally. "A fine man and a leader of his people. That takes brains—how's that, Nan?"

"Ida," said Mother, "just went past the house, dressed fit to kill. Perhaps it hasn't yet occurred to you, but this is the Sans Souci bridge club's afternoon, and I'm stuck here, while Ida, who has got my cook, goes sailing off."

"She's sailing into stormy water, Nan."

"That doesn't help me out. I'm going to hire another cook by Saturday."

"Nan, you can't do that. Why, Mary's been with us—"

"I won't stand for Ida Jenkins'—"

"But that's it, Nan. We've got to show these Jenkinses. Give me and Brother Rapture a chance and I'll get Mary back."

"Oh, Rapture fiddlesticks!"

"All right, then, fiddlesticks!" He leaped up and went thumping toward the hall. "Go on and hire another cook! Make me the laughingstock of town!"

"John Williard!"

Crisis. Tension mounting danger- ously within our home. Both of them were dead-sure they were right. There had to be a break.

IT WASN'T long in coming, actually. Tuesday night, just after Mother cleared the dinner table, we heard some- thing sounding far off and a little wild.

"Ah," Father said, strangely alert.

"Hush, boys."

It came again. We'd never heard a thing quite like it in our lives. It wasn't loud. And yet it penetrated, shrill and sorrowful, as if all of Roebuck Springs' screech owls might be communing.

"Yes," Father whispered. "That's it."

Mother stopped in the doorway to the kitchen. "What is it, John?"

"Just the beginning," Father said. "Remorse."

"It sounds much worse than that."

"Let's go out on the back porch, Nan. You'll understand."

The moon was making brooding pools of shadow in our back yard. And be- yond, across the Jenkinses' side fence, was where the sound was coming from. It was a little louder now. It seemed to rise, climbing note by note, waver for a while, then rise again in a crescendo.

"It's Mary, John!"

"Yes, Nan."

"John, she's suffering. John, you go over there at once!"

He shook his head. "She's not suffer-



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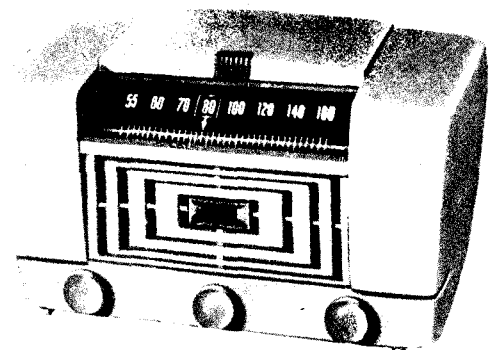
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COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE



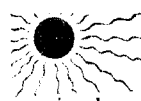
"Honest, I used to melt in his arms"



OUR PLACE WAS THE TOAST OF THE TOWN, all right! It was so hot last summer that when the thermometer hit a new high, our spirits hit a new low. I was so withered from the weather that I drooped all the time . . . and when Tom came home from work I was ready to collapse. Of course, after a hot day downtown he didn't exactly relish a Turkish bath either.

NOW I'M CALM, COOL AND PROTECTED

Sure, that's a sudden change. And it occurred almost as fast as I can tell it. One day when I was really burned up, I 'phoned the Carey Approved Home Insulator. Practically as easily as saying, "Carey Rock Wool Insulation is blown in, no muss or fuss," he **summer-proofed** our home. Now . . .



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ing, at least not suffering the way you understand it. She's been to a revival and she's got religion, Nan. She takes it hard because she knows she's a backslider."

"John!" Her voice was sharp. "Is that why you had Moses come up here?" He nodded.

"You ought to be ashamed. She's been with you so many years, and yet for your own little purposes you make her feel like this!"

"Old Moses made her feel like this," Father said. "Though actually it was her sense of guilt."

"Her guilt, indeed! Why, you arranged it. That's so cruel, John."

"It would be if it weren't for the best. You'll have to wait for the whole story, Nan."

Mother shook her head. "I'm going in the house. Come with me, sons."

And as she steered us silently to bed, we knew that this was no longer an argument over who was going to be our cook. And it was more than a question of the perfidy of Mister Ed. Father was left alone out in the dark. Across the fence, in Mister Ed's servant house, old Drunken Mary was moaning the sorrow that she felt; and Mother had withdrawn from any part of it. What had been a minor cleavage in our home was suddenly a disaster.

NEXT morning, brittle silence as we ate. At last Father got up and somberly walked out. But no sooner had he got outside our picket fence than we heard Mister Ed.

"Oh, John. Hold on a minute, John—" Father slowed down, smiling contemptuously. Mister Ed, still buttoning his vest, came up to him.

"John, did you hear that caterwauling all last night?"

"Yes, Ed, I heard something."

Mister Ed seemed bitter. "I'll just bet you did. I couldn't sleep a wink myself."

"That's too bad, Ed. You judges need your sleep."

But Mister Ed was not attuned to irony. "That's right," he said. "What's more, Ida kept after me to go out there—in my nightshirt!"

"I'm glad you didn't do it, Ed. It wouldn't be so good," said Father pointedly, "for it to get around that you were interfering with religion. Any man in politics knows that."

Mister Ed looked startled. "Now, wait! I certainly didn't interfere—"

"If I were you, I wouldn't even think of it," said Father. "After all, Mary won't keep this up so long. It never lasts more than three weeks."

"Three weeks! You mean she's going to yell like that for three weeks?"

"Oh, no. She'll start singing hymns tonight. And after that she'll reach the shouting stage. Gets pretty noisy for a while."

"I can't stand that. I tell you, John, I'm not so young and I have simply got to have my sleep—"

They passed on out of earshot then. And that was all that we three boys knew of it until that night.

I guess that night must have been very near the pinnacle of old Drunken Mary's life. Of course she'd never been given to regrets—but that night must have made up for a lot of transgressing. It started out exactly like the night before, mournful and shrill, but by the time we were at dinner she was really getting in her stride.

Father's fork halted halfway to his mouth. He shook his head. "Old Moses must have scared the living daylight out of her," he said. "Just hear that, Nan!"

Mother got up, stony-faced, and left the table. Father scowled at his fork, but went on eating until he saw we three boys were through. Then he walked quietly out of the house. As soon as we dared do it, we went after him.

He stood alone—a tall, spare man, his

head bowed slightly as he waited in the shadows by the fence. Old Drunken Mary, in her shanty in Mister Ed's backyard, was swinging into something very slow and sad, a spiritual we'd never hear before, a wailing keen, an improvise lament. But Father seemed to guess the words. He must have known, from back there in Kentucky when he was a boy how Mary's thoughts would come, for he was keeping close to what she sang just muttering it. Somehow, that scared us bad. But not as bad as a sudden throaty whispering:

"Is that you, John?"

Father stood silent a moment. Then he said, "Yes, Ed."

"John, I can't stand it. Isn't there a way of stopping her?"

Father's big fists clenched. For just a moment we thought maybe he was going to climb that fence. And then he said, "I wouldn't stop her if I could. And don't you try! I warned you it would finish you politically, and what's more Ed—I'd punch your face."

"Now, John. Now, John. No sense in getting nasty over this. Oh, I'll admit it was a cheap-skate trick, stealing your cook. But it wasn't my idea. Ida—"

"Confound a man who hides behind a woman's skirts!"

"But, John—now, listen to me, John!" Mister Ed thrust both hands through the fence. "Hang it all, I've got to sleep. Look at my eyes—like eggs. Two more weeks of this and I—John, won't you take her back?"

Old Drunken Mary's voice, reaching a peak, went scattering on in shrill hysteria.

"Please, John! Do something—anything—"

The wailing ebbed. Father stood listening attentively.

"A lull," he said. "That means, the way that I remember it—why, Ed, I do remember that at just this time, if we can turn her thoughts to joyous things—Suppose you come on over to my house."

"John, you're a friend. A real, true friend."

The moaning from the shanty kept on coming as we marched in from the dark.

IT WAS just after noon next day when once again old Moses knocked on our back door. Father went to the porch. "Moses," he said, "I understand that you need fifty dollars to get started on that church."

"Yes, Mister John. 'Twould start it."

Father held out his hand and winked. "It seems that Mister Ed Jenkins was so impressed with the results of your revival that he wrote you this check for fifty. And that's that."

"Bless Mister Ed," old Moses murmured. "And bless you, too, Mister John."

"Oh, that is perfectly all right—"

"John Williard!" And Mother marched out resolutely to the porch. "You mean to say that you are going to let Ed Jenkins be more generous than you?"

"Why, Nan—now, listen, fifty dollars—" Then he winced. He always knew exactly how far he dared go. "All right, bring me my checkbook, Nan!" "Get it yourself," said Mother, standing firm. He went.

Old Moses fidgeted. "An' bless you specially, Miss Nan."

"Don't bless me," Mother said, and turned her head. "Blessings are for the innocent of heart. Hear that?"

Back in our kitchen, we could hear a voice: "Tum-tum-tee-tum, tum-tum-tee-tum, tum-tum-tee-tum—"

Light and joyous and industrious, Old Drunken Mary was delivered from the sorrows of her past. And out of bondage from the Jenkinsons.

"Bless Sister Mary," said old Moses solemnly. "She tries."

THE END

Collier's for June 21, 1947

Me — a part-time widow?"

"Honey, I've been thinking about joining that new National Guard outfit."

"Who's been waving a flag at you?"

"Now, Betty, it's a man's duty—for one thing!"

"I didn't raise my husband to be a soldier."

"It's swell training—and I could learn some things that'd help me move up faster at the office, too."

"Yes?"

"It's only one evening a week—and a full day's Regular Army pay every time!"

"What does that make me? A part-time widow!"



"No, ma'am! Have yourself a time with the gals—or come to the Armory. There's a club for wives, too."

"Sounds fun."

"It's *extra* money, Honey—in my old grade, \$200 a year *plus*. Pay all our insurance!"

"A washing machine . . . a new range . . . yum, yum!"

"The 'boss' is all for it, too."

"Tell me more."

"An extra two weeks for summer training—and the company will make up the difference in my pay."

"And we'd be giving something *personal* toward peace—and *permanent*?"

"Absolutely!"

"My man!"

* Listen to the "National Guard Assembly," with Paul Whiteman, every Wednesday, 9 P.M., EDST, ABC Network.

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Like the ballot box itself, the Exchange is merely a mechanism. It is a place where those who desire to dispose of their securities can meet, through their brokers, the greatest possible number of buyers . . . where those who wish to purchase securities can meet the greatest possible number of sellers. It sets no prices; it makes no purchases or sales for itself.

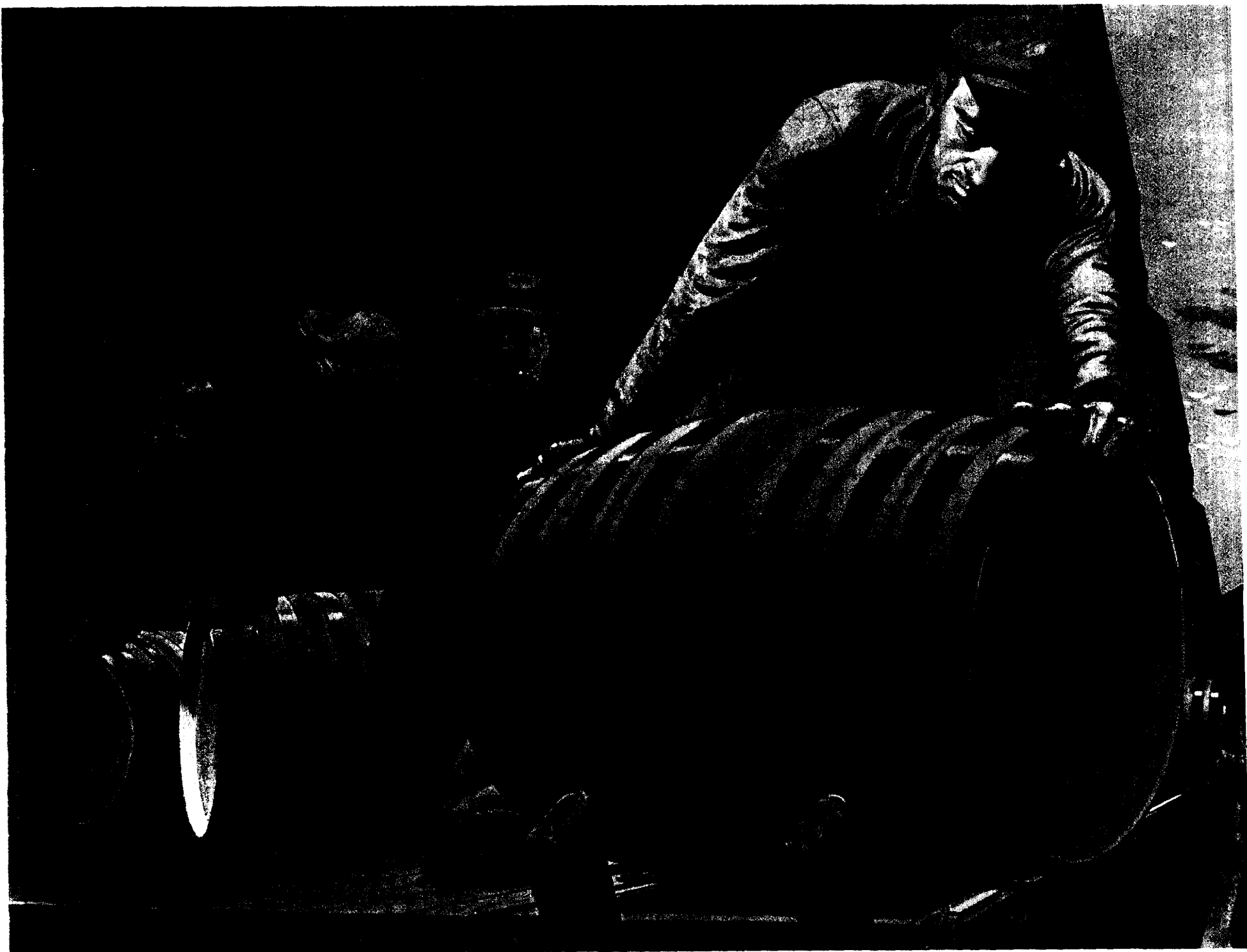
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gements. I plead for his unlimited
ence since he has mine to the fullest
I am subject to his call at any
nt.

"Sincerely your friend,
"JNO. N. GARNER"

day morning I attended the funeral
es for Senator Robinson in the
e chamber. In the President's room,
was muttering about the "Dear
r" letter Roosevelt had addressed to
or Barkley. This letter denounced
rs that the Court bill was to be
loned. Friends of Senator Harri-
who was campaigning against Bark-
or the leadership, felt the Chief
itive had employed the letter to indi-
he favored Barkley. The letter
he more aggravating to many be-
only a few hours after the death of
oyal majority leader, the President
ed against attending the funeral.
kly I considered this a grave mistake.

Urges Fight for Amended Bill

the letter, the President called on
ley to fight to the finish for the
ided bill Robinson had presented in
Senate after he had persuaded the
dent to compromise. This measure
d for one new justice for every Court
ber over the age of seventy-five, but
ed the President to one appointment
ar.

hen debate opened, I came in for a
y verbal barrage for an off-the-
rd remark I made on leaving the
ident. A reporter put me on the spot
asking how the Court fight stood. I
ged by countering with an off-the-
rd question as to how such senators
McCarran of Nevada and O'Mahoney
Wyoming could afford not to vote for
bill if they ever wanted anything from
Administration. My remark lost no
s value in the reporting.

McCarran rose from a sickbed to make
amatic appearance before the Senate.
announced that he was speaking
nt his doctor's orders and sealing his
political death.

I think this cause is worthy of any
r's life," he cried, most effectively.
hen Farley said that if I asked for
nothing for my humble state, there
ld be a different viewpoint, he wrote
death warrant and he knew it, and I
y today be delivering my valedictory
reason of a mandate of Mr. Farley."
t wasn't that bad, as time has proved,
it was bad enough for me. Worse for
in fact, than for either McCarran or
Mahoney, because I knew I had made
mpossible for either of them to vote
the President. It taught me a power-
lesson in holding one's tongue.

That afternoon I had a conference with
President, "Boss, I want to be very
ect," I said after exchanging greetings.
"Shoot, Jim," he invited.

"Why did you write that letter to
Barkley?"

"Because a letter was the easiest way
get over to the Senate what I wanted."
"But the criticism has come from the
t that it was addressed to Barkley."

"Simple enough, Jim. I couldn't send
o Garner, who's away, or to Key Pitt-
in, who was in the chair; so, inasmuch
Barkley is acting leader, I properly
nt it to him."

"But the impression has got around..."
"Yes, I know," he interrupted. "That
n supporting Barkley for majority
ider as against Harrison. Well, it just
it's so."

"I'm glad to hear it," I said. "I'm going
keep my hands off. It's a matter for
e Senate—the Democratic members of
e Senate. I'm going to tell Barkley and
arrison that."

"Good. I'm going to see Pat Harrison
five o'clock and tell him I'm not against
m. By the way, are you going to Little
ock for the funeral?"

"Yes."

"Jim, I wish you'd be my eyes and ears
on the trip. Visit around among the
senators and congressmen on the train
to and from Arkansas and try to get a
line on what they're thinking. Report
to me as soon as you return."

I did as he asked. I had visits with
Harrison and Barkley, the contenders for
the leadership, and their respective cam-
paign managers, Byrnes and Guffey. I
told each of them in the presence of the
other that I would not turn a hand and
that the President had assured me he also
would not.

Harrison said the President had so ad-
vised him Friday afternoon.

We returned to Washington at
11:45 P.M. Monday night. I went directly
to my apartment in the Mayflower. Al-
most at my arrival, the special line from
the White House jangled.

"Hello," I answered.

"Hello," said the voice at the other end.

"Who is it?" I asked somewhat im-
patiently.

"It's me," the voice responded, none
too clearly.

"Who the hell is 'me'?" I shouted.

"The President."

"Oh," said I, entirely mollified.

"What's keeping you up?"

"Jim, I want you to call Ed Kelly of
Chicago right now. Get him to put the
pressure on Senator Dieterich to vote for
Barkley."

"I can't do it," I complained. "I said
I wouldn't turn a hand either way, for
Barkley or Harrison."

"Dieterich's weakening; all we need is
a phone call."

"I can't help it; I can't call Kelly."

"You mean you won't," came in hurt
accents.

"Boss, I just can't," I protested. "I
gave my word—my word to Harrison,
Barkley, Byrnes and Guffey on the train.
You yourself said it was right for me to
take no sides."

"Very well," he said curtly. "I'll get
Harry Hopkins to do it."

He hung up before I could say, "Good
night."

The next morning the President called
me over around eleven o'clock. He was
in excellent spirits as I reported on my
observations on the trip.

"Jim, I've made up my mind that after
the leadership fight I'll let the situation
ride along, if possible, to see what hap-
pens. If nothing happens on the part of
the leaders, I'll get on the radio. I'll ap-
peal to the people. I want the Court bill,
slum clearance, wage-and-hour legisla-
tion and a farm bill passed at this
session."

He thanked me for my report on what
he called my "look-see" and told me to
come in tomorrow to go over the whole
situation. He made no mention of the
phone call the night before.

Aftermath of the Battle

The next day I saw the President almost
immediately after Barkley was elected
leader by a vote of 38 to 37. Dieterich,
who had been pledged to support Harri-
son, deserted to bring victory to Barkley.

"I'll invite Barkley and Harrison in to
lunch," he exclaimed. "You stay, too,
Jim. Then we can all get together and
work everything out."

"If you don't mind," I put in, "I'd
rather not. I think it would be better
if I were not with you. They should eat
alone with you."

"Maybe so," he let me off. "Jim, what
I have in mind is this: Senator Pope was
in the other day and indicated it might
be well to try to pass some of the important
legislation, now pending, and let the
Court program ride along a while. Then,
in October, Congress would come back to
take it up. What do you think?"

"Sounds all right, except I think it
would be a terrible mistake on your part
to abandon the fight."

"But it wouldn't be abandoning the

AMAZING THING! *By Cooper*

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FOR
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HELPS RELIEVE
ITCHING—
SOOTHES BURNING
BETWEEN CRACKED,
PEELING TOES—
AIDS HEALING
AMAZINGLY!**

**DURING
WAR USED
IN
HOSPITALS
NOW
RELEASED TO
DRUGGISTS,
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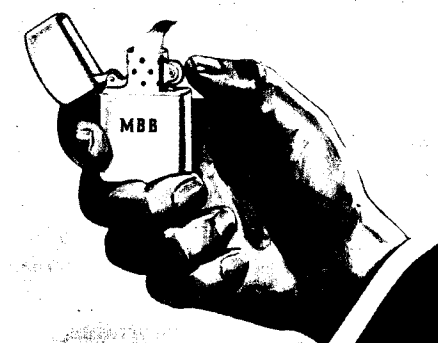
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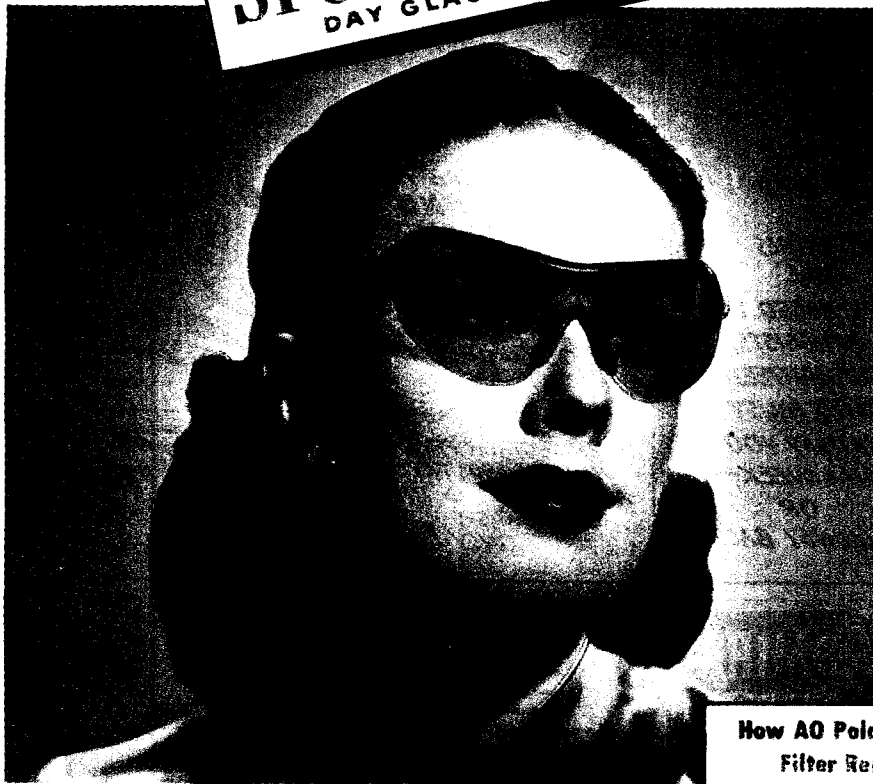
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Famous Models bring you Fashion News!

New AO POLAROID*

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DAY GLASSES



Margaret Young one of the famous Powers models, wears the red AO Polaroid Sportglas as the perfect accompaniment for her brunette beauty. This smart design features Ful-Vue (high) endpieces and slip-on temples—so comfortable with the new hair-do's. Curved lenses permit a wide range of vision.

\$1.69 with case



AO POLAROID SPORTGLAS FOR MEN

... A new, specially designed sun glass for the outdoors man, combining masculine good looks with complete comfort and exclusive sun glare protection. Choice of spatula temples, or close-fitting cable temples for active sports. Demi-amber frame.

\$1.69 with case



DAY GLASSES



Carolyn Cross Powers model whose striking beauty has won wide acclaim, shows you the new AO Polaroid Day Glasses. They're gay flatterers!—a very modern with their upsweep frames, Ful-Vue (high) endpieces and well-fitting slip-on temples. Try on the new Day Glasses, wherever better sun glasses are sold.

\$2.69 with case



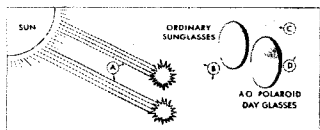
AO POLAROID DAY GLASSES FOR MEN

... For all out-in-the-sun wear, at the beach, on the water or driving a car, men will prefer these new AO Polaroid Day Glasses. The exclusive AO Polaroid lenses assure full protection against reflected sun glare. Crystal frame.

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How AO Polaroid Day Glasses Filter Reflected Glare!

- A** Bright light from the sun strikes a surface.
- B** Some rays bounce off as glare; others reflect to the eye as useful "seeing" rays, show color and detail.
- C** Ordinary sun glasses dim both glare-light and useful light. Glare remains to hide detail, to dilute true colors.
- D** AO Polaroid Day Glasses reduce annoying glare, reveal detail, transmit undiluted color rays.



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IF IT'S MARKED  ... IT'S SMARTLY STYLED ... OPTICALLY CORRECT.

he said; "it would just be a post-mortem."

is was the first indication I had from of surrender or compromise.

want to get wage-and-hour, re-nization, slum clearance, farm and al legislation through at this session. there won't be very much to do at ext session, and we can take things r."

think you ought to carry on the "I said. "I think it's just a question etting the story before the voters." es, I know," he agreed. "I'll have ake a radio address. I know full slum clearance is necessary; that control is vital to keep farm prices getting out of hand; that wage-and-legislation is keenly desired by all r, and that the government needs re-nization to increase efficiency. I t tell the people that.

And I want to tell them that some tors and congressmen and the Vice-ident, too, are more or less anti-ed in their thinking. We can't eed, as they would have us, on the ry that we should let well enough e."

forty-eight hours the Court bill was l. The Senate referred it back to the ciary committee. In the final hours, as widely recognized that Presidential at was inevitable.

On July 23d I had lunch with the sident and found him fuming against ner.

He didn't even attempt to bargain i Wheeler [Senator Burton K. eeler of Montana], he said in ex-eration. "He just accepted Wheeler's ns. If Garner had put up any kind fight, the thing could have been ked out differently."

Weren't you a party to the agree-nt?" I asked.

"I most certainly was not," he snapped. told Garner to make the best com-mise he could. It's apparent Garner de no effort to do so. He just capit-ued to the opposition."

"Boss," I said, "I must take issue with u on Jack, who is my friend and yours. thout knowing what happened, I'm e that Jack did all he could, and more in anyone else might have done. I'm tain you'll find he tried to salvage at he could of the program, but it just isn't in the cards for him to win. He in't have a winning hand."

Not Enough Votes for Compromise

Later I talked with the Vice-President d found that my defense was based on e facts. Garner didn't have the votes r any compromise and had to yield. hen Roosevelt did not comment on my fense, I asked: "What about the rest of ur program?"

"I'll put it up to the leaders whether ey want to clean it up in a few weeks or ljour and come back the first of ctober or thereabouts. Then they could ean it up before Christmas."

The President expressed himself pleased the way he had handled his press con-erence that morning. He said he had own the newspapermen that he could ke defeat; that he had preserved good umor throughout.

By the time luncheon ended he was in happy frame of mind. He had shut his ind on the Court fight surrender, as one ould close a door. I did not gather, owever, that he was prepared to let by-ones be bygones. I knew he was dis-pointed, even incensed with some Democrats. His attitude was that he had een double-crossed and let down by men who should have rallied loyally to his upport. I was certain that he would not lissmiss it all as part of the game.

Mr. Farley's second article, to be pub-ished next week, will discuss President Roosevelt's attempt to "purge" the Democratic party in 1938.

Collier's for June 21, 1947

IT'S FUN TO GO TO CHURCH

BY JEFFERSON MACHAMER

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

How one church boomed attendance and paid off the mortgage through comic booklets



ONE Southern California evening six years ago I answered the door chimes and met Mr. Mark Hogue, a rangy character who has since complained of looking like Hollywood's Fred MacMurray. "I'm the preacher at the Westwood Hills Congregational Church," he told me. "May I come in

tion. He simply said, "I believe this will pay off the mortgage!"

We installed a small coffee maker at my Beverly Hills studio and in six evenings the book was done. Mark wrote such things as: Formula for Fun—a firm resolution is the first ingredient. Go to church grimly determined to enjoy your-

self. Try singing.

Even a futile effort

will be fun. To sit

down and get up with

the rest of the congrega-

tion (the text contin-

ued) will help you

relax. It's fun to im-

press your neighbors

with the large bill you

casually toss into the

collection plate. If

you have that about-

to-be-bored feeling,

look around; there's

a chuckle in every

hat. Smile at some-

one. You might even

look at the minister.

He's funny to look at

—but who isn't? It's

fun to watch the or-

ganist set the pace.

It's fun for the tired

businessman; for the

glamor gal who sits

demurely scintillating; for the whole fam-

ily, all dressed up and a good place to

go.

It's most fun for the minister, whose job

it is to see that a good time is had by all.

We argued: It's fun

to live. Hearty enjoy-

ment, enthusiasm and

humor are basic in-

gredients of life. Reli-

gion, particularly the

church service, is a

celebration of life; if

complete, it will be

not only dignified,

solemn and reverent,

but fun.

A deacon in the

printing business got

the engraving, paper

and printing whole-

sale. Thousands of

copies of the book

were manufactured

and tucked in door-

ways for miles

around—Santa Mon-

ica, Westwood Hills,

Westwood Village,

West Los Angeles,

Culver City and a bit

of Beverly Hills.

The results were

immediate and astounding. Church attendance so increased that loud-speakers were installed in the dining and Sunday-school rooms, and also in the vestry, the wedding chapel and the entrance hall, all of which were accommodating the overflow.

We followed the first with other books.

When gasoline was rationed we wrote

and drew *It's Fun to Walk to Church*,

and that problem was solved. Another,

It's Fun to Go to Nursery School, started

a successful Sunday school in a vacant

lot alongside the church. An Easter book-

let brought unprecedented numbers of

new worshipers. Those who in the past

had protested against the church's aloof-

ness and formality were left without an

argument.

After a time attendance inevitably fell

off a little, but enough people steadied

into regulars to pay off the mortgage

and boost the Westwood Hills Congre-

gational Church into thirteenth place in

the membership standing of that denom-

ination.

One Sunday morning while the choir

sang, Mark walked slowly, soberly down

the aisle to my pew. He tapped the shoul-

der of a man sitting directly in front of

me. As the man turned around, Mark

said, "Mr. Jepson, I'd like you to meet

Mr. Machamer. You two cook up a golf

game for us next Wednesday." Then he

strode, robes billowing, back to the pul-

pit.

That's why I like Mark Hogue. And

that's why I like going to church. It's

fun. ★★★



Look at the minister. He's funny but who isn't?

and visit with you and Mrs. Machamer?"

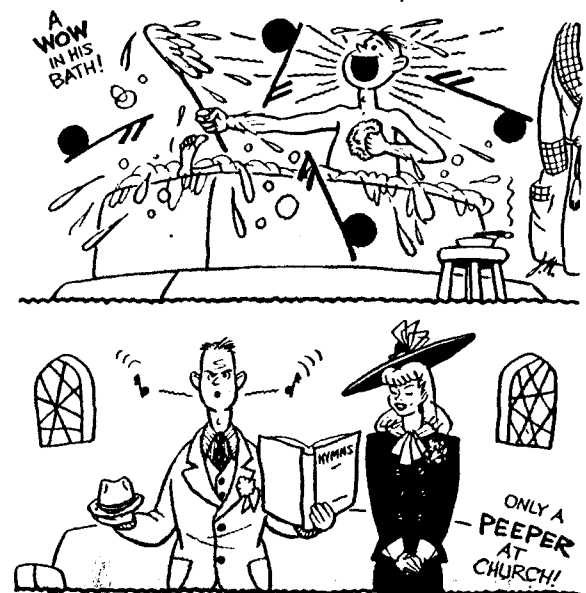
"Certainly," I said. Meanwhile I was saying to myself: "This guy's going to try to get me to go to church!" and "I wonder if I left any cigarettes lying around loose?"

Nervously I called Polly, my wife, and introduced her. We sat on a davenport. The Reverend Hogue sprawled in a big chair opposite us, lighted a cigarette and looked around the room. As he gazed, I gaped. "Nice pictures," he remarked of my landscapes. "I like your technique. Seen a lot of your swell-looking gals in the magazines."

Before I knew it, midnight had rolled around, I hadn't yawned once and not one word had been spoken about religion. Before Mark Hogue left we had made a date to get together again the following Thursday. But at breakfast the next morning Polly said, "I think you've found the man who'll listen to that go-to-church idea of yours." I had long nursed the idea of doing a little book titled, *It's Fun to Go to Church*, illustrated with appropriate cartoons.

"Polly," I agreed, "I think you're right."

When Mark Hogue returned that Thursday evening I presented a dummy of the book and the suggestion that he should publish it. There was no objec-





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Hamm's

Smooth and
Mellow Beer

Theo. Hamm Brewing Co., St. Paul 1, Minn.

BUTTERING THE NAVY BRASS

Continued from page 25

vn the line, the subtle contest knows end. Nor is the spirit of old Annapolis ent here today. By no means! The ide School boys have gravitated into all, select groups, as though drawn by tripetal force. Whenever they drink oast to old Bancroft Hall, which is ener as the party goes on, their glasses m to go not *click*, but *clique*!

You can tell pretty well what per- tage of those in the flag-draped ll are Annapolis grads, not only by ir mammoth class rings, but also counting the ribbons they wear. If wears the Navy Cross, the chances e about ten to one that he is one of e God-men Regulars (called outside e Trade School the God-something- e Regulars). If he has the Legion of erit, the ratio is nearer forty to one. or the selection board that passes on vards, so Congress found, leaned way it of line in distributing honors, ereby remaining true to the Annapo- s perspective.

Consider that military fellow who ang around the punch bowl, an Army an (no one knows how he got in here) ho wears the Legion of Merit. It was inned on his chest as the colonel read e following citation: "He organized any unusual and appetizing recipes or the utilization of leftover scraps." iracious, if the Navy knew the Army vas passing out ribbons for reasons such s this, it would long since have given ne to Prexy.

Prexy is the lieutenant commander ow trying to look sufficiently seductive o the Wave with the taut lapels. He has lone a masterful job as headmaster of a inishing school, a kind of little An- napolis, set up recently in the Navy yard.

This school is a valuable war asset. There reserve officers learn all manner of things helpful in their careers as offi-

cers in the United States Navy—how to pay formal calls; how to write a letter; when to wear gray gloves; when *not* to wear gray gloves; the importance of giving the soup plate an outboard list; where to sit in a boat when seniors are present; and other niceties calculated to keep them out of the pariah class.

Prexy is just the man to headmaster such an academy. Being an Annapolis man himself, he always addresses his pupils as though they were fresh out of Buster Brown collars and gives them to understand that, socially, he has been around.

He has also been a rounder. And still is. You will find him almost every evening at the officers' club, well fueled and on patrol for any unescorted cruiser of the Betty Grable class—or, indeed, for any trim craft whatever that has only ensigns or lieutenants for convoy.

For some reason, the Navy hasn't promoted Prexy very often. At forty or so he wears only two and a half stripes, whereas most of his classmates have long since made commander. But he still hopes to catch up, and toward that end has prepared a wordy paper entitled, "How to Behave in the Wardroom," a copy of which is the first thing given to every man enrolled in his elite school. This treatise embraces such subjects as how to hold the fork, how to use the spoon, Helping Yourself, how to moor a napkin properly and the more obvious table manners taught the average moppet before he is out of kindergarten.

He frankly admits the paper is designed to win him his third stripe, and he puts a tremendous value on it. The title page of every copy is stenciled in large letters:

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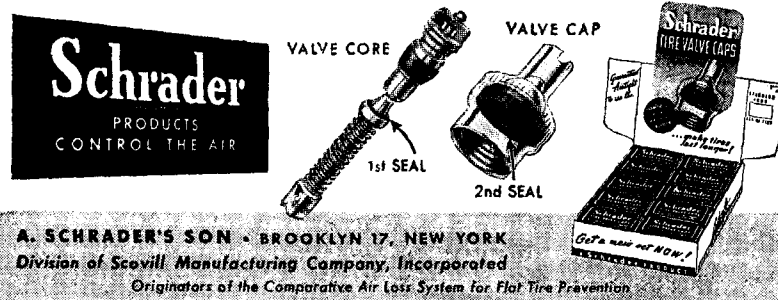
Some seals are no longer tight when it comes to holding the air in your tires.

That's when you start to lose money, because underinflation ruins tire life—causes flats. But new, genuine Schrader Caps and Cores do the job right. The

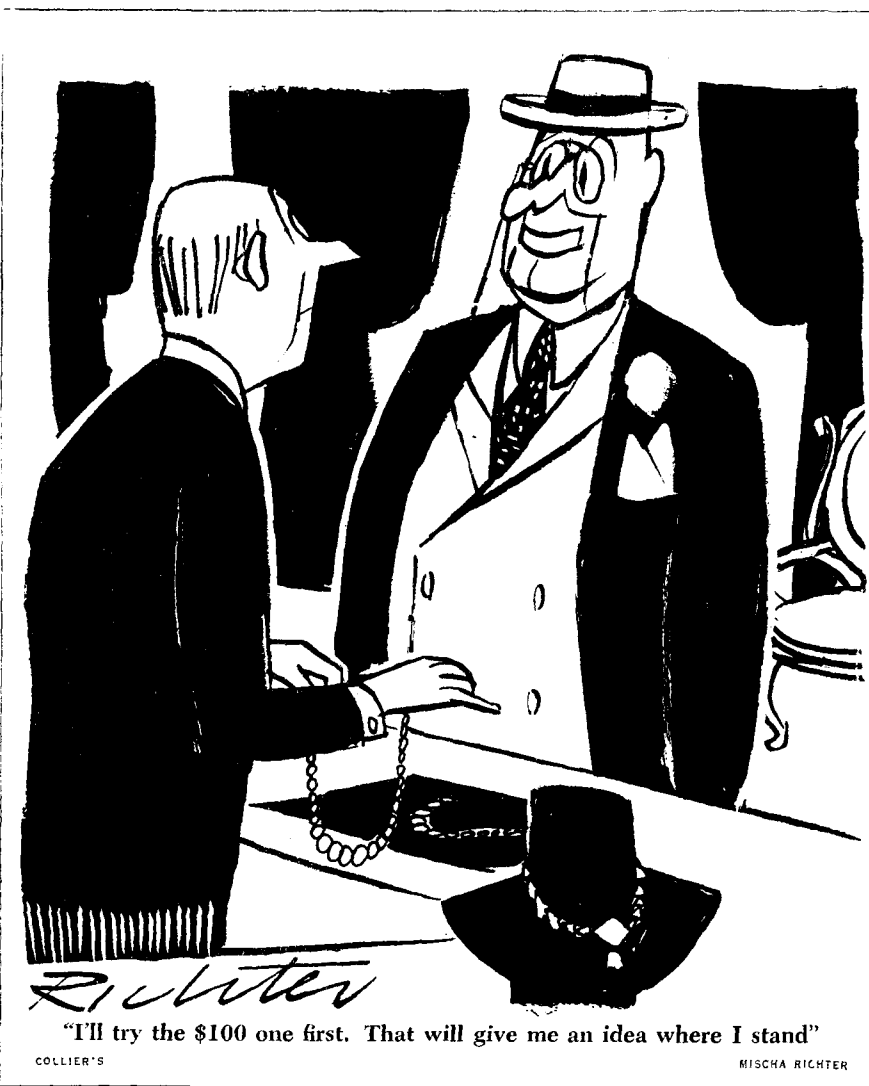
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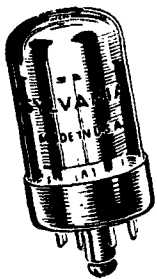
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Collier's for June 21, 1947



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Notice particularly the 4-cylinder, valve-in-head CROSLY COBRA (Copper BRAZed) engine! It's made of steel, weighs only 59 lbs. and is the most talked-of internal combustion engine in 40 years! On ordinary gasoline it delivers 35-50 miles per gallon; speeds to 60-plus! Check, inspect, compare the stunning new CROSLY Convertible before you buy any "sports" car!

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ments by the author), it is hard to see why he gave the pamphlet confidential classification. It's just as hard to understand why he limits it to "officers only"—unless he considers politeness exclusively the property of the officer caste.

He delights in reading from his treatise in class. Only yesterday he delivered to his neophytes the closing passages, which contain his prime improvement on Mrs. Post. Holding up his forefinger, as though to stop all wayward traffic in their minds, he had read:

"The commandant does not claim perfection. He is conscious of his social failings and is constantly endeavoring to improve himself through the principles set forth in this treatise. In closing, however, he does wish to contribute one important maneuver of his own invention. It is generally recognized that there is nothing more arresting in appearance than a platter of broiled lobsters. What a truly spectacular entrance they make with their crimson shells!"

"On the other hand, what could be nastier to look upon than those very shells when they are returned to the galley with their insides all scooped out and their legs scattered about in confusion? It is such a simple task to place the emptied shells on the plate in such a manner that the red side is up and the lobsters' exit will be as pretentious as was their prideful entrance."

So, from day to day, Prexy pursued his enlightened crusade—while elsewhere in the world Rommel neared the Nile, Hitler moved beyond Rostov, Marines landed bloodily on the Solomons, pilots dropped like flies in the Aleutian fog, and American mothers read of the sinking of the Yorktown.

Across the hall from Prexy, talking to an uncomfortable-looking jg, is a young officer, Lieutenant Priggish by name, whose facial expression says clearly, "I'm from Annapolis!" He does not wear many ribbons yet, but he's an old sea dog just the same, as you can tell by the star in his pre-Pearl Harbor silk. This signifies that he was at sea during the sneak attack.

What the star doesn't show is that, while he was technically attached to one of the ships blasted on December 7th, he was actually at Boston, Massachusetts, taking a special course in radar and no nearer to Pearl Harbor than a dish of New England chowder.

A Condescending Character

Lieutenant Priggish is at the function today only because it is officially expected of him. He takes little part in the revelry, and none of the punch. For Lieutenant Priggish is one of those Blue Boy types, a martinet in the making. If, as seems possible, the Annapolis course includes a course in Arrogant Self-control, it is certain that Lieutenant Priggish got the top grade.

He is, in his way, a paragon. During his boyhood, which must have been brief, he had been thoroughly buffed at military school. Then the Academy got hold of him and rubbed away so lustily that his personality is now worn down to a single hard facet; he is all self-restraint and starched spine.

Large of chin and Prussian blond, with a nose turned up at the outside world, he has grown into an extremely callous young man. His mind and emotions are superbly controlled; he allows himself no attachments or passions, but makes an open boast of one cardinal virtue, selfishness.

"It is the way to get ahead," he always says. Self-help takes up all his time.

The model lieutenant has kept pretty much to himself during the party and it is only for a few unguarded minutes that he now finds himself chatting with the jg, who is a reservist to boot. It is not because the reservist is a friend of his—"I have never had a friend," Priggish

once declared, "nor do I ever expect to have one"—but because the jg gives him a chance to lecture.

For over a year Lieutenant Priggish and I had made many a shore leave together. This was a flattering concession on his part, for until I proved to him that all reserves are not hopeless imbeciles he had always hit the beach solo. We visited each other's homes on leave, explored strange ports together and confided in each other concerning affairs of the heart.

But when, after 18 months together, Navy orders sent me one way and him another, he dropped me as if I were a scrap of his old jg cuff braid. I wrote and asked him why.

Social Error Sternly Rebuked

His reply could have been written only by a dyed-in-the-wool military man. In the Navy, his letter informed me, one must learn to enjoy personal contacts while he has them but be ready to drop them "when the moment of convenience is past." Then he really put me in my place with, "I find your assumption of friendship presumptuous. Maybe we were acquaintances, but I was never willing to go as far as being friends. By my standards, a huge gap exists between the two."

Lieutenant Priggish likes to turn pontifical and, as in the present instance, attempt to show that kindness and emotion are not for him or anyone else of real military mold. Such frivolities, he is telling the jg, are all right for reservists, whom he considers an unbalanced lot. Ruled by their feelings. No sense of discipline.

Reservists, he continues, are always griping about the hardships of the service. What did they mean by saying they had given up anything? What had they given up? A home and a big job? The Navy gave them both. A few trivial pleasures like music, vacations and such frippery? Life with the regulars gave them better than these.

He looks down his nose at the jg and says comfortably, "You've got to be realistic about the war." His way of being realistic about it is to recall, with immense satisfaction, that if the world were at peace he would still be an ensign, instead of a lieutenant, senior grade, drawing almost \$300 a month. Also, he has a group of enlisted men to do most of his work, and basks in the fact that he outranks thousands of reservists ten years older. And come what may, as an Academy man he is sure of getting the best of every deal.

On the other hand, he reasons, what would a civilian setup offer him? Without prescribed doctrine there would be chaos, and who—surely not he—wants to shift for himself, facing the unpredictable responsibilities of life without an answer book and the protection a uniform gives?

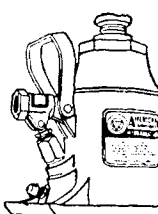
Having made sure that the executive officer has noted his presence at the party, Lieutenant Priggish shortly takes his departure. The subtraction of his ribbons does not change the color of the occasion very much; there are plenty of others left on the scene.

But not many Purple Hearts. They are worn mostly by the enlisted men, God having failed to distribute the bullets in proportion to the gold lace. But ever so many other honors are on display and, oddly enough, the decorations seem to be apportioned in direct ratio to the gold braid on the shoulder boards. Could this be mere coincidence?

Not at all. Chance had nothing to do with it, and true merit shamefully little. Some of the ribbons displayed in the gathering have been honestly and gallantly won by heroes of Pearl Harbor, the English Channel, the Coral Sea, the waters around Truk, the air over Rabaul, the beaches of Sicily and Saipan. But others are worn solely through rank or

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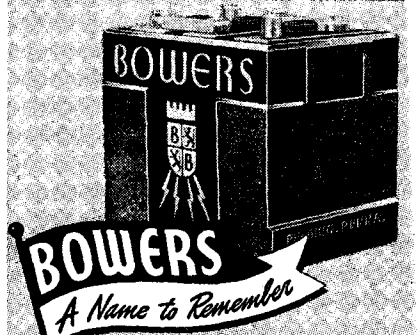
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Collier's for June 21, 1947



Instant Relief

NEVER wait! At first sign of sore toes from tight shoes, protect them with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You'll have instant relief and stop corns before they can develop. But—if you have corns, callouses or bunions—Zino-pads will relieve the pain in seconds!

Remove Corns, Callouses. You'll marvel, too, how the separate Medications included speedily remove corns, callouses. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle.

THREE SPECIAL SIZES AND SHAPES



CORNS, SORE TOES



CALLOUSES



BUNIONS

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"But they weren't thinking of marriage when I took this picture. Thanks to NuAce Snapshot Mounting Corners, I have kept this snapshot safe all these years."

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ACE ART CO., READING, MASS.



MOUNT IT WITH **NUACE** Snapshot Mounting Corners

Collier's for June 21, 1947

Academy connections; or because the officer was on Somebody's staff, which is one of several ways to make an award automatic; or because he sank a sub which was actually a whale; or because he was in a position to draft his own action report. And some simply represent a bit of bungling in the Bureau.

Take the dramatic-looking captain spinning a "there I was" yarn into the ears of those gaping ladies yonder. He's telling them with gestures about the time he won the Silver Star. But his yarn is slightly embroidered.

Actually during a scrap with a sub a fragment of splinter shield on his own bridge caught him in the chest. He figured his time had come and, having in mind the heroic death scenes expected of the sons of Decatur, staggered dramatically into the arms of the chief quartermaster and a seaman gunner, saying, "Lower me away gently, boys." Truth would further reveal that his kapok life jacket had taken the brunt of the blow; that his wounds proved mostly psychic; but that he dressed his story so elaborately when he got back to port that he was given the Silver Star and 167 inches of interviews in the public press.

Now another captain joins the group. And, look, he's flaunting the Navy Cross!

Ah, to speculate on how many such crosses in evidence at this dazzling function were won through the saving of ships and how many represent the loss of them. For it is ever a tossup, when a ship goes down, whether the skipper will receive a court-martial or the Navy Cross. The line between the two is very finely drawn. Generally, the reward for losing a ship gallantly in action is the Navy Cross, whereas the skipper who takes his ship through unscathed receives the Legion of Merit, a lesser medal.

This particular captain won his award by treading water. He was skipper of a carrier and was caught in his sack (so say the survivors) when his ship was struck, although through the magic of naval censorship it came out in the papers that he was on the bridge. At any rate, he gave the order to abandon ship and soon found himself floating all alone in the blue Pacific in a small rubber boat.

An hour or so later he bobbed up to a destroyer that had picked up most of the survivors. The crew were about all in

from lifting men aboard, cauterizing wounds, bandaging and salving burns. They were still hard at it when the skipper gave the deck a hail.

"I'm the captain," he shouted up. "Rig a ladder at once so I can come aboard."

At this the hotheaded quartermaster, who had spent the past hour patching up the injured, leaned over the side.

"Haul yourself up the nets," he yelled down. "You're no better than anyone else."

To prove that he was, the captain, once aboard, demanded immediate attention for his few scratches, very much in the manner of one who would say, "Stand back, men, we can't all be saved." To carry his point still further, he "won" the Navy Cross.

Obligations Settled—Cheaply

There are many such as he at the shindig today, which now, at its climax, fulfills all requirements of a successful gold-braid party. It has proved a cheap way to pay back social debts and given the host captain a high rating for aptitude in the admiral's eyes.

By the time it is over the inevitable group of inebriates is ready to go on for the balance of the night; the skids are under several unsuspecting lieutenants; Prexy has reached a new low for drunken behavior; the siren has passed out in the cloakroom; and the mustang's wife is thoroughly wretched. All that remains is the final gush of leave-taking.

This invariably leads to a lot of junior officers being pushed around. At least it happened that way at every captain's party I ever attended. I would be in the midst of thanking my host when I'd feel myself suddenly grabbed by the arm and forced roughly to one side. The supply officer or the flag secretary, who represented the third generation in Annapolis blue, wished the captain to simmer at his wife, and I was in his way.

At first I thought these tactics were a rudeness peculiar to the class of '35. But on subsequent similar occasions it became such a regular thing, with a different supporting cast in every case, that I finally caught on—shoving juniors aside to pay homage to seniors is just an old Annapolis custom.

THE END



"Run along to the movies, dear, and don't worry about the dishes. They'll still be there when you get back"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERY MOHAWAN

Swim for health
SWIM IN STYLE—IN
Robert Bruce
SWIMWEAR

For men and boys

Among the new styles in Robert Bruce swimwear you'll find many that are most becoming to your build. And, if you have a color preference, Robert Bruce swimwear offers a choice selection. Ask for Robert Bruce swimwear at leading stores everywhere. Robert Bruce Knitwear Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

IN VACATION TIME

... there's everything you need in ... **MAINE**

So many things to see: mountains, lakes, woodlands and wild life; historic communities and monuments, the seashore, picturesque fishing villages, off-shore islands and famed lighthouses.

So many things to do: swim, sail, fish, camp, hike, canoe, climb mountains, play golf—or just rest and relax.

So many things to have: farm-fresh foods and famed "Down East" seafoods, a perfect summer climate, friendly Maine hospitality wherever you stay.

And, so many ways to live: in lake-side cabins, mountain camps or resort hotels, quaint village inns or tourist homes.



STATE OF MAINE

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Please send me the 36-page illustrated Maine Vacation Guide for 1947.

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VACATIONS



A CURTAIN OF OUR OWN

WHEN the Allies were trying to make a peace treaty with Germany twenty-eight years ago at Versailles, the United States refused to sign. We can profitably remember that we were the people who held out in 1919 against a unified policy toward Germany. Russia has not agreed this time.

There are differences, deep differences, between then and now. Motives are surely not the same. Russia wants now to take more out of Germany than we think practicable if Germans are to survive. We never wanted anything out of Germany

in 1919 or in 1947 except peace. But we never were invaded by the Germans as the French were in 1914 and the Russians were in 1941.

We can understand the Russians' desire to be indemnified for the injuries done them by Germans. We understood Frenchmen's wish to be paid for the losses inflicted upon them by the Germans during the first World War. The Germans cannot restore what they destroyed.

The question that Americans have to answer is what we want our government to do about Germany now. Do we want to abandon the German

problem as we tried to do in 1920? Retreat and isolation did not save us from the second World War.

Do we want to hand over the problem completely to the Russians? Will Americans of 25 years hence be more likely to avoid a third World War if we do nothing toward making a peace because the Russians prefer not to agree to a German peace now? In the coldest possible terms, what policy toward Germany does a long-range consideration of American interests suggest?

Certainly we do not want to continue during a long period to feed Germans who without our food would starve. Certainly we do not want to indemnify the Russians for the dreadful losses they suffered at the hands of the Germans. We helped the Russians by prodigious gifts of munitions during the war. They were our allies and friends then. We would like to continue friends. We can't and we won't directly or indirectly pay Germany's war debts to Russia.

What then is it reasonable for us to do in our own behalf as to Germany? Isn't it common sense to try to get as many Germans as possible back to work at peaceful occupations soon, so that we won't have to go on sending them food to prevent starvation? Is there any practicable alternative to self support by the Germans?

Can we do anything better than to agree with a majority of our former allies as will agree with us to sign a peace treaty with as much of Germany as we can control without further delay?

That seems to be the logic of the position taken by Secretary of State Marshall. It makes sense to us

WATCH THOSE RUBBER PLANTS

AS WE can hardly recall too often for our own good, the Japanese came near winning the recent war by cutting the United States off at one murderous swoop from the Far East sources of some 90 per cent of its natural rubber supply.

If it hadn't been for Bernard M. Baruch, William M. Jeffers, and the furious energy and exuberance of U.S. industry, we'd have had a transport breakdown on both the fighting and the home fronts, and that breakdown in all probability would have lost the war for the Allies.

As things turned out, we built an enormous synthetic rubber industry—about \$750,000,000 worth—and this apparatus, with a peak capacity of more than 1,000,000 tons a year, kept our fighting forces and the home front adequately supplied.

All that being history, producers of natural rubber are now doing their best to persuade us to scrap our synthetic equipment and go back to the natural article entirely. Propaganda is being warmed up; attacks are being made on us for alleged cruelty to the Far East rubber producers; and so on and so forth.

To all this yatata-yatata, our reaction should be and continue to be: "Ah, nuts!"

There is no objection that we know of to our taking reasonable quantities of natural rubber. It would be foolish just to boycott the stuff, thereby injuring the Far East rubber people unduly and, more to the point, also hurting our own Far East export trade.

But as for scrapping our synthetic rubber apparatus, let's not. Let's put some of it in stand-by condition, ready to get going again at any moment; but let's also keep a goodly percentage of it turning out rubber for the U.S. and other markets, and improving synthetic rubber techniques as time goes by.

To ask us to take a slash at our own throats by risking another sundering of oceanic rubber life lines is the height of impudence, and we should rebuff all such suggestions with the scorn they deserve.



MUSICAL PERFORMANCE IN MAYOR POWELL'S HOME, PHILADELPHIA, 1793*

Philadelphia

BLEND

The Heritage Whisky

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER



*"A person here has invented the prettiest improvement
in the forte-piano I have ever seen. It has
tempted me to engage one for Monticello . . ."*

LETTER FROM THOMAS JEFFERSON TO MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH

High standards of culture and pleasant living graced the hospitality of early Philadelphia . . . a tradition which finds its genial counterpart today in Philadelphia Blend, The Heritage Whisky. Here is

whisky so serene, so gracious of flavor, you might cherish every delicious drop to serve on very special occasions. Yet, fortunately, you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend, regularly and often.

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILA.

*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—The Heritage Whisky—Famous Since 1894



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EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!



Don Whitfield
WORLD'S OUTBOARD
SPEED CHAMPION

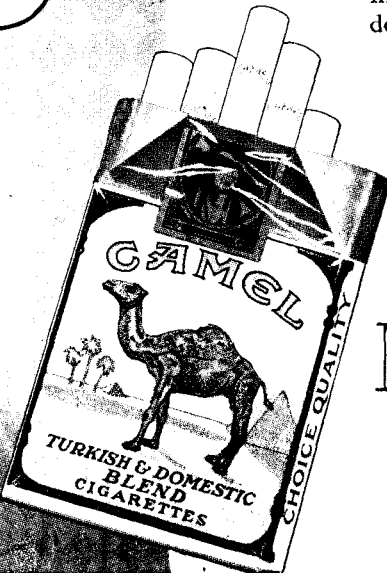
It's only a hobby with him, but Don Whitfield has been national high point Class M outboard champion since 1940; has raised the Class M record in mile races from 1940 to its present mark of 41.478 mph.

**EXPERIENCE IS
THE BEST TEACHER
IN OUTBOARD RACING...
IN SMOKING TOO. THE WARTIME
SHORTAGE TAUGHT ME THERE'S
NO OTHER CIGARETTE
LIKE A CAMEL!**

More people are smoking **CAMELS** than ever before!



YOUR 'T-ZONE'
WILL TELL YOU...
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
That's your proving ground for any
cigarette. See if Camels don't
suit your 'T-Zone' to a 'T'!

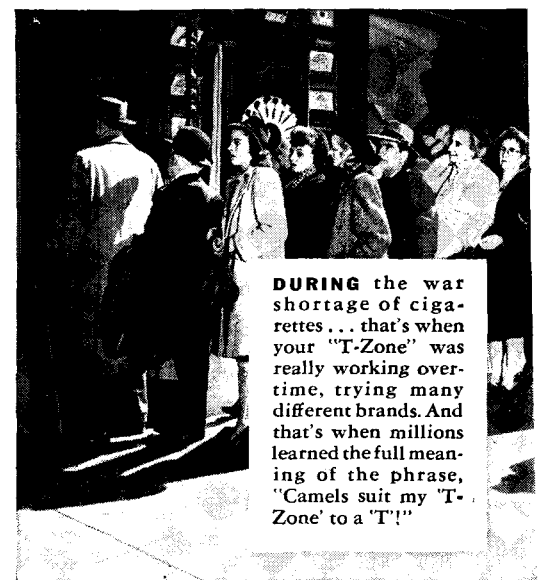


Yes, like Champion Don Whitfield, millions who tried many different brands during the shortage now smoke Camels.

YOU KNOW what it was like during the war shortage: you took any brand you could get, a different brand every day sometimes.

That's when smokers learned the differences in cigarette quality... discovered that Camel's rich taste and cool mildness added up to a smoking pleasure you didn't find in any other cigarette. Today the demand for Camels is the greatest in history! But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.



DURING the war shortage of cigarettes... that's when your "T-Zone" was really working overtime, trying many different brands. And that's when millions learned the full meaning of the phrase, "Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a 'T'!"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS
than any other cigarette

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast in every field of medicine were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!